Pioneer Tales of the Oregon Trail

and of

Jefferson County

By CHARLES DAWSON

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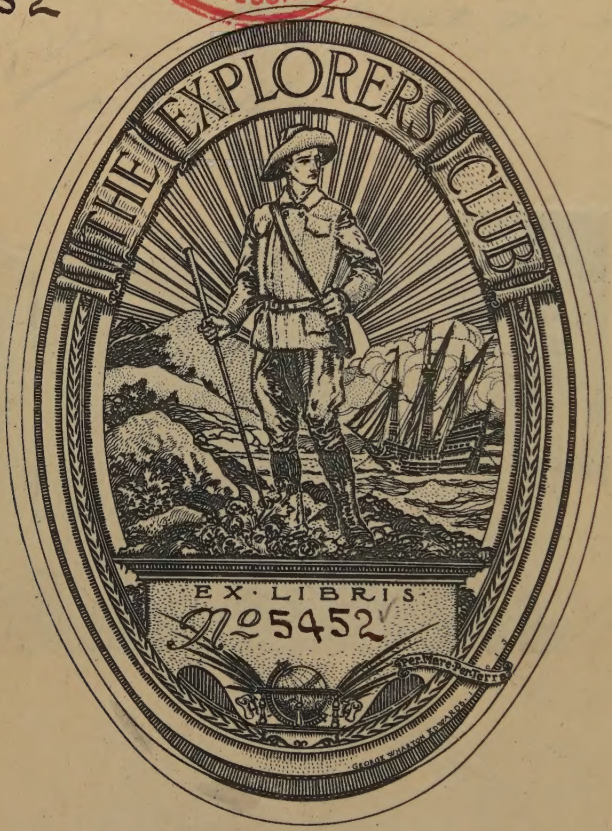

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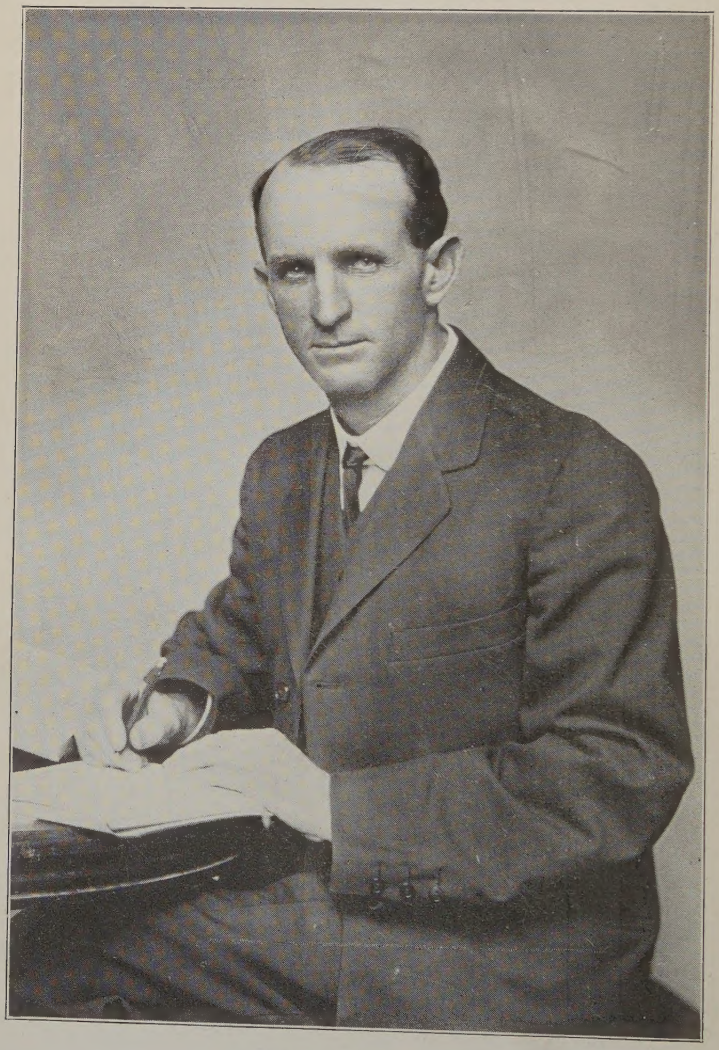

CHARLES DAWSON.

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OF THE OREGON TRAIL

and of

Jefferson County

By

CHARLES DAWSON

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1912

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By
Charles Dawson

PREFACE.

THE author has lived in Jefferson County nearly forty years, and has enjoyed the friendship of nearly all of the old settlers. He has been identified with them in many associations and gatherings having for their object the preservation of the history of the past. He served as Secretary of the Old Settlers' Association for many years. This has enabled him to collect much pioneer history.

The old settlers are rapidly diminishing in numbers. They alone can best tell the unwritten incidents of early days, much of which is already entangled with legend and tradition. Many incidents have become greatly distorted, oftentimes unrecognizable with the facts. He began to gather all data and reduce them to readable form, largely from the facts as above mentioned, and also for the reason that little had been made by others. The work was started by the author in 1909, and since that time great interest has been taken in it by the people who have aided in the work of discovering and preserving relics and landmarks, especially of the Old Oregon Trail.

The author fully realizes that man is not infallible, and that this volume will contain inaccuracies, and

that readers will sharply criticize him for inaccurate statements. Every effort has been made to get the exact facts. In some instances this was very difficult. For instance, the author has received and gone over sixteen almost entirely different versions of one certain incident, and in the end disappointed many by giving his own version of the affair, written after the most painstaking and diligent search from records and irrefutable evidence.

The whole book is written in accordance with his best judgment, regardless of any feelings, personal or otherwise. Every possible means has been utilized to secure and verify every statement.

Volumes might be written on the Discovery, Exploration and Developments of Nebraska. The author endeavors only to give short, readable accounts; Pioneer incidents, particularly those relating to Jefferson County and the Oregon Trail.

The parties named below have contributed valuable aid in the preparation of this book: Clarence S. Paine, Secretary Nebraska Historical Society; George W. Hansen, Edward Hansen, Marcia Babcock, Frank Helvey, George Weisel, William E. Connelley (of Topeka, Kansas), John P. Thiessen, William Crane, Monroe McCanles, C. C. Boyle, Mrs. Charlotte Marks, the county officials, and many others.

CHARLES DAWSON.

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TALES OF THE OREGON TRAIL.

THE DISCOVERY OF NEBRASKA.

Many believe that Nebraska is young in events, compared with the Eastern States and other early discovered and settled localities in America. From records that are preserved in the libraries of Spain, historians are enabled to gather authentic data of much value, especially of the early Spanish explorations in Mexico and of the western half of the United States. These notations and records are so complete that it is possible to follow their routes and fix most locations by accurate descriptions of time, climate, soil productions, inhabitants, and animal life.

Cortes committed most horrible atrocities in the New World, completed the conquest of New Spain or Mexico, and wanted new cities to plunder. There existed a legend of the existence of The Seven Cities of the Cibola in the land of Quivira, somewhere in the distant unknown North. The streets blazed with gold and were studded with rare and precious stones. The population ran into many thousands, living in structures of great height and breadth, built of stones of grandest design.

This was the story that fired the avarice of the Spanish, and caused many unfruitful attempts to find the

cities, and eventually led the Spanish to discover the lands of the Platte Valley.

This was further augmented by the arrival of Stephen the Moor and three Spanish companions in the city of Mexico in 1536, who were the sole survivors of De Narvaez's party of four hundred who landed in Florida in 1528. Stephen the Moor related how they had traversed the continent, passing through the country now embraced in Alabama, Mississippi, New Mexico, and Texas. He told of hearing much about the Seven Cities that were yet far to the north of their route.

Marcos de Niza, guided by the Moor with one hundred soldiers, set forth that year to discover and bring back reports of the Cities. This expedition traveled to the north, crossing the Rio Grande river, and as the party traveled slowly, Stephen the Moor pressed forward with a few companies quite a distance ahead. These returned in full flight shortly afterwards, with the information they had reached the fabled city, and that Stephen the Moor had been killed while attempting to take part of the treasures. Niza pressed on, and in due time gazed at the wonderful city blazing in all its grandeur, but, remembering the fate of Stephen the Moor, went back to Mexico to report the finding of the long-sought city.

Excitement was now at the highest, and a powerful expedition was planned. Francisco Vasquez de Coronado was chosen to command the party, and early in the spring of 1540 some three hundred Spaniards and eight hundred natives under Coronado set forth, fully equipped, to march the whole season northward in

search of the fabled cities in the land of Quivira. In due time Coronado reached the seven cities that Marcos de Niza depicted, but they proved to be seven little Indian hamlets, possessing neither gold nor riches. Disappointed, they took revenge in butchery and practiced inquisitions on the inhabitants to force divulgence of the fabled cities. The information thus secured caused Coronado to march two hundred and fifty miles north and eastward to a point not far from the present city of Santa Fé. Here they found several small cities populated by semi-civilized people, who gave them an exceeding friendly welcome, but the Spaniards as usual returned it with massacre, arson, and plunder. The inhabitants bore all this until the violation of their women; then they resisted, and in the several days' fight that followed they were finally overpowered. The Spanish decided to burn them alive, and when the preparation had reached the critical point, these simple, peace-loving people grabbed the burning sticks from their funeral pyres and fell upon the Spanish, who with swords soon butchered most of the last survivors, the defenders of home and chastity. Those that survived spread the news of the treachery of the Spaniards.

Now the Spanish tried to make amends, but the natives would not accept treaties with them; so another village was attacked, and the natives, being prepared, resisted for fifty days; then, when deprived of water and food, and at the limit of human resistance and endurance, they collected all their valuables into great heaps and burned them, after which they made a desperate attempt to force their way out with their

women and children, but were as before butchered by the Spanish, only a few surviving, who were made slaves. Thus the simple, peace-loving, virtuous people, who had welcomed the Spanish in the friendliest manner, were introduced to civilization as practiced by Spain.

The other villages, seeing what was in store for them, set about to devise means that would lead Coronado from their country. One native was chosen to appear before Coronado and describe to him the wonderful country north and east. The Turk (as this native was called) said that he had come from this land, and that he would conduct them to it. His description told of a river seven miles in width, upon which sailed huge vessels, and that this land was governed by King Tartarax, and that throughout the whole land the commonest utensils were of wrought silver and the tableware of beaten gold. So, early in May, 1541, Coronado with his army crossed the Pecos river, marching north and east over the treeless and sandy plains to the Arkansas river.

Here Coronado and his army became convinced of the duplicity of the Turk, and in a council of war determined that the main body of the army should return to the Pecos Valley while Coronado with about forty of his best soldiers would proceed northward in search of Quivira. This was in July, and during the long, hot sultry days Coronado and his little band pushed northward. In due time the party reached the Republican, where they found quite an Indian village. Coronado, sorely disappointed, proceeded to hang the

Turk, who still insisted that the Capital City of Quivira lay only a few miles farther on.

This great Indian village was either on the banks of the Republican river, near the State line between Republic City, Kansas, and Hardy, Nebraska, or near Fort Riley, Kansas, on the Kansas river; but they found no evidence of the fabled wealth, so they recorded this city as being but an immense Indian village, whose places of habitation were huts, hovels, and tents. Like unto that of the rainbow, the golden was but at the foot over the hills, beyond, so the search for the Golden City was resumed, and according to one version, October found De Coronado crossing the Platte at a point east of Grand Island and north of Aurora, or perhaps the Republican near Hardy, Nebraska; here he erected a rude cross with an inscription on it that "De Coronado reached this place in 1541." Much evidence is found of the accurate and true route of Coronado's expedition by the finding of Spanish saddle-stirrups, swords and other wrought and beaten metal trimmings and articles used by Spaniards of that time, along the supposed route of their march.

But Coronado was unsuccessful in his quest, and with the coming of winter was compelled by the mutinous feeling that existed among his men, to set his face southward upon the return journey. Close study of the notes of the record of this expedition would show that if Coronado reached the Platte, in returning he probably reached the Little Blue river at its junction with the Big Sandy, and that from here on to the Kaw river they followed a fairly well-defined Indian trail

that paralleled the Blue river. There is but little question that this trail is the same that eventually became known as the "Old Oregon Trail."

It was the intention of Coronado to return the following spring, but death had reserved this task for another to perform. One of Coronado's lieutenants, Padilla by name, with a few followers, reached the Nebraska country during the early fall of the following year. He was finally rewarded in finding what he believed to be the far-famed city of gold, the capital of Quivira, at the junction of and between two large rivers. This is alleged to be near the vicinity of Genoa, Nebraska, by some historians, others claiming it to be near Junction City, Kansas. The dream of the Seven Golden Cities of Cibola was shattered. The splendor of the city simmered down to an unorderly collection of huts and abodes; the streets of gold were but shifting sands; the magnificence of the king's court was but that of an Indian chief's; the precious stones and jewels resolved into strings of beads and wampum; their culinary utensils, instead of wrought and beaten gold, were of the most primitive material and shapes. After witnessing a battle between the inhabitants of this city and of a hostile tribe, of which Padilla gives an uncertain account, but which resulted in the massacre of the inhabitants, disheartened and with empty pockets he returned to Old Mexico, following much the same route as did his predecessor.

Then for over 200 years darkness settled down over the land of Quivira. The first breaking of light through the rifts of darkness was accomplished by the early French explorers, who followed up the river in

quest of fur-bearing animals. From the notes and records preserved of such expeditions, we find that many of these hunters and trappers mention seeing and using a clearly marked trail that ran along over the tablelands parallel with the Big and Little Blue rivers for their pathway to the plains and Rocky Mountains. So, despite the fact that Indian historians discredit the theory that Indian tribes used certain beaten trails to and from their hunting-grounds, there seems to exist ample evidence that the Old Oregon Trail was used for this purpose for several hundred years before it became the highway of the white man in his hunt for gold.

Whether the land of Quivira lay in the valley of the Platte or the Kansas has not been definitely determined. A minute study of the routes of Coronado and Padilla cannot be made to fit either, as their farthest northern point and the description of the country geographically are very similar, especially that in the vicinity of Genoa, Nebraska, and Fort Riley or Junction City, Kansas, where there are remains of a great Indian population, presumably great villages. Many flint axes, spears, and arrow-heads and fragments of pottery lie scattered about the sites of their habitations.

However be it, whether Coronado reached Nebraska or not, it is almost certain that scouting parties of his expedition did, as is evidenced by the finding of an ancient Spanish stirrup in Franklin county; and as Padilla undoubtedly went farther north than Coronado, Nebraska may be said to have been discovered by the Spanish in 1541–42, and that Padilla discovered the Platte river in 1542.

De Coronado in his Diary says:

"I have reached the 40th parallel of latitude." Coronado tarried on the 40th parallel of latitude, the boundary of Nebraska, for twenty-five days, taking observations and exploring the country. Later he writes: "The inhabitants are good hunters. Cultivate corn, and are of a friendly disposition. I have seen but twenty-five villages, and these are built of straw.—The men are large and the women well formed. —The soil is the best possible for all kinds of Spanish fruits; besides being strong and black, it is well watered by creeks, fountains, and rivers.—I have found plums, walnuts, and excellent grapes."

Jaraville, one of his officers, says: "The country has a fine appearance; it is not of mountains, but hillocks and plains, with streams of excellent water. I judge that it be quite fertile and suitable for all kinds of fruits and admirably adapted for a grazing country when it is considered that vast herds of bison and other animals find sustenance there. These oxen are of the bigness and color of our bulls; they have a great bunch on the fore-shoulder, covered with woolly hair, as it were a mane hanging down over their forehead and neck. The males have long tails, so that in some respects they resemble the lion and in some respects the camel; finally it is a foul and fierce beast of countenance and form. The horses fled from them, for they push with their horns, run, overtake and kill a horse when they are enraged. From them the inhabitants secure food, drink and apparel; and of their hides make many things,—houses, shoes, and ropes; and of their bones, bodkins; of hair and sinews, thread; of horns,

maws and bladders, vessels; of dung, their fire and heat.

Coronado also notes finding stems and blue flowers of wild flax, sumach bushes, a kind of wild wheat, penny-royal, marjoram, mulberries, melons, and many plums and grapes; and the prevailing species of trees along the Republican and Little Blue rivers. So there can be no doubt of his traveling through Kansas into Nebraska, which he entered at some point between Gage and Webster counties, presumably at some point on the Republican, and departed via the Little Blue river.

Coronado made note of a terrible hail and wind storm, during which large hailstones fell thick as rain-drops, covering the ground eight or ten inches deep, which caused great fright and wreckages in their camp.

Many relics have been found, arms and equipments, undoubtedly of Spanish origin, along the supposed route of Coronado. A stirrup was found seven miles north of Riverton, buried deep in the ground. This was perhaps lost by a scouting party of Coronado's. Along the Loup, where Padilla the following year found the Capital of Quivira among ancient mounds, are found many relics of ancient pottery, similar to that of New Mexico. Showing that this vicinity was once populated by a semi-civilized people, having cities of considerable importance.

Thus the chain is welded establishing that Nebraska was discovered in 1541 by Coronado, and by Padilla discovering the fabled city in 1542.

BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT PLAINS COUNTRY IN THE EARLY DAYS.

Naturally enough, people of the early days had an erroneous idea of what the Great Plains country was, and of its true location. In general, it covered all of the vast region extending from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, south to the Gulf and north to the British Possessions. From the meager and vague accounts of the first travelers of these regions it received by common consent the appellation of the Great American Desert. To a certain extent this was correct, but as we have come to better know the country and its peculiarities, the causes for such appearances at that time are better accounted for, and by this knowledge man has been enabled to transform the then arid country into the garden-spot of America.

Geologically and agriculturally, Nebraska possesses three distinct phases. The eastern part, with its rich alluvial valley lands, was naturally high in fertility and production, blest with an abundance of rainfall, and with a contour ideal for drainage, with spring-fed streams lined with luxurious growth of hard- and soft-wood timber for building and fuel purposes. The next section or middle part of the state, as it ascends in elevation, begins to spread out in level prairie lands, upon which then grew the buffalo grasses, drained by depressions, called draws, which led to streams whose beds were dry the greater part of the year, the soil

lighter, and often streaked with alkali; all vegetation lessened here; the cactus and the dwarfed bushes of the plains country were evident. The prairie-dog with his companions, the rattlers and the owl, reigned supreme in underland towns. The buffalo and antelopes in great herds grazed at will in countless thousands. The coyote, the jackal of the plains, preyed unmolested upon the weaklings, the wounded, and the dead, making the night hideous with his incessant howling. Upon this country the blast of the hot winds from the arid lands of the Southwest spent their full fury, parching all vegetation, drying the soil into dust that rose in suffocating clouds, sweeping with the angry gale backward and forward, relieved only by a coming deluge of rain.

The western part of the State lies next to the foothills of the Rockies, several thousand feet above the river valleys of the eastern part. Geologically, this may be termed as the washings from the mountains. Much of it presented at that time but a dreary, barren and rocky desert. The early travelers of this region found dangers in every mile of their journey. Storms that were cyclonic or accompanied with deluges of hail and water were frequent in the summer, and turned the dry creeks into raging torrents and caused great destruction of life and property. In winter terrible blizzards swept unobstructed for hundreds of miles from the north down over this region, making it impossible for man or beast to survive, unsheltered from its blasts. In the dry seasons of fall, winter and spring, through the agencies of camp-fire or Indians, the prairie grasses took fire. Strong winds would develop in its wake, and soon a raging wall of fire, miles in width,

would be driven down across the plains swifter than the fastest horse could run, consuming all in its course.

All this, coupled with the other attendant horrors and privations, with the Indian ever to be reckoned with. The mirage led many a traveler astray. It would disclose on the distant sky a lake or stream of water, fringed with verdant vegetation, or of a splendid city which would dissolve and fade away upon near approach. Perhaps this accounts for the weird and fanciful tales which the early Spanish adventurers brought back of the fabled cities of Cibola.

A wonderful transformation has been wrought on the great plains country by the white man. So great has this been that it is hardly recognizable to those who viewed it in its primitive state, when it was the home of the buffalo and the hunting-grounds of the Indians. Through the efforts, labor and skill of the white man, nature has aided in bringing about the evolution of fertility and productiveness, and inaugurated an increase of rainfall. Systems of irrigation, coupled with scientific methods of farming, have brought about increased conservation of moisture and fertility, and this has given unbounded prosperity, dotting the whole region with modern cities, towns and farm-houses. The whole is covered with the finest railways that traverse the continent. Each farm is defined by regular growths of nearly all species of fruit and shade trees. The lands annually produce the greatest abundance and highest quality of grains and grasses, upon which develop and fatten countless thousands of meat-producing animals of the best quality. Thus in but a few decades Nebraska has been transformed from a desert land into the Utopia of agriculture.

EARLY FRENCH TRAVELERS, TRADERS AND TRAPPERS.

Spain, after her first explorations during the 15th and 16th centuries, did but little more in establishing control of her vast domains outside the establishment of a few missions along the Rockies, and the journeys of trappers and traders, who came north as far as the Pawnee and Arapahoe counties.

The French, however, exerted considerable efforts to secure and possess this vast region, regardless of Spain's claim to it. The French were actuated largely by three motives: First, possession for the crown; second, its wealth of fur; third, a route to the Pacific. Ample proof is found that over a hundred French Canadians were scattered along the Missouri and upper Mississippi river in 1704 and 1705; and in 1714 and 1715 the French had advanced down the Mississippi and up the Red and Arkansas rivers, establishing posts all along the routes of their encroachment, stoutly resisting the retaking of the territory gained. The French sent several well-armed exploring parties out from these forts to meet the Indian tribes of the Plains, and established trading treaties with them.

Most notable were the expeditions up the Kansas river in 1721, which resulted in a grand council with the Kansas, Missouris, Iowas, Otoes, and finally the Comanches, held in the vicinity of Great Bend, Kansas. About fifteen years later Mallett Bros. ascended

the Platte to its south fork, seeking to determine the course of the upper Missouri, which was then believed to have its head-waters or connection with the Pacific somewhere in the present State of New Mexico or Arizona, flowing north and eastward in a great circle. The Malletts, after leaving the Platte, followed the eastern slope of the Rockies, eventually reaching Santa Fé in 1739. The party returned next year, one part returning by the Arkansas, the other northeast across the plains.

Several other attempts were made to determine the mystery of this region, but resulted in nothing more than the reaching of the Mandan villages up the Missouri and the Sioux of the Dakotas, whose hostilities prevented further explorations. This was accomplished by Pierre De La Verendrye, who in 1738 left Lake Superior to penetrate westward in search of the western sea.

Nothing further was done until 1742, when De La Verendrye and two sons succeeded in penetrating the Mandans. They advanced across the Bad Lands to the Black Hills and on westward to the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming, finally returning in 1743 with a glowing description of the country and its furs, but nothing definite of the water-way to the Pacific.

These early explorers were followed by an army of French traders and trappers, who may be termed a the true pathfinders of the plains and mountain country These men operated under trading and fur companies or in little bands as free trappers. For the most part they were men who were accustomed to living hard,

long years in the wilderness of the frontier, experiencing daily wild adventures. These men, though often illiterate, possessing very little outside of their trapping outfits, roughly clothed, uncouth of appearance, became in time known as the true heroic spirits that blazed the way in the great primitive unknown for the coming gold-seeker and colonist.

These men practically explored the whole plains and Rocky Mountain region before 1840, and every exploring expedition of the early day depended upon some trapper as its guide; and although we called this or that the man pathfinder or discoverer, the truth of the matter is that some pioneer trapper, whose name is now perhaps forgotten, accomplished this act many years previously.

The period from 1790 to 1810 witnessed the establishment of many trading-posts in the Rockies and on the Great Plains by trading and fur companies. The early forts along the Missouri date back to 1772 with the establishment of Fort Orleans at the mouth of Grand river, Fort Osage near the mouth of the Kansas river, and two forts established by the Chouteaus on the Kansas and near Fort Leavenworth in 1826. Another fort was established near by, about the year 1800. Joseph Robidoux established a post on the present site of St. Joseph; others at Onaway, Iowa, Council Bluffs, Vermillion, James, Ponca, Calhoun, Bellville, Fort Lisa. In all, nearly a hundred and fifty posts and forts were erected in the great game paradise country.

While it would be gratifying to give a list of all these forts and posts, and of the prominent hunters and

trappers, such would fill a volume in itself. Then the records of many thousands were never kept.

Prominent among the early American trappers stand the names of Adams, Bissonette, Bridger, Beckwourth, Blackwell, Campbell, Carson, Craig, Claymore, Coberts, Gervais, Guthrie, Galpin, Harris, La Jeunesse, Maloney, Mattien, Meck, Neul, Parmalee, Robinson, Legarde, Vanderberg, Glass. These men, like their predecessors, assumed much of the language, habits and dress of the Indians. They were often hard to distinguish from them.

As a class these men abhorred economy or thrift, spending the proceeds of their entire season's catch in a few days of debauch. But after all, they were hardened to the scenes of violence and death, and were of the timber that made true Americans and creditable history.

The American trappers forced their way directly into the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, which the French had failed to do, contenting themselves to operate along the large rivers and their tributaries through the plains country, as after the War of 1812 did the great fur companies, with the lesser ones of Lisa, Henry, Ashley, Sublettes, Wyeth, Campbell, Fitzpatrick and others, who with their many hundreds of men firmly established themselves at different forts and posts in the Rockies.

Now began the process of corrupting and dispossessing the Indian from his native land. These trading and trapping companies, by many deeds of violence and treachery, ruthlessly slaughtered many Indians and taught them the use of whisky, which more than

any other agency completed the final downfall of the Indians.

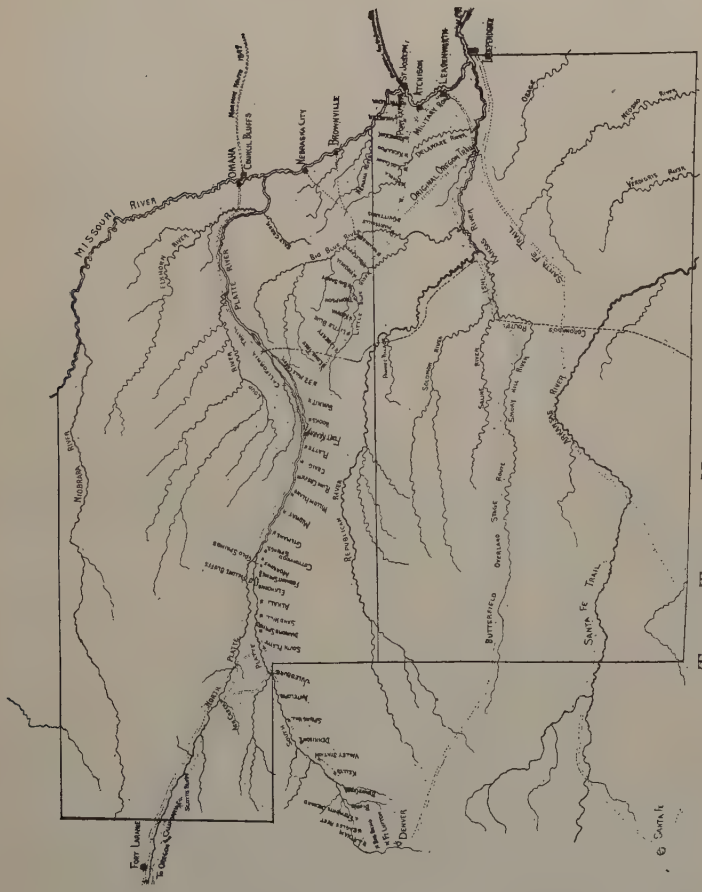
The free trappers, working upon different principles from those of the companies, were not guilty as a class of such practices. For, working singly and in small companies, their safety lay in being friendly with the Indians; so they established close friendship and often relationship in the tribes. Thus we have the names of Bud, Rose, Beckwourth, renegades from civilization, who became Indian chiefs: and the trading companies complained of their atrocious acts, which were not one-half as criminal or hideous as that of Bonneville, Wyeth, and other traders, whose men murdered many hundreds of Indians without justification.

THE OREGON TRAIL.

The Old Oregon Trail is without parallel in importance among the ancient Western highways in magnitude and scenery; in legends and traditions, hardships, tragedies and heroism it stands alone. The history of America does not record a greater movement of people, counting distance and difficulties, than that which passed over it. This broad and beaten way was the only connection between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Ocean. It was a dust-beclouded roadway, more than 2,000 miles in length, traversing in turn fertile valleys, grass-covered hills, simmering sands, barren plains, rocky plateaus, crossing great rivers and mountain torrents. Every foot of the distance was beset with danger and privations, every mile marked with the mounds of those who gave their lives to its making.

As we search for the remaining traces of the great roadway, we find that Nature quickly set her agencies of healing in operation along the rutted and scarred hillsides and valleys, covering the greater part of this trail with a profusion of foliage, grasses and vegetation, leaving roughened contours of hilltop and infertility where the trail packed soils across the fields of today.

Noting the rapid disappearance of these remaining evidences, we realize that soon the granite markers which lovers of pioneer history are now erecting to mark its route, will eventually be the only visible evidence of the wonderful roadway. Could historians portray all the trials and vicissitudes of the early



TRAILS THROUGH NEBRASKA AND KANSAS.

travelers in their true colors; we could then better realize the significance of the Trail and all that pertained to it; but no tongue can relate nor pen protray the true fullness of the Trail's immensity, importance, and attending privations and horrors.

The Old Oregon Trail was perhaps the first route across the plains to the Pacific slope, being traveled many years before the old Santa Fé Trail. While the eastern terminus was St. Louis, the real starting-point by wagon was at Westport, or Independence, Missouri, as the journey to these points was by boat. As the travel grew in volume, Leavenworth, Atchison, St. Joseph and Nebraska City became, in turn, outfitting points, with roads joining the Old Oregon Trail at some point in the North Platte country. So true was this trail coursed and so well aligned for grade, keeping nature's own way along the divides, along the levels, across the rivers, through mountain passes, avoiding steep grades and pulls, that if were we today commissioned to survey a route from Independence, Missouri, to the Puget Sound, it would be impossible to find a better one than this old trail. Another feature was the presence of water, forage and fuel at the end of each day's journey, and ofttimes even for the midday rest.

The first white men to follow the Oregon Trail in Nebraska were the early French and American hunters and trappers. There exist records of many such parties going or returning over this route from 1800 to 1830. Perhaps the first authentic step in opening the Oregon Trail was made by Etienne Provost, who discovered the South Pass in 1823, and by Jim Bridger, who dis-

covered the Great Lake the same year. These men were associated with William H. Ashley, Andrew Henry, the Sublettes, Jedediah S. Smith, David Jackson and James Beckwourth, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company of St. Louis, to exploit, trap and trade in the head-waters of the Missouri, Snake, Shoshone and Columbia rivers. They first attempted to establish their route via the Missouri river, but the Indians infesting this territory were too hostile and the water journey too dangerous and tedious; so a more practical route was sought.

The Platte river proved too shallow for navigation, so an overland wagon route was the last recourse, and the finding of the South Pass through the Rockies solved this problem, and from that time traders and trappers used this route.

Perhaps the first inception of the Oregon Trail could be credited to Mallett Brothers, who claimed to have ascended the Platte to the Rockies in 1739. It was followed by the excursion of Baptiste La Lande, in 1804. Lewis and Clark, with an authorized exploring expedition to the far Northwest in 1806, became pioneer searchers for the best route connecting East with the West. Manual Lisa and John Colter joined in an expedition to trap in the head-waters of the Missouri in 1807. Going up the Missouri, they established Fort Manual at the junction of the Yellowstone and Big Horn rivers, and explored the head-waters of the Snake and Shoshone rivers, returning to St. Louis in 1808, where they formed the Missouri Fur Company. Fort Henry was established in 1809 by this company. Lisa built Fort Lisa in Nebraska, near the present city

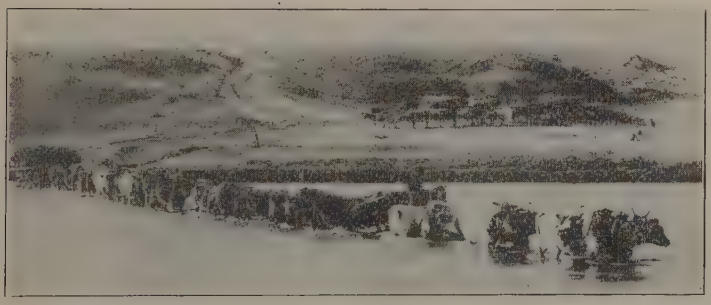
of Omaha, in 1813 or 1814, making this his headquarters, and being perhaps the first white resident of Nebraska. He died there in 1820.

Of course these events were only preliminary to the routing of the Trail. William H. Ashley, in 1824, with 300 men, tried the Platte river route, and succeeded in reaching the Green river country through South Pass. He returned via the Big Horn and Missouri rivers. Profiting by the mistakes and experiences of former travelers and inspired by demands of a safer and more practical wagon route, Sublette, Smith and Jackson chose one that practically became the Oregon Trail, from starting-point to terminus, hauling ten wagons and two Dearborns, in the year 1829. These were the first wagons ever taken to the Rocky Mountains and across Nebraska.

In 1832, Captain Bonneville took another train over this same route, and crossed the Rocky Mountains through the South Pass. In 1832 the Sublettes took a train of wagons from Independence to Oregon over this same trail. Nathaniel J. Wyeth and a party of New-Englanders accompanied under their escort, and from that time it may be said that the trail was an established route.

The resources of the Great Northwest appealed not only to trapper and trader but also to the agriculturist and rancher. On May 15, 1842, Dr. White, with 64 men and wagons, left Independence, Missouri, en route to the Columbia river country, and after a journey of untold hardships were forced to abandon their wagons at old Fort Hall. Prior to Dr. White's band of colonists, a Dr. Whitman, who was a missionary in the

Puget Sound country, where he had settled in 1836 with a colony of Americans, and where there were only about 150 white people living at this early date, was sent to Washington, D. C., to place the situation of that section before Congress, setting forth the fears of the American residents that England had intentions of forcibly adding this vast country to her domain. It was thought that the sending of many colonists would best solve the situation. Lieutenant John C. Frémont was commissioned to find an official route from the



Bull Train Fording the Kansas River.

Missouri to the Oregon country, and on the 2d day of May, 1842, left Washington, D. C., arriving at St. Louis May 22d, 1842, where preparations were completed for his expedition. He selected a party of Creole and French Canadian adventurers, with the noted Kit Carson for his guide. He was also accompanied by two young friends, one being the son of Senator Thomas H. Benton, making in all twenty-eight men. His outfit consisted of eight carts drawn by teams of mules, several head of riding-horses, and four oxen for food.

The party traveled by steamboat to Choteau's Landing, which was near the mouth of the Kansas river, and after a few days' rest and preparation, started overland, following the Santa Fé Trail, crossing the Kansas river near Topeka, and taking this trail to the north and west. From Frémont's diary, the following is given to show his route near and through Jefferson county, Nebraska:

"June 20, 1842.—On March 7 A. M., traveled 24 miles to the Big Blue. Encamped on western side, near a small creek, where was a spring of fine cold water. Longitude 96° 32′ 35″, latitude 39° 45′ 8″. Carson killed a deer.

"June 21, 1842.—After a march of 10 miles we halted at noon on a small creek. In the bank of the creek limestone made its appearance one foot thick. Traveling on the fresh traces of the Oregon emigrants relieves the monotony of the journey, and after a march of 22 miles we halted on a small creek which had been one of their encampments. The surface rock is an erratic deposit of sand and gravel on a bed of yellow and gray friable sandstone. It rained at night. [NOTE.—This last camping-place is about three or four miles north of the State line in Jefferson county, Nebraska, east of the present town of Steele City. The Oregon emigrants were Dr. White's party.]

"June 22, 1842.—Our midday halt was at Wyeth's Creek, in the bed of which were numerous boulders of dark ferruginous sandstone mingled with other of the red sandstone. Here a pack of cards lying loose on the ground marked an encampment of our Oregon emigrants. [NOTE.—This was Rock Creek, and the crossing was at Rock Creek Station. The ferruginous rocks are pyrites of iron, in sandstone, which are still found there.] And at the close of that day we made our camp in the midst of some well-timbered ravines near

the Little Blue river, 24 miles from our camp of the preceding night. [NOTE.—This was at Whisky Run, near the springs, close by where George Winslow was buried in 1849.]

"June 23, 1842, at 10 A. M.—A very beautiful stream, about 35 feet wide, called Sandy Creek and sometimes Ottoes Fork, as the Ottoes (Indians) frequently winter there. The country is very sandy, the plants less varied and abundant. At the big trees where we intended to noon no water was found. The bed of the little creek was perfectly dry. Cactus for the first time made their appearance. [Cactus is the soap plant, common on the sandy hills.] After a hard day's march of 28 miles, camped on the Little Blue."

Frémont was fortunate in having the services of that famous hunter, Kit Carson, for he was supposed to possess a more intimate knowledge of the highways, byways, Indians and wild animals that infested the wilderness than any other frontiersman, having hunted and trapped for many years in the very region that Frémont sought to traverse. Frémont made frequent mention of finding a fairly well marked trail as far as the Platte river, which he struck near the west end of the Grand Island, or just below Kearney. He proceeded along the south bank of this stream and the North Platte, finally crossing it near Casper, Wyoming, passing by Independence Rock, through Devil's Gate, the South Pass, Sweetwater County, Bear River Valley, down the tortuous Snake river, across the plateaus, to the Columbia and on to the Pacific,—thus marking and mapping out a route from river to ocean for all travelers to and from the Golden West. Frémont and other members of the party carved their

names and dates on the sloping sides of the Great Independence Rock in Wyoming, and Frémont's and Carson's names appear on a friable sandstone, overhanging Rock creek, about three-quarters of a mile below the old Rock Creek Crossing. (See article, "Old Names Carved on Rocks.")

Dr. Whitman on his return trip joined a great band of Oregon colonists at Independence, Missouri, under the leadership of Peter H. Burnett, who started westward when the grass was high enough for forage in the spring of 1843. In this company there were over one thousand persons, men, women and children, with five thousand beasts of burden drawing their heavy-laden vehicles containing supplies and utensils. They plodded day by day, ever toward the setting sun, until at last the valleys of the Columbia and the Willamette were reached. About fifteen hundred people went across in the year 1844, and over three thousand in 1845. These were the first real movements of colonists of consequence to the Oregon country, and from that time the travel grew in volume, several large parties going each year.

The Trail ceased in part to be the highway of the trapper and became the highway for the colonist and fortune-seeker. The Mormons, after their expulsion from Illinois, used this trail in the late forties to reach the Great Salt Lake.

CAUSES LEADING TO THE BIRTH AND USE OF THE TRAIL.

The use of the trail was first by explorers, trappers, soldiers, and colonists. The discovery of gold in California brought a mighty stream of fortune-seekers.

They started from all points in the Eastern States. They traveled the long trail over the plains and mountains in long, broken lines of men, animals, wagons and vehicles of various kinds.

The rush of gold-seekers to California was in the fall of 1849 and spring of 1850. There were but three main ways of reaching California: by ship, via Cape Horn; by ship, via Isthmus of Panama; by the overland routes, of which there were three—the Southern from Independence, going southwest to Santa Fé and up through Lower California; the Central route from Independence over the Oregon trail to Idaho or Salt Lake City, thence direct over the mountains to California; and the Northern route from Council Bluffs, joining the Oregon trail west of Kearney in the Platte Valley.

No one can picture the hardships, horrors and privations of the people who traveled the journey of any or all of these routes. All we know is that every danger, every horror, every form of disease, pain or death, was their portion. The Indians killed and scalped thousands; cholera pulled down thousands before they could reach the foothills of the Rockies, and the ravages of other diseases, storms, floods, the elements, and physical fatigue, made the highway but a dusty drive-way between two long, never-ending rows of graves with bleached or charred skeletons of men and animals and wrecks of wagons and vehicles strewn along the whole highway.

Still, thousands reached the goal after all, and California grew as a mushroom, became a State, and a part of the Union, and with its northern sisters, Oregon and

Washington, set forth their demand for the establishment of certain, safe, speedy means of communication, travel and transportation between them and the Eastern States. The creation of the Overland stages, wagon freighting trains and the Pony Express were the first fruits of this demand, and they, in time, worked out the pioneer stages of the evolution and development of travel, communication and transportation by the great transcontinental railways of the present day.

GOLD RUSH, 1849–50.

Then came the discovery of gold in California. In 1848 and 1849 on the trail there was almost a continuous column of men with their wheeled outfits, traveling seemingly in a frenzied state, excited by their dreams of gold,—singly, in companies, and sometimes in great crowds, carrying machinery and material costing thousands of dollars. So hard and perilous was the trip that hundreds never reached their destination with their property, having been compelled to abandon it. Men with foresight grasped the situation, and began to establish stations along the Trail in what is now Nebraska, where the overland people might camp and secure feed for their beasts of burden and other supplies. These ranchers cut hay, planted corn and gardens, and bought their other supplies at the river towns, thus becoming the first agriculturists and storekeepers.

At first, Independence was the real eastern terminus of the early travel; but, later, Leavenworth, Atchison and St. Joseph became the great outfitting places. There annually gathered the great trains and caravans that were to traverse this trail. In February and

March thousands of wagons, and other vehicles, men and beasts were gathered about these places, waiting for the opening of spring which would bring favorable conditions for travel and sustenance for their 2000-mile journey. With the coming of the first blades of grass, these trains in turn set forth. Their camps were taken in an unbroken succession by other companies bound for the El Dorado of the west, until well along in the summer. These, with the returning trains and the trains of those who trafficked in the hauling of freight, the stage and the mail, made up the great stream of migration that poured through the valleys and over the mountains. In its personnel could be found representatives of nearly every race and color. Men of nearly every belief and religion; of almost every vocation or business, with every purpose; good men, bad men, soldiers of war, of peace, fortune, vice and crime,—all in company, hurrying, jostling, en route to their destination, measuring and computing life and all things relative to it by the ultimate realization of the object of their journey,—the securing of riches. Human life was cheapened, for men with the promise of untold riches became abnormal in their sense of right and wrong. Many became so warped that they believed the realization of their dream would atone for all the hardships, privations, horrors and crimes, even that of murder. So, figuratively speaking, those who journeyed outward, lived in a hypnotic atmosphere of golden dreams. To them the rocks of the mountains were studded with gold and the streams were pebbled with golden nuggets. Some believed that with only bare hands they could fill their pockets and pouches

with riches sufficient to give luxurious ease for a lifetime. Little did they heed the stories that the returning unsuccessful fortune-seekers told them daily, as they passed by, or when camping at night together exchanging greetings and confidence around the campfires. These were the men who faced the stern reality of the situation and had experienced much of its true and fateful facts, and who, for the most part, were returning richer only in mind and experience, and poorer in body and earthly goods. Only a few brought back golden evidence of their pilgrimage, ofttimes but a mere pittance for all their hardships, labor and toil.

Those who seek the mythical pot of gold grow very egotistical, and disparaging of other men's efforts to secure it, so it was only natural that but very few outgoing Argonauts heeded daily evidence of what the majority reaped in golden treasures, and that but very few became discouraged and disheartened.

So the great wave of humanity swept on over the plains and mountains, strewing the sides of the highway with the wrecks of men and material. Side by side each summer during the fifties, great white-topped wagons, heavily laden, drawn by oxen, mules and horses, creaked and groaned on their way ; ofttimes six and eight lines abreast going out and two or three coming back, using the entire breadth of the roadway, from one hundred to three hundred feet in width ; seemingly without beginning or end, not unlike an immense serpent of many colors, over 2000 miles in length.

The tribes of Indians were greatly alarmed by this wonderful ceaseless movement of white men into their country, and were for many years awed by the im-

mensity of it, and confined their attacks to straggling bands of emigrants. A greater scourge than Indians fell upon the Oregon Trail when the cholera, ascending the Missouri river, was carried out by early travelers in the summer of 1850. Coupled with the exposures and hardships incident to their journey, the trailers were very susceptible, and it is asserted that over 4000 died of this disease and lie in unmarked graves along the first 400 miles of this old highway.

The discovery of gold at Pike's Peak in 1858 caused another great rush of humanity, even greater than 1849–50. This movement kept a steady volume until the late sixties. Then came a few spasmodic rushes, followed by a gradual falling-off of travel, which, coupled with the invasion and use of railways, finally caused the abandonment of the Trail in the early seventies.

To better realize the importance of this Trail, we may take for comparison our present great railways that stretch across the plains and through the mountains. These railroads annually carry freight of almost unbelievable tonnage and value, to and from the coast. All this becomes secondary in vital importance to the traffic that was carried on over these trails. When we consider and better understand the then existing methods and conditions surrounding the handling of such a volume of transportation, it becomes as great, if not of greater, vital importance than our present-day system of transportation.

These old trails were the connecting links that wielded an influence in the development of our Nation that was far superior to those of our present-day high-

ways. The trails were the prime factors in the opening-up and moulding together of the great Northwestern States, carrying our boundary-lines to the shores and coast lines of the north. The part that the old Oregon Trail* served in this respect will ever be preëminent in history.

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* NOTE.—The Indians were wont to call the old Oregon Trail "The Great Medicine Road of the Whites." As they viewed the countless thousands of white-topped wagons and the seemingly unceasing movement of troops to and fro, their awe and reverence increased.

Much in this book is made from the events that occurred at certain places along this roadway. The stations, camping- and resting-places became historic spots as well as places of first settlement and agricultural development. These were also resting-places of the dead, many being surrounded by hundreds of unknown and unmarked graves. It was not an uncommon sight for many hundreds of men, women and children, and many thousands of animals of burden with their wagons, to encamp nightly at these stations, dotting the hillsides and valleys with their white-topped wagons, and at night camp-fires would often encircle the radius of a mile or more. At most of these stations many houses and barns were erected, in order to properly care for and provide supplies for this immense movement.

The following was secured from an old map, made in 1846, of the Emigrant Route from Missouri to Oregon, being called "A New Map of Texas, Oregon, and California, with regions adjoining, compiled from the most recent authorities." Published by S. Augustus Mitchell, Philadelphia, 1846:

	Distance from Westport.	
Westport to Kansas River Crossing	70 miles.	70 miles.
Platte River	215	285
Forks of Platte	115	400
Chimney Rock	150	550
Scott's Bluff	20	570
Fort Laramie	60	630
Red Butte	161	791
Rock Independence	52	843
South Pass	107	950
Green River	80	1030
Bear River	130	1160
Fort Hall	60	1220
American Falls	22	1242
Lewis River Crossing	180	1422
Fort Boise	128	1550
Burnt River	114	1664
Grand River	30	1694
Fort Walla Walla	82	1776
John Day's River	112	1888
Falls River	21	1909
Dalles of Columbia River	25	1935
Cascades	36	1970
Fort Vancouver	54	2024
Oregon City	16	2040

Frémont also made a map, giving distances, etc., of his trip in 1842 over the Oregon Trail; so, conclusive evidence establishes that the Trail was a much-traveled highway from 1843 to 1849.

THE OREGON TRAIL THROUGH JEFFERSON COUNTY.

The original Oregon Trail entered Jefferson county a few rods south of the northeast corner of the southwest quarter of Section 36, Township 1, Range 4, or 2236 feet north of the southeast corner of Jefferson county.

It proceeded from Marysville, Kansas, by the following described route: The original crossing of the Big Blue river was at a point a few miles below Marysville where Frémont and the other early travelers found an ideal fording-place. Frémont took an observation at this point, finding it to be longitude 96° 32′ 35″; latitude 39° 45′ 8″. This has been determined to be near the present location of Schroyer, Kansas. Many of the first Mormons used this trail during the late 40's and early 50's, but the Forty-niners began to use a crossing a few miles above, which afterward became Marysville; being located on the south half of section 28 and on the north half of Section 33, Township 2, Range 7, Marshall county, Kansas.

The Oregon Trail after crossing the Big Blue river proceeded in a westerly direction, bearing to the north and west, passing out of Marshall and through the extreme northeast corner of Washington county, Kansas, striking the State line near the center of the north line of Section 6, Township 1, Range 5, Washington county, Kansas, and entered Nebraska a few rods west of the center of the south line of Section 31, Township 1, Range 5, Gage county, crossing this section in a northwesterly direction, entering Jefferson county at the aforesaid point, 2236 feet north of the State line. Entering Section 36, Township 1, Range 4, it runs a due north course through the middle of this section and

Section 25, to the center of Section 24, where it again diverges to the north and west, its course passing through Sections 14, 15, 16, 9, 8, 5, 6, of Newton precinct, through Section 31, of Pleasant Precinct, into Section 36, of Rock Creek Precinct, to the northwest corner. Entering Section 26 at its southeast corner, it crosses Rock creek a few rods north of the center, between the east and west side stations maintained at this point. They were first called the Elk Horn Station, later the Pawnee Station, and the Rock Creek Station. It continued northwest, entering Section 23 about 500 feet east of its southwest corner. Crossing to Section 22, it proceeds north and west through this section and Section 21, crossing the extreme southwest corner of Section 16 into Section 17; thence to its northwest corner and across the school-grounds located in the northeast corner of Section 18. It enters Section 12 of Fairbury precinct (after crossing Section 7), near the southeast corner of the northeast quarter, where it crossed Brawner's Branch, and is now crossed by the Rock Island Railroad; thence on northwest through Section 1 to its northwest corner, passing through the extreme northeast corner of Section 2 into Section 35, of Richland Precinct, and into Section 34 near the middle of its east line, passing out near the middle of its north line into Section 27, bearing more northerly to its northwest corner, passing through the extreme corner of Section 28 into Section 21, where it turns westward, entering Section 20 about a quarter-mile north of its southeast corner, passing out and entering Section 19 about a quarter-mile south of the north line, proceeding north and west to Little Sandy creek, to Joel

Helvey's ranch, located near the north line of this section about a quarter-mile east of its northwest corner. Thence it passes northwesterly through the southwest corner of Section 18, entering Section 13, of Meridian Precinct, about a quarter-mile north of its southeast corner, crossing to its northwest corner, entering Section 14 a quarter of a mile south of its northeast corner, angling in a westerly direction to the south across Sections 14–15 to Big Sandy creek, near the center of Section 16, where Dan Patterson's or Big Sandy Station was located. The Trail now bore directly west along the south side of Big Sandy to Ed. Farrell's or the Overland Stage Station, which was located near the center of Section 17. From this point the trail bore directly south to the southwest corner, swinging in a circle through the extreme northwest corner of Section 20 and the northeast corner of Section 19 into Section 18, where it once more bore directly west, paralleling its south line a few rods to the north to the county line, where it entered Section 13, in Thayer county, about a quarter-mile north of its southeast corner.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE OREGON TRAIL THROUGH THAYER COUNTY.

Hon. Geo. D. Follmer, of Thayer county, read an article before the 1912 annual meeting of the State Historical Society at Lincoln, in which he outlined a brief sketch of the early history of Thayer county, and gave the course of the old Oregon Trail through the county.

As Thayer county was at this time part of Jones county, the greater part of this article is given below:

I started with a team, riding an old-style mail buckboard from Montgomery county, Iowa, in the winter of 1870–1. Traveling westward, we passed through Red Oak and Sidney, reaching the Missouri river at Nebraska City, where we crossed into Nebraska. From this place we traveled over the stage and freight trail westward through Tecumseh and Beatrice, striking the "Oregon Trail" at Helvey's Ranch on the Little Sandy, in what is now known as Jefferson county. From here on were a few settlers scattered along the Little Blue and Big Sandy, and there was a town here on the Little Blue, called Meridian. Hugh Ross was postmaster. Following the "Oregon Trail" we soon reached our destination, the "Old Kiowa Ranch," in the northwest corner of the county. There were but few settlers in the county at this time, most of whom were along the streams and along the Oregon Trail.

In 1871 Governor Butler issued a proclamation calling for a county election and organization, to take place June 27th, 1871. The following were the county officers elected:

County Commissioners—Adam Simonton, Jonas Hannum, and Alex. Naylor.

County Clerk—Elbridge Downing.

County Treasurer—Willis Henby.

County Superintendent—Chas. W. Goodman.

County Judge—Abner E. Davis.

County Sheriff—A. Edwards.

County Surveyor—D. W. Montgomery.

County Coroner—James Candy.

The judges of this election were: Philip Michael, Jonas Hannum, and Alex. Naylor. The clerks were Thomas B. Johnston and Chas. B. Goodman.

The first court of the county was held in May, 1873, in a small frame building at the county seat, Nelson, which was surveyed the winter previously. Judge Grunt presided over the court and J. A. Weaver was the prosecuting attorney. The county records were removed from the County Clerk's residence to the new court-house in September of that year.

Meridian was the nearest postoffice in 1871 and 1872. Beatrice had the nearest flouring mill. Weisel had a grist and saw mill at Meridian. The first frame house was built by D. W. Montgomery, in 1871. The lumber was secured at Fairbury, Jefferson county.

The first white child born in the county after the organization of the county was Ella Simonton.

The first railroad across the county was the St. Joseph & Western, which was built across the northeast corner, in 1872.

The following is a list of the ranches and ranchers from Kiowa Station, in the eastern part of Thayer county, to Fort Kearney, in the year 1864: Kiowa Station, James Douglas. Oak Grove Ranch, E. S. Comstock, S.W. of N.W. 15, 3, 5. Eubank Ranch, Eubank, on N.E. of N.W. 7, 3, 5. Ewing or Kelly Ranch, by W. R. Kelly, on N.E. of N.W. 1, 3, 6. Little Blue Station, by J. M. Comstock, on S.E. of N.E. 35, 4, 6. Buffalo Ranch, by Milligan and Mudges, S.E. of N.E. 2, 4, 7. Liberty farm, by Charles Emery. Pawnee Ranch, James Bainer. Spring Ranch, by Nute Metcalf. Lonetree Ranch, party not known to

writer. Elm Tree Ranch, by William Moody. Thirty-two Mile Creek Ranch, by George Ansle Comstock. Hook, at Junction, or Hook Ranch. At this point the Omaha trail formed a junction with the Oregon Trail, nine miles east of Kearney.

The incidents along the trail were given by a party who lived on the trail from 1862 till after the massacre, and who was at Oak Grove Ranch Sunday A. M. August 7, 1864.

The length of the Oregon Trail through Nuckolls county is about sixteen miles, passing through the following sections, townships and ranges: Sections 13–14–15–16–9–8–7–6, Township 3, Range 5; N.E.$\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 1, T. 3, R. 6; Sections 36–35–26–23–22–15–16–9–8–7 and 6, T. 4, Range 6; N.$\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 1, N.$\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 2, T. 4, R. 7. The trail is nearly obliterated in this county, but traces remain on E.$\frac{1}{2}$ of W.$\frac{1}{2}$ of N.E.$\frac{1}{4}$ of N.E.$\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 14, 3, 5, where it comes out of a draw; also on N.E.$\frac{1}{4}$ of S.E.$\frac{1}{4}$ 15, 3, 5, where it leaves the bottom to get on higher ground. Then again on N.W.$\frac{1}{4}$ of S.E.$\frac{1}{4}$ 14, 15, 3, 5 as it comes out of a draw on higher ground. The next point is on N.W.$\frac{1}{4}$ of N.E.$\frac{1}{4}$ 16, 3, 5 as it comes out of a draw on the south side.

Then on N.E.$\frac{1}{4}$, 7, 3, 5, where it leaves the third bottom through a cut to second bottom; visible again east of the Narrows, on N.E.$\frac{1}{4}$ of S.W.$\frac{1}{4}$ 6, 3, 5; also on E.$\frac{1}{2}$ of S.W.$\frac{1}{4}$ and N.$\frac{1}{2}$ N.W.$\frac{1}{4}$ 36, 4, 6. The last sign is where it leaves the nine-mile ridge on the west side of N.$\frac{1}{2}$ of Sec. 1, 4, 7.

The massacre on the Little Blue occurred on Sunday afternoon, August 7, 1864. The attack seemed general along the Little Blue, extending east within a mile of

Kiowa Ranch, in Thayer county. At this point one of the Eubank boys was killed and scalped. Two of the Eubank boys were killed and scalped on N.½ N.W.¼ 16, 3, 5, and were buried under an elm tree on S.W.¼ of S.W.¼ 8, 3, 5 on the banks of the Little Blue.

It is stated that nine of these were killed. William Eubank and the others were killed on the N.W.¼ of 7 and S.W.¼ of 6, 3, 5,—all on August 7, 1864. The wife and child of Mr. Eubank junior were carried into captivity. Miss Laura Roper was also carried away by the same band, and another little Eubank child was killed because it would not cease crying.

Some six months later the two women and child were brought in by the Indians to an army post near Denver, receiving the ransom which the Government offered for all white women and children captives.

Among those killed on this day was W. R. Kelly, at the Oak Grove Ranch, and a Mr. Butler. A Mr. Ostrander received a wound that soon afterwards caused his death; and George Hunt, County Commissioner of Saline county, received a bad wound in the leg.

The bodies of Kelly and Butler were placed in a small smokehouse by the surviving settlers, who had not time to bury them in their flight. These bodies were found by the Indians a day later, who set fire to the building and cremated them. They also burned the ranch buildings, which were built by Charles and Preston Butler in 1859. These buildings were two in number, 40x22, the main building being two stories in height, constructed of hewn logs with clapboard roof.

The Emery stage-coach incident happened on the

9th of August, 1864. He was driving the stage-coach westward along the Trail, on what is now known as the S.W.$\frac{1}{4}$ of 13, 3, 5. About five or six miles east of the then called "Narrows," he espied ambuscaded Indians in a clump of willows just as he was about to descend a long, steep hill. Turning his horses around, he started on his race for life with his nine passengers. The Indians broke cover and chased him, shooting their arrows into the stage, and would have been successful in capturing the stage and its occupants had not George Constable's freight train hove in sight. Perceiving the flying stage-coach, with the Indians in close pursuit, he immediately corraled the train, into which protection Emery drove the stage-coach, thus saving themselves from the bloodthirsty Indians. Constable was killed a few days later, on the divide between Elk creek and the Little Blue river, by the Indians, and his body was buried on the breaks of the river, on the N.E.$\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 35, 4, 6. There remains quite a quantity of crockery from the wrecked and burned wagons of the freight trains on this same quarter, and some on the S.E.$\frac{1}{4}$ of the N.E.$\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 35, 4, 6.

CUTOFFS OF THE OREGON TRAIL.

THE OKETO CUTOFF.

In tracing the route used by the early travelers of the Oregon Trail, many short divergences are found. The crossings of streams or the circumventing of bad hills changed the roadway for a few miles, but did not materially affect the general course of the Trail.

This was perhaps more noticeable along the Big Blue than along the Little Blue. The earliest travelers crossed the Big Blue a few miles below Marysville, Kas. It is alleged that Frémont crossed about six miles below, and that thousands of Mormons and gold miners used this same crossing during the forties and early fifties; and that the crossing at Marysville was first established in 1849 when Lieutenant Stansberry surveyed the military road from Fort Leavenworth to Salt Lake. In consequence, Marysville grew into a prominent town and the most popular crossing-place of the Blue.

James McClauskey, an Indian trader, and General F. J. Marshall settled on the site of Marysville in 1854, followed by other settlements in 1855 and 1856, with George Guittard and son in 1857. Also George H. Hollenberg and John D. Wells, who settled west of Marshall or Marysville. This county, named after Marshall, held its first election in 1855, there being only two Free-State men in the county,—Hollenberg and Wells. Another election was held in 1857, to vote on the Lecompton Constitution. While there were

scarcely a half-dozen log cabins in Marysville and not over a hundred legal voters in the county, enough "floaters" were secured to swell the total to over one thousand votes.

Marysville enjoyed the income and prosperity from the immense number of travelers crossing at this point without interruption until July, 1861, when Ben Holladay, who was then operating the stage line, decided on a cutoff via Oketo, making the crossing at that point, leaving Marysville off the regular stage line. This route departed from the Trail at Guittard's Station, in the east part of the county, going northwesterly to the river, crossing the Otoe Reservation, finally converging into the Oregon Trail four miles north of the State line, in Jefferson county, Nebraska, at a point called Caldwell Station.

Holladay spent considerable money in building bridges and erecting stations along the proposed cutoff, putting in a ferry-boat for the crossing at Oketo, finally securing permission from the Postoffice Department to route his stages over the new line in October, 1862.

Marysville was now practically off the map so far as mail was concerned. While they had been getting their mail three times a week by stage, they were now practically without mail service, securing it by trips to Guittard or Oketo. Petitions for regular service resulted in Holladay giving them a semi-weekly mail by horseback, and when they further sent in petitions of disapproval, Holladay stopped the service entirely. Finally it was resumed by ox-team, but under this service newspapers were often a month old before reaching Marysville. This all tended to exasperate the

citizens, and they determined on revenge. Perhaps this accounts for turning adrift the ferry-boat at Oketo and other depredations, which culminated in landing the stage in a ditch one night when it had an army general aboard. This caused the sending of Government troops to protect the Overland Stage line and its property.

The old freighters, with their thousands of wagons, could not be induced to travel the cutoff. They declared that the old trail, which had been packed hard by countless thousands of wagons for many years, was by far the best roadway. So both parties, tiring of the costly contention, met and agreed to adjust all differences between them. Holladay admitted the cutoff was a failure and abandoned it as a mail route, and reëstablished the old route through Marysville in March, 1863, to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. It remained practically the same during the later years of its use.

The Oketo cutoff left the main Oregon Trail at a point about three miles west of Robidoux Station, which was located on the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter Sec. 13, Township 1, Range 9, in Kansas, running north and westerly to the Big Blue river to Oketo Station, which was located on the southeast quarter of Section 14, Township 1, Range 7; thence in a northwesterly direction to Sec. 19, Township 1, Range 6, crossing it near the center line east and west, or about one-half mile south of the present town of Odell; proceeding westerly to Sec. 13, in Newton Precinct, Jefferson county, crossing the south half of this section through the center of Sec. 14, and

finally connecting with the Oregon Trail near the center of Sec. 15, at the Caldwell Ranch.

D. C. JENKINS CUTOFF.

D. C. Jenkins built a ranch on the north and east of Big Sandy, in the northeast corner of Section 21, Meridian Precinct, during the year 1859, building a toll-bridge. He diverted much of the traffic past his ranch, over a cutoff, which left the trail near the center of Section 15. Thence it passed northwesterly, following along the west side of Big Sandy, joining the original trail near the Big Sandy Station, in Section 16.

THE ROCK CREEK CUTOFF.

A minor divergence of the Trail occurred east of the Rock Creek Station, in Sec. 26, of Rock Creek Precinct. The Trail, up to 1849, after entering the Section 26 at its southeast corner bore a little west, going down into the valley from a ridge between two deep gullies crossing Rock Creek at the west end of the "Horse Shoe Bend" in Rock creek, at a point directly on the half-section line running north and south, about 200 feet north of the center of this section. This route was largely used until 1859, when the building of a toll-bridge near the east or middle of the "Horse Shoe Bend" by D. C. McCanles, and the erection of the "East Station," diverted practically all of the travel to a course which ran parallel with the old Trail at a distance not to exceed 400 feet apart, from Rock creek to their point of convergence near the southeast corner of this section.

Other minor divergences or cutoffs were made in the

Trail's course through the country, but very few are worthy of mention, except the one used by freighters and emigrants, who, searching for better grazing-grounds for their oxen and beasts of burden, would diverge northward from the "Virginia Cutoff" or from Joel Helvey's Ranch, up the east side of Little Sandy, to Thos. Helvey's Ranch, crossing here and striking the "Old Oregon Trail" about a half-mile due west, using the same road from Helvey's Ranch that afterwards became known as the "Beatrice-Nebraska City Road."

THE VIRGINIA CUTOFF.

The Virginia Cutoff was made by the Stage Company, during 1860–61, in order to secure a better roadway by missing the hills and gullies through the headwaters of Whisky Run.

This cutoff left the main Trail near the center of Sec. 35, in Richland Precinct, going a little west of a direct north course to near the center of Sec. 28, where it turned to the north and west, entering Section 27 in the northeast corner. Here a station was built, the Ranch Houses being in the extreme N.E. corner of Section 27.

Leaving the Station, the road ran almost directly north and west across Section 22, cutting through the extreme northeast corner of Section 21, into Section 26, where it diverged slightly to the south and west directly for the Joel Helvey Ranch, located near the middle of the north line of Section 19, of Richland Precinct, at the crossing-place of the Little Sandy creek.

The Virginia Cutoff was of common use by all travelers of the Trail alike up to its last days. However, the old Trail was used by returning or light loaded wagons till the close of travel, 1867.

RECAPITULATION OF THE USE AND FINAL DECADENCE OF THE TRAIL.

With the colonist and gold-seeker came the stage-coaches, carrying mail and passengers; the great freighting companies, with their heavy teams; and lastly, the celebrated Pony Express, which was the first mail route across the continent to the western coast. The travel now was at its highest tide, and during this decade, in the fifties and sixties, perhaps a half-million people traveled the Trail. The California Trail had by this time assumed much importance, and joined the Oregon Trail at Kearney, leaving it in Idaho.

Then came the reconstructive period and the rumors of a transcontinental railway, which was followed by the exploration of the Union Pacific up the Platte valley in '67 to '69, which was laid along the pathway of the old Trail and assumed its business; so the exit of the California Trail. The two remaining ends, or head and tail, of the Oregon Trail continued to wiggle spasmodically a few years longer. Then came the paralleling of the east end from St. Joseph to Grand Island with tracks of steel, and the iron horse caused its final abandonment for commercial purposes. The extreme western end managed to exist somewhat longer, but many years ago accepted the same inevitable fate.

The old Trail brought into Nebraska that class of men who are ever found in the vanguard of every settlement,—the sturdy pioneer whose inherent duty seems to be that of wresting the lands away from the hands

of the Red Men and to prepare the way for early occupancy and homes, free from the dangers that beset the frontiersman. Thus the pioneers and settlers had swept the plains of Indians, buffaloes and dangerous wild animals before 1870, and with their tools of agriculture had exploded the theory that Jefferson county was a part of the Great Desert, and had demonstrated that it was one of the roses blossoming in the garden of agricultural fertility.

Thus the Old Trail lost life and usefulness at the same time that the pioneer and settler had accomplished their task, and at the beginning of the real era of development.

Perhaps over 2,000,000 people traveled westward over the Oregon Trail, and as these were the pioneers of the Great Western Empire, and as they used the Trail for the connecting link and vehicle of communication and transportation from the East, no certain estimate can be placed upon the value or importance of the Old Oregon Trail in the creation of the Great Western Empire.

We can only in silent wonder state that this was the greatest roadway, used by the greatest number of people, to reach and develop the greatest, wealthiest empire in the world. No other land, not even in the Biblical lands, where the exodus of the Children of Israel and Babylonian roads marked great trails across the land, can compare in immensity of travel, length, nor duration.

OTHER EARLY ROADS OR TRAILS OF JEFFERSON COUNTY.

The trail from Nebraska City, Brownville and Beatrice connected with the Oregon Trail near the center of Section 13, Meridian Precinct. This trail entered Jefferson county on the east side, south of the center of Plymouth Precinct, following the high level tablelands in an almost direct westerly course through Plymouth and Gibson Precincts into Washington Precinct, where it took a more southwesterly course, following the ridge into Section 6 of Richland, bearing south to Section 7, between two streams to Tom Helvey's ranch, located near the southwest corner of Section 18, thence west to the center of Section 13, in Meridian Precinct, its connecting point with the Oregon Trail. Another road ran along the north side of Cub creek its entire length, being used by its early settlers.

Early settlers of Rose creek valley used roadways running from Marks's Mills, in Buckley Precinct, that followed along the tablelands north of Rose creek to Sections 33 and 34, of Fairbury Precinct. Here an offshoot went north to Fairbury, the Beatrice road continuing east to Salt Springs, on the Little Blue river, in Section 31, of Rock Precinct; thence north and east, crossing Smith and Elm creeks to Rock Creek Station; continuing northeast past Deadman's Hollow, following Indian creek to Kleinhaus's Ranch or Halfway House,

in Section 26, Jefferson Precinct, thence east to Beatrice.

A short road connected the "Old Trail" with Jenkins's Mills, and another ran up and down the Little Blue river, connecting with other roads, leading to the various settlements along the branches of this stream. Marks's Mills and Meridian were connected by a road running in almost a straight line over the tablelands.

Fairbury used a road to Beatrice and points east that ran a little north of east, through Rock Creek Precinct and across the corner of Cub creek, intersecting the original Beatrice road near the head of Indian creek. Early settlers of the upper end of Rose creek used an "old trail" called the "Mormon Trail" when going to Marysville, Blue Rapids, or Waterville for supplies. This trail was in evidence when the first settlers came. The piling of a bridge used to cross Rose creek was then still in position, with other evidences that the bridge and roadway had been used for at least ten or fifteen years.

This trail ran almost diagonally across Buckley Precinct from the southeast corner to the northwest corner, crossing Rose creek just below the present town of Reynolds.

Early settlers were wont to travel along lines of least resistance, or in other words, avoid the crossing of streams or deep gullies, steep hills, sandy or marshy places; consequently, most of the early travel was along the high ridges skirting the ends of streams and draws. As the country became settled in different localities, these roads were changed accordingly. Thus we find the traces of old roads running through the

pasture and meadow lands, whose origin and use are hard to determine at the present, many showing that they were of common use for quite a period; others that they were perhaps only private roads, leading to the habitation of some early settler, or were branches of some main-traveled road.

RANCHES AND STATIONS ON THE OREGON TRAIL, FROM THE RIVER TO THE MOUNTAINS, AS REMEMBERED BY FRANK HELVEY, AN OLD FREIGHTER.

While the Oregon Trail started from Independence and Westport, Missouri, Leavenworth, Atchison and St. Joseph became the towns from which about all of the travel started. In fact, practically all of the freighting business was done from these points, which were used exclusively by the Government for its army supplies and by the Stage Company and the Pony Express.

These trails all converged with the Old Oregon Trail at Kennekuk, a station about 35 miles out from the river. The old Military Road, or Leavenworth Branch, bearing northward, intersected the Atchison Branch at a point called the "Mormon Grove," about three miles west of that town.

The St. Joseph Branch intersected these trails at a point a little east of the Kennekuk Station.

Kickapoo was the next station, being located near the east side of the Kickapoo Reservation. The next was Logchain, run by Old Bob Ridley, who used to be a stage-driver, and who was quite a character. Next was Seneca Station, kept by a man named Smith, another old-time stage-driver. Then comes a place that we used to call "Frog Town," but the first real station was "Guittard's," run by an old Frenchman and his boys by that name. Then comes Marysville, on the

Big Blue river, which was quite a place in those days, having stores, etc. We could generally ford the river, but often during the rainy seasons we would have to use the ferry at this place. Capt. Hollenberg kept the next station, on Cottonwood creek, about 12 miles north and west of Marysville. About five miles farther on was a station kept by an old Confederate army captain, Capt. Voight. We crossed the State line soon after leaving this station, and reached the Caldwell Ranch about four miles farther on, north and west. Here is where the "Oketo Cutoff" comes into the Trail. This trail was made by Ben Holladay in 1862, to spite the people of Marysville. It left the main trail at "Guittard's," about 12 miles east of Marysville, and went to the north of that town to Oketo, where he ran a ferry to cross the Big Blue; then it ran north and west up into Gage county, and then west to Caldwell's Ranch, in Jefferson county.

Some of us freighters tried this trail a few times, but we preferred the "Old Trail," despite the fact that Holladay had spent quite a sum of money to fix up the road in fine shape; so in 1863 this cutoff was abandoned.

About six miles north and west of Caldwell's Ranch was Rock Creek Station, located on Rock creek. There were two ranches at this place, one being on the west side and the other on the east side. McCanles ran both of them from 1859 to 1861, when he was killed by "Wild Bill." Then Wolf and Hagenstein ran the west ranch for a number of years, and Hod Wellman ran the east ranch for the Stage Company, I believe, until the stages quit running. D. C. Jenkins bought

the west ranch in 1865, running it and the toll-bridge until 1867, the year the stage-coaches quit; then he started the Jenkins Mill down on the Little Blue, just below the present town of Steele City.

The next ranch was on Brawner's creek, about three miles northeast of the present town of Fairbury. Wolf and Hagenstein built this ranch in 1862–3, running it until about 1867. This was called "Whisky Run Ranch" by some. Then came "Virginia Ranch," which was the next station on the trail; it was built by the Stage Company in 1861, about five miles due north of Fairbury. Sant Greason ran this station until 1864, being succeeded by George Hulburt, who turned it over to Miles Hess in 1865, who ran it until the stages stopped running, in 1867.

Our ranch at Little Sandy was the next regular stopping-place. We, like nearly all of the ranches, kept for sale a little of everything needed by travelers,—mainly tobacco, sugar, pork, whisky, etc.

James Shumway kept a ranch-house on the hill about a mile north and west of us, near the junction of the Nebraska City Trail with the Overland Trail, and James Blair had a ranch on the north trail, between him and the Big Sandy.

Dan Patterson ran the first ranch on the Big Sandy, at the old crossing-place. He was succeeded by Asa and John Latham, I believe, in 1860; and when Asa killed a man in 1862, the boys left and the ranch was run by several different people afterwards,—Wolf and Crump, the Hess Boys, Hugh Ross, and others. D. C. Jenkins made a toll-bridge across the creek about a half-mile below, in 1859, and diverted most of the

travel past his ranch; but some still went past the Big Sandy Ranch, on the west side of the stream. In fact, the Old Trail used about all the ground between Tom Helvey's Ranch, Big Sandy creek, and the Little Blue river, for the road-way and camping-places, or a strip of country about two miles wide and six or eight miles long. So they patronized all the ranches and ran over about all the territory, till it is hard to tell the exact course of the Trail.

James Slaughter had a ranch on the east side, opposite the Big Sandy Station, and William Babcock had a ranch below Jenkins, also on the east side. The first ranch west of the Big Sandy and Jenkins was George Weisel's, and a little west of his store was a blacksmith shop, which was first run by John Mattes. Across the road and a little to the west was the ranch of Jeff. Holts, who came from Missouri about 1863–4. He continued to operate this ranch until the closing days. Then came the Ed. Farrell, or mail station, about half a mile west, on the east side of the Big Bend in Big Sandy. The Trail from this point ran almost directly south, swinging through the corners of Sections 20 and 19 back into Section 18, where it turned directly westward through the south side of this section to the county line, entering Section 13 in Thayer county, near the southeast corner.

Joe Walker had the first ranch in Thayer county, about one mile above the old town of Meridian, but the first station was Thompson's, about 12 miles above Farrell's Ranch. This was kept by George Thompson, and later by Dan and Bill Kneeland, who had a ranch near by.

About five miles west of Thompson's was the Hackney Ranch, run by Walt and Bill Hackney. This was the first ranch on the Little Blue river.

"French Louis" had a ranch about a mile above the Kiowa Ranch, which was the next mail station, about five miles above the Hackney Ranch. About six or seven miles above the Kiowa was the Big Oak Grove Ranch, just a little this side of "The Narrows," which was a place where the bluffs along the north side of the stream crowded down into the valley almost to the river's edge, forcing the trail to run along under its frowning hill-tops. Here was where the Eubank families lived; they were murdered by the Indians in 1864. Here also lived the Comstocks, and others who suffered so much in this Indian raid.

The first station above "The Narrows" was the Little Blue Mail Station. Here the Trail left the river and struck out over the ridge and high prairies for the Platte river. Buffalo Ranch was the first station, and farther on was the old Liberty Farm Ranch, which was run by Jim Lemmons. Then came the Pawnee Mail Station, on Pawnee creek, with the Lone Tree Station at the end of the Nine-Mile Ridge.

From here the Trail ran down to 32-mile Creek, passing Spring Ranch, which was run by old Jim Bainter, an old Indian fighter, and Elm creek, which was 14 miles above. 32-Mile Creek was a mail station, and was on a little creek running south, and if I am not mistaken, near the present city of Hastings.

From this point to the Platte River there were no

stations, the first one being that of Sobieski's,* afterward called the Hook Ranch, which was in the Platte Valley, about ten miles east of old Fort Kearney.

The stage station at the fort was a mile or so to the west, and "Dobytown" was a little farther down the line. This was the toughest town along the Trail, unless it was Julesburg. Here were gathered all kinds of outfits, scattered up and down the whole valley, resting a few days under the protection of the soldiers at the fort, before resuming their journey either to the east or to the west.

Dobytown was the headquarters for the worst kind of characters, men or women, who practiced all kinds of games to separate a man from his money, and a fellow would be lucky sometimes to get away without having holes in his hide. They also sold lots of bad booze at the "joints," which was the real "fighting, forty-rod" stuff. The soldiers from the fort were pretty good customers at all the joints, as were lots of the freighters and other travelers on the Trail; so there was something doing all the time around Fort Kearney. Most of the old trailers learned that it was good policy to not indulge too freely, nor tarry too long, if they expected to go somewhere and get back sometime,—so they hiked on.

The next station west of Fort Kearney was Platte Station. Then came Craig's or 17-Mile Station, with Plum Creek about the same distance farther on. Willow Island was next, about 15 miles distant. Then we

* Sobieski was of Polish aristocracy, and came to America and joined the U. S. Army in the Indian Service in the late fifties, and operated this ranch just before the outbreak of the Civil War.

pulled up to the "Midway Station," called so from the fact of its being half-way between the river and Denver. This ranch was kept by a man named Smith, later by Dan Trout, whose girls were known to be the best cooks on the stage line. Gilman's Station came next, 15 miles down the line; this was run by the Gilman boys, and later by John Ferry. Then, 15 miles farther on, was Cottonwood Springs. This was quite a place, having several stores, and we could get fuel from the groves of cedar trees growing in the canyons near by. About 12 miles west brought us to "Jack Morrow's Ranch." Morrow was quite a wealthy man. He went out there in the early days, built up a ranch, and soon gathered around him quite an amount of the world's goods. He was also a pretty good gambler; had the reputation of being the best one located on the Trail. This, with his ability as a trader, made him lots of money.

About 15 miles west was Cold Springs, and 12 miles farther on was Fremont Station or Springs. Elkhorn was the next ranch. This was near O'Fallon's Bluffs, which was the worst stretch of road along the Platte, the Trail running through a sandy and miry valley between the bluffs and the river, and up and down the sandy foothills. These bluffs were also handy places for the Indians to ambuscade the trailers from; so a cutoff was made around the south side of the bluffs.

When going through the bluffs, Rising Sun was the first station, it being but two or three miles beyond. The next mail station was Alkali Lake, 14 miles west of Elkhorn Station. Next was Ogalla; 15 miles more reached the lower California crossing. Here the Ore-

gon Trail crossed the South Platte going north to Ash Hollow, on the North Platte. The ranch at this crossing was kept by a Frenchman named Boveaux. Old Julesburg was 14 miles west of this crossing; this station was kept in the early days by a Frenchman called Old Jules, who was one of the noted characters of the Plains. This station was also known as the upper California Crossing. Julesburg soon acquired a bad reputation; so a new town was started on the north side of the Platte, a few miles above, and when the railroad came in 1868 they were forced to christen the town at this point with the name of Julesburg, despite the efforts that the Stage Company had made for years to change it to one less notorious. Somehow the general public would persist in giving it the old cognomen, in honor of Old Jules. Fort Sedgwick was located about five miles west of Julesburg. From now on the stations and ranches were far apart, being built mostly of sod or adobe.

Antelope station was about 12 miles west of Julesburg and 12 miles farther on was Spring Hill; 13 miles farther was Dennison's, and 12 miles more was the Valley Station; 15 miles farther was the American Ranch. Beaver Creek was 12 miles farther west.

Then came the big long drive to Bijou's, on the creek of that name. This was the trip that the stage-drivers hated worst of any on their entire route, as it took about all that a good team could do to make it.

Fremont's Orchard was 16 miles farther up the Platte, and another horrible drive without water or shade. Then 11 miles brought us to the Eagle's Nest Station.

Cherokee,—or, as it was later known, Latham,—was the next station. From here it was 15 miles to Big Bend Station.

Fort Lupton was the next stopping-place. This was near the ruins of an old fort that was supposed to have been built by early French trappers, probably in 1800 or 1810; anyway, it is said that the fort was in ruins when Pike found it in 1821. Pierson's Ranch was 15 miles west of Fort Lupton. This was the last stopping-place on the trail between the river and Denver, where the trail broke up into several branches running up into the mountains, some going south to the "Pike's Peak" country, and others going westward through Golden Gate to the various mining camps adjacent.

The California crossings on the South Platte led to trails that connected with the Oregon Trail running along the North Platte. The lower crossing intersected it a short distance this side of "Ash Hollow." The Upper Crossing, after running up Lodgepole creek for about 35 miles, cut across the high tablelands, finally intersecting the Oregon Trail at Pumpkin creek, about ten miles east of Scott's Bluff, or opposite the Court-House and Jail Rock.

THE MORMONS.

The Mormon Church was founded in New York, in the year 1830, by Joseph Smith and others. The Mormons grew in numbers, and emigrated westward, settling at Kirtland, Ohio, and in Missouri. The first settlements in Missouri were in Jackson county, near Independence. The Mormons were driven into Clay and Caldwell counties, and from there to Illinois, where they built the city of Nauvoo, in the early 40's. The people would not have them even here, and after several uprisings and riots, finally accomplished their eviction in 1844. The prophets, Joseph and Hiram Smith, were assassinated at Carthage, Illinois. Broken up, the council decided to move westward. They toiled across Iowa and Missouri during the years of 1845–46, settling down again at points on the Missouri river. Nearly 15,000 of them located at a point north of Omaha, where the present town of Florence now stands, calling it "The Winter Quarters."

Trouble with the Indians caused them to build a town across the river near the present city of Council Bluffs, calling it "Kanesville." Brigham Young sent out in the spring of 1846 eighty wagons equipped to travel into the fastness of the Rockies, where it was rumored that an inland sea, with fertile lands bordering it, awaited their coming, and where they could build up an empire outside of the jurisdiction of the United States.

Brigham Young, in the spring of 1847, led quite a

band of Mormons up the Platte valley, across the plains and mountains to the great Salt Lake. Other bands followed from time to time. The Mormon towns of Florence and Kanesville, which at their height had contained long streets, lined with stores, residences, etc., were practically deserted by 1851–52.

The cholera scourge of 1850 followed the Mormons far out on the trail, many hundreds succumbing to its ravages in the first four hundred miles of the journey; perhaps two hundred lie buried at their camping-places in Jefferson county; over fifty in one place at the Dripping Springs, on Whisky Run. Many hundred Mormons carved their names and dates on rock walls beside the trail en route during the late 40's and early 50's.

While the Platte river was the main Mormon trail to Fort Kearney, second in importance comes their use of the original trail from Independence to Fort Kearney, especially by the thousands of Mormons who emigrated from England, and by boats via New Orleans and St. Louis to Independence, or by rail via New York.

A whole volume might be written of this great religious exodus, unparalleled in American history, which reached from the banks of the Missouri to the great Salt Lake in an endless procession, toiling with their wagons and handcarts loaded with provisions and material for their new home. Thousands did not survive the hardships and suffering of the journey. Whole caravans were wiped out through the agency of Indians and blizzards. Mormons continued to use the Oregon Trail from Independence through the 50's and 60's. General Albert Sidney Johnston also used this trail during 1857–58

for dispatching various detachments and the supplies for over 5000 soldiers with which he had been ordered to subjugate the Mormons, who had defied the authority of the National Government.

THE MORMON TRAIL.

The Mormons used many trails in crossing the Plains and through the Rockies to their haven by the inland salty sea.

The States of Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska were gutted and rutted with many different trails of wheel-marks made by their caravans when the first settlers came to possess the Plains country.

While several well-defined and traveled trails were in existence leading from the Missouri river to and through the mountains, the Mormons seemed inclined to make use of different routes that would parallel or intercept the regular trails. Perhaps this was caused largely by the state of feeling that existed between them and the general public. All histories of the Mormons during these times say that there existed deep hatred, coupled with fear, between them and the Gentiles, that eventually led up to an armed insurrection by the Mormons in 1857, following the "Mountain Meadow Massacre," which caused the sending of 5,000 soldiers under General Albert Sidney Johnston to Utah in 1857–8, to quell and subjugate them.

All early travelers of the trails were inclined to be just as watchful of the Mormons as they were of the Indians, and perhaps rightly too, for records show that many depredations were committed by them under the guise of Indians.

Notwithstanding all the present evidence to the contrary, it is the belief of the author that subsequent investigation will prove that the Mormons traveled in greater numbers south of the Platte than on the north side.

This may seem preposterous when it is stated that 15,000 Mormons wintered at Florence and Council Bluffs the first year of their migration from Nauvoo, Ill., and that thousands of them annually traveled across Iowa through these portals over the northern trail up the north valley of the Platte to their destination.

To determine definitely we are forced to take into consideration the prior settlement of Mormons in Missouri, which was before that at Nauvoo, and of the great emigration of Mormons from England, which was the greatest source for converts to their faith. When it is determined that practically all of their foreign members came by the southern routes, the magnitude of such travel over these routes will become apparent.

The Mormon converts from England came mainly by two routes to St. Louis and Independence, Mo., where they took up their overland journey by wagon to Salt Lake.

Embarking at the different seaports of England, they took passage on ships that sailed for ports that had rail or steamboat connections to the eastern terminus of some trail, that led to their promised land. St. Louis had railroads long before Omaha or Council Bluffs, and they could proceed by steamboat from this point up to Independence by a regular and well-established service, while to proceed to points on up the

river, presented many difficulties. At this time Independence was the greatest outfitting point on the Missouri river, so it was naturally the best point for the Mormons to launch forth from. Later on, the railroads reached St. Joseph and Atchison. These in turn became the ends of the railroad journey for the Mormon pilgrims from England. Thus, by the way of New Orleans up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers by boat to Independence, Atchison, and St. Joseph, and by train from New York to these points, thousands of Mormons annually arrived and departed overland westward after 1846. To this was added the great migration of Missouri Mormons.

The first bodies of Mormons were the ones that cut the many trails across the plains, while the Mormons of the late 60's seemed content to use the regular trails. Many used these trails in preference to the by-trails, from the beginning of their movement. So it becomes very hard to personally determine what trail or route was the real Mormon Trail across the plains, as they used so many branches and different routes as far out as the mountains, where the most of them converged into the Oregon Trail. Quite a few of them continued down the Santa Fé Trail, finally pointing to the north in New Mexico. Even all of those who went by the way of Omaha did not follow the old California Trail up the north side of the Platte river. Many thousands of them kept to the north of the Elkhorn or Loups, and finally converged into the Oregon Trail somewhere in Wyoming, and many of them went up on the south banks of the Platte, striking the Oregon Trail near Fort Kearney.

The Mormon Trails of northern Kansas and southern Nebraska started from the following points mainly: Independence, Leavenworth, Atchison, St. Joseph, and quite a number crossed the Missouri river at Brownsville and Nebraska City.

To outline and find their many trails is to follow the most direct and best routes to a common point on the Platte river near the site of Fort Kearney. Thus in order, those that diverged northward from the Santa Fé Trail after passing the point where the Oregon Trail diverged to cross the Kansas river near the present city of Topeka, traveled on down to a point a few miles south of the present town of Eskridge, in Wabaunsee county, where they turned to the north and west, passing through Wabaunsee county into Geary, reaching the Kansas river at a point about half-way between the present Fort Riley and Junction City. There they crossed the stream and bore to the north, passing near the present town of Ogden; thence north to the Big Blue river, following up the west side of this stream past Garrison's Crossing and Randolph, crossing Fancy creek near the latter place. Then they went northward across the prairies to the Little Blue river, near the present site of Waterville, and joined with another branch that had left the old Oregon Trail somewhere in the northeast corner of Pottawatomie county after crossing Vermillion creek, and had borne almost directly west to the junction of the Blue rivers, crossing below and going northwest past Waterville into Washington county, towards its northwest corner. On Ash creek, about three miles south of the present town of Washington, was a spring near by a high sand-rock wall,

upon which many of the Mormons carved their names. This was called "Mormon Springs" by the early pioneers.

This trail entered Nebraska about three miles east of the southwest corner of Jefferson county, and followed a ridge down to Rose creek valley, where they built a crude log bridge across this stream, about half a mile below the present town of Reynolds. The early settlers of Rose creek valley found the pilings of this bridge still in position when they came in 1862, and they used this trail in going to Waterville, Blue Rapids and points on the Missouri river for supplies. Old settlers also allege that the Mormons sometimes crossed the Kansas river near Manhattan, and struck this trail near Waterville; also that there was another Mormon trail, that followed up the Republican river on the north side from their upper crossing at Junction City or "Whisky Point" past the present towns of Clay Center, Clyde, Scandia, and Republic City, leaving the stream when it bent to the west in the State of Nebraska, going northward across the prairies of Nuckolls county to the Little Blue river, in Adams county, where it converged with the old Oregon Trail.

The main branch, after crossing Rose creek, kept on to the north and west, entering Thayer county, joining the old Oregon Trail in the vicinity of Hebron, on the Little Blue river.

Mormons from Atchison and St. Joseph in the later days generally used the regular trails from these points connecting with the old Oregon Trail. A few miles out from the present city of Atchison was a camping-place of popular use by the Mormons, being called

"The Mormon Grove." During the 50's and 60's thousands of Mormons paused for a brief sojourn before starting on their trip across what was then known as the "Great American Desert," now as the "Kingdoms of Alfalfa and Agriculture"—Kansas and Nebraska.

The few Mormons that crossed the Missouri river at Brownville and Nebraska City followed the trails that other travelers had established over the prairies, the lower one joining the Oregon Trail, on the Big Sandy, in Jefferson county, and the Nebraska City Trail joining it a few miles east of Fort Kearney. While these Mormon trails have not been definitely located, the above is probably correct enough for the purposes of need for the recording of their existence. To accurately trace them at the present time would be a stupendous task, perhaps impossible, for nearly all of the rutted and scarred evidences of their travel have been effaced by the agencies of nature and agriculture, and only here and there can be found some unmistakable old-time road descending or ascending some hill in pasture or meadow lands, that have not been disturbed by the plow.

Many of these marks, especially across the smooth prairies or bottom lands, had been effaced even at the time that the country was surveyed in the late 50's and early 60's. On the original surveys of many of the counties of Kansas and Nebraska, through which these trails are alleged to have passed, there appear marks and notations of such roads, being designated as "Mormon Trail," but they are disconnected and somewhat confusing; still, a close study of them will convince that such were of reality, and that the course of them was approximately that outlined in this article.

FREIGHTING AND EXPRESS COMPANIES AND THEIR EQUIPMENT.

The business of freighting across the Plains really preceded that of the stages. The colonists and gold-seekers necessarily had to carry supplies and materials for their needs and sustenance, and as emigration grew and the Western Slope became populated, many men and companies of men became engaged in the freighting business, for there was no other undertaking of that day offering better remuneration than overland freighting.

This business reached its height during the sixties, although an immense amount of freighting was done during the fifties. Russell, Majors & Waddell were the kings of the freighting companies, and at one time employed over 10,000 men, 6,000 wagons and nearly 100,000 oxen and mules. These wagons carried from five to fifteen thousand pounds each, and with hundreds of other freighting companies operating, the immensity of the volume of freight can be better realized.

The wagons of early times were generally sixteen feet in length, six feet in depth, with the bottom swaying down in the middle, boat-like in shape, with canvas top. They were called Conestoga wagons. Such wagons cost from seven hundred to fifteen hundred dollars apiece, and with mules suitable for overland travel costing from five to ten hundred dollars per pair, harness and other equipment costing about five hundred per wagon.

Wagons used during the later period of the freighting business were much smaller and lighter. 3000 Schutlers and 4000 Jacksons were usually coupled together with the Schutler as the trailer wagon. This combination gave better satisfaction, and was in general use by both freighters and the Government. Such wagons were generally drawn by six yokes of oxen, hauling about four tons of freight.

The wagon that became the most popular on the Oregon Trail was the Esponshay, as it was pronounced. These wagons were manufactured in St. Louis, Missouri, and were made from thoroughly seasoned woods, light running, but built very strong, having beds four feet deep, weighing from 1700 to 1800 pounds empty. Freighters generally used three or four yokes of oxen on these wagons, hauling three to four tons of freight. Thousands of Esponshays, Schutlers and Jacksons groaned and creaked across the plains in the sixties, almost entirely superseding the old Conestoga or ox wagons, which were for the most part unsatisfactory, on account of being made from poorly seasoned woods, too heavy and clumsy, weighing over 2400, the hubs being almost the size of barrels. The constant daily setting of tires on these wagons proved too irksome, and they were almost a load for the teams when empty.

Mules gradually superseded the oxen, especially in Government freighting. Four mules to a wagon, drawing about two tons of freight and 1,000 pounds of feed were the standard for the mule trains, which made the trip much quicker than oxen. On account of it being necessary to carry grain and food, mules were more expensive than oxen, which generally secured their food

grazing *en route*. Horses were not commonly used, as they required more grain than the mules and did not seem to endure the hardships as well as the mules or oxen. The average ten-mule team and wagon complete would cost seven or eight thousand dollars. Ox teams were not so expensive; such wagons could be outfitted for about half as much as those for a mule outfit. Ox-team drivers were called bull-whackers; mule-team drivers were called mule-skinners.

A Freight Train.

A standard freight train consisted of twenty-five or more such wagons under the charge of a captain or wagon-master, who had an assistant and one or more night herders in addition to the drivers and armed guards, who sometimes accompanied the trains.

To give an idea of the volume of freight-train business: six thousand wagons passed Fort Kearney in one month during 1865. Often five hundred freight wagons passed daily, besides those of emigrants. The following prices were the average for freight from Missouri river to Denver, six hundred miles: flour, nine to ten cents a pound; sugar, twelve to fourteen cents per

pound; whisky, eighteen to twenty cents per pound; bacon, fifteen to sixteen cents per pound; trunks, baggage, etc., twenty-five to thirty cents a pound; dry goods, fifteen to twenty cents a pound; furniture, thirty cents a pound; and so on down through the whole list.

Besides Russell, Majors & Waddell, and other large companies operating through Jefferson county over the Overland Trail, were James Farrell and the Helvey Brothers, who carried considerable freight from the river to the mountains; and A. F. Curtis, John C. Kesterson, Patterson and others, freight from Nebraska City and Brownville via Beatrice, intercepting the trail at Big Sandy. This road was known as the Beatrice-Nebraska City road, running through Dan Freeman's Ranch, Kilpatrick's Ranch, the high table-lands north of Cub creek, down between the branches of the Little Sandy to Tom Helvey's Ranch, finally striking the Oregon Trail about two miles south and west.

C. C. Boyle, William and Nathan Blakeley, J. H. Lemon and Charlie Bailey were the most prominent drivers along this freight-train route. Of those who traveled the mail line or overland route from St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, and Independence, no list can be made of its many thousand drivers. Memory recalls but a few: Captain Murdock, George Wheeler, William Friend, and Gilbert Brawner.

FREIGHTING.

The greater part of the freighting business was carried on from Atchison and Leavenworth; the old Trail

being intersected at points east of Marysville, which led to St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth. Stebbins & Porter, Dennison & Brown, Hockadays & Company, J. S. Galbraith, George W. Howe, and many others, were the leading freighters operating out of Atchison. Russell, Majors & Waddell, the greatest freighting company of the plains, operated out of Leavenworth, as did perhaps a hundred or more lesser outfits, with fifty or more companies at St. Joseph.

The fact that the bulk of the freighting was carried on from these towns, and that General Albert Sidney Johnston marched his army of 5000 over it to Utah during the years 1857 and 1858, gave it the name of the "Military Road." This was also strengthened through its use by soldiers, who used it annually as their road to and from the frontier forts in the Rockies. Perhaps a thousand soldiers traveled this trail yearly during the fifties and sixties, outside of the big movements of entire commands. In fact, practically all troops bound for the Northwest used this trail. Generals Sherman and Sheridan passed over it several times with their commands to fight Indians during the later sixties.

Atchison and Leavenworth, being situated on the west bank of the Missouri, became the favorite overland outfitting points. Travel to Independence via the Oregon Trail waned yearly until it was finally abandoned, mainly from the fact that the distance was longer and that the Kansas river had to be forded, which in flood times became practically impossible. St. Joseph was on the wrong side of the river, although it did considerable business through the use of ferries and wharves erected on the west side.

THE PAY.

The pay of freight drivers ranged from $40 to $75 per month, but sometimes this dropped as low as $25 per month, when there were great rushes of men going westward. Bull-whackers generally received $50 to $60 per month, mule-skinners $60 to $75. Wagon-masters $75 and $85.

THE OVERLAND MAIL AND STAGE COMPANIES.

The first mail- or stage-coaches west of the Missouri to travel the Central Route or Oregon Trail was in 1850, and they ran monthly from Independence, Missouri, to Salt Lake City, Utah.

The first transcontinental stage was the Southern Overland Mail, owned by John Butterfield. This route was nearly two thousand miles in length, starting at St. Louis, Missouri, going via Independence, El Paso, and Los Angeles to San Francisco, avoiding the snows of the Rockies. This route was inaugurated in 1858. The greatness of such an undertaking will be realized when it is known that the equipment necessary to carry on this business consisted of one thousand horses five hundred mules, one thousand men, and over one hundred stage-coaches. This route continued in existence in spite of all the great drawbacks that beset it until the Civil War made it imperative that mail should go over the Central Route. In consequence, a daily overland mail and stage-coach line was inaugurated between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Placerville, California. This route was two thousand miles long, and the trip was made in eighteen days. From now on the greater amount of stage- and mail-coach travel used the Central or Oregon Route.

The first stage-coaches were high, heavy built, box-like omnibuses, with an iron railing around the top of the roof, with the driver's seat almost flush with the roof, and with a boot or floored projection extending

back from the bottom behind, upon which baggage, mail, etc., could be buckled. The doors were in the middle of the sides. The first coaches were equipped with huge pairs of steel springs. These were called Concord stages or coaches.

Six mules in pairs drew these coaches, with one man driving or handling the reins, assisted by a "whipper-up," who either rode alongside or was mounted on one of the driving animals. Mounted guards or soldiers generally accompanied every stage, which usually carried ten or twelve passengers and a thousand pounds of baggage and mail.

Later the size of the coaches was diminished and the thoroughbrace spring substituted for the Concord. This spring consisted of two broad, long leather straps, fastened to the axles fore and aft, upon which the body of the stage rested. The stages had nearly the same capacity for passengers and baggage, made better time, and required only one man, the driver, to operate them. The horses or mules of these stages were changed at every other station, while the drivers would change about every ten or twelve hours, at their regular stations. The fare from the Missouri river to the coast was $100 in gold; letters were carried for 20c. an ounce.

Samuel Woodson secured the first contract to carry mail over the old Oregon Trail. The terms were that mail was to be carried over the Trail from Independence, Missouri, to Salt Lake City, once a month, from July 1st, 1850, to July 1st, 1854, for $19,500 per year. M. F. McGraw then secured the contract at $13,500 per year, expecting to make his profit by carrying

passengers, charging $180 to Salt Lake and $300 to California, but failed in 1856. Kimball & Company, of Salt Lake City, assumed the western run and Stephen B. Miles, of Falls City, secured the entire contract in 1856 for the sum of $90,000 per annum, and received in addition from the Government, tracts of land contingent to the stations along the entire route. This proved very remunerative to Miles, and was the foundation of his large fortune.

Hockaday & Liggett conducted the Stage and Mail Line from St. Joseph to Salt Lake City in 1858, but their method and system proved too slow, the trip taking about twenty-two days in semi-monthly rotation. Russell, Majors & Waddell succeeded in 1859 in transferring the starting-points to Leavenworth and Atchison, and eventually to St. Joseph in 1861. They forthwith put on a standard first-class equipment that made the trip in ten days, and instituted a daily mail and stage service. This proved to be successful.

In 1861 Ben Holladay, the king of overland transportation, came into ownership of the system which he had helped to build. The Holladay lines used five hundred coaches, five freight wagons, five thousand horses and mules, and several thousand oxen. He received $1,000,000 per year to carry mail over five thousand miles of trails, but expenses were great as well, so the profits were not very large, with risks considered. The equipment and running expenses for the first year were nearly $2,500,000, and with hay often $100 per ton, corn from $2 to $10 per bushel, the profits were not very large.

BEN HOLLADAY STAGE COMPANY.

A short sketch of Ben Holladay is fitting. The West had by this time produced one of its unique characters that climbed from the very foot of the ladder to the highest rounds of influence and power. Ben Holladay, who had begun life as a poor boy in western New York, emigrated to Missouri; there, absorbing the influences of his tumultuous environment, he naturally cast his fortunes with the wave of humanity that rolled to California in '49. His career was meteoric. He was stage driver, stage manager, organizer of overland transportation, owner of the Overland Stage from 1859 to 1870, builder and owner of Western railroads and steamboat lines. His name became a synonym of success in the West. Seemingly every business he entered was successful; his stages, boats and mail routes were safe, sure, certain, and always on time.

The West had great confidence in Ben Holladay, but his decline was more rapid than his rise. His daughters married French noblemen, and he and his wife began the construction of a castle in Westchester county, New York, to cost them $1,000,000, which was never finished. The Civil War destroyed his Southern Stage Line. The railroad construction across the plains and Rocky Mountains destroyed his stage business faster then he could protect or dispose of it.

His efforts were now bent toward the construction of railroads in Oregon and the Northwest, to supersede his own stage-coaches, but the panic of 1873 put the finishing touches to his vast fortune, and with wife, daughters and son buried in the little white chapel near

his dream castle, his fortune gone excepting claims pending against the Government, which were never allowed, Ben Holladay bowed to the inevitable, and in 1866 sold his stage and express lines to the Wells-Fargo Express Company, retiring from active life still unconquered in spirit.

WELLS-FARGO COMPANY.

Holladay reigned as king of the olden stage business during the early sixties, but the various disasters during the later sixties compelled him to sacrifice his entire stage property, in 1866, which was secured by the Wells-Fargo Company, who were also in business at that time.

This company brought about modern and safe methods of handling business, instituting the shotgun messenger service, undertaking and successfully carrying treasures of every kind and description. Under their charge the express business developed from the stage-coaches into the present system as handled by railway transportation.

Quite an equipment was necessary to carry on the mail and stage business, and drivers of the stage-coaches were picked men, who were absolutely without fear, expert gun-men, who would probably have a notch or two on their guns. Stage-drivers were also expert horsemen, and daily performed almost miraculous feats of driving teams of the hardiest, fleetest horses to be secured on the plains, often driving with the lines in their teeth while they performed remarkable feats of markmanship or potted a marauding Indian or outlaw.

STAGE-DRIVERS.

It is fitting to record the names of these pioneers who contributed largely to the development of early Nebraska. While it is practically impossible to give the names of all, the most prominent in the memory of the old-timers are George Hulbert, Bob and Charlie Emery, Ray Greason, Frank Baker, and John Gilbert.

These men daily performed almost incredible feats of horsemanship, endurance and bravery. John Gilbert, while resting at Big Sandy one day between trips, noted that a wagon coming from the east drawn by several pairs of mules, had unfurled to the breezes from a pole fastened in front of the wagon, the Confederate flag. As they drew up in front of the station, quite a crowd gathered. They were rebels running away from the South to escape further service in what was now deemed a lost cause. Gilbert advanced to meet the men as they alighted from the wagon, and after greeting them said, "What do you call that thing up there?" pointing to the flag. The answer was: "She's the peacock that can whip your d—d old eagle any time, and she stays there, too, sonny!" Hulbert, with a quick movement, unshipped his artillery, saying, "Not in this country, pardner," and single-handed leaped into the wagon, broke down the pole, secured the flag, threw it into the dust of the road, tramped it with his boot-heels, winding up the performance by perforating it with bullets from one of his 44s. He then commanded the craven-hearted rebels to reëmbark and get out of there, and to hit nothing but high places before he changed his mind and got mad and did something he might be

sorry for. Needless to say, a cloud of dust covered their retreat for many miles.

Frank Baker achieved the distinction of giving his employer, Ben Holladay, the fastest ride ever made over the route. Only those who have ridden in an old-fashioned leather-spring stage-coach can realize the full meaning of this, with wild horses at full speed under master guidance and control, with the coach jolting, bumping, taking sudden leaps and bounds, followed by abrupt stops, throwing the passengers violently from corner to corner. No wonder the tenderfoot paled when the stage-driver assumed to give him a joy-ride. Ben Holladay presented him with a tailor-made suit for this feat. Frank Baker afterwards lived for many years at DeWitt. John Gilbert now resides at Red Cloud.

A vast army of men were employed to drive the many hundreds of stage-coaches back and forth across the plains, and it is impossible to give a complete list of them.

The pay of stage-coach drivers ran from $40 to $50 per month; harnessmakers, blacksmiths, and carpenters, $75 to $100; agents, $100 to $125; messengers, $62.50.

The following includes those who were most prominent, or that probably drove through Jefferson county: "Buffalo Bill," John M. Burke, H. B. Lowe, Ed. Sterling, Charles N. Emery, Bob Emery, Carl Emery, Enoch Emmons, John Braden, Bob Martin, William Trotter, E. P. Nicols, Charles C. Haynes, Con Smith, Samuel V. Getts, Rodney P. West, W. N. Byers, L. M.

Hill, William A. Cochran, Tommy Ryan, Ballam Fox, Frank Baker, Joe Baker, William Baker, Doc Brink, Joe Eubank, John Gilbert, Ray Grayson, J. B. Hickok, George Hulbert, A. Hulf, William Kelly, Charlie Manville, Milt Motter.

AN HISTORIC STAGE-COACH.

The Mortons, of Nebraska City, possess an old Concord stage-coach built by the Abbott-Downing Company, of Concord, New Hampshire, which was used by the Ben Holladay Stage Company for many years between Atchison and Denver, and later between Nebraska City and Fort Kearney.

After the coming of railways the use of stage-coaches ceased. George Hulbert, an old overland stage-driver, who was now mayor of the city of Kearney, purchased the coach as a memento of olden days. Mr. Morton finally persuaded Hulbert to part with possession of it in 1897. Taking it to Arbor Lodge, he reconstructed practically the entire coach, using it upon special occasions.

This is the identical coach that Bob Emery drove during 1864 when he was attacked by a band of Indians and made the famous drive, outrunning the Indians, saving the lives of his passengers. The Concord coaches had the reputation of being the best of the kind in the world, and all early stages of America secured their equipments of the Abbot-Downing Company. Many thousands of them were in active use on the plains and through the Rockies during the fifties, sixties and seventies.

THE DEADWOOD STAGE-COACH.

Perhaps the most historic stage-coach in existence is the famous Deadwood coach, which was carried for many years by Buffalo Bill in his Wild West shows all over America and Europe. This coach was built by the Abbott-Downing Company, of Concord, New Hampshire, in 1863, fitted with the thoroughbrace springs which made the Concord coaches the most popular used on the great trails.

This coach, in company with many others, was shipped to San Francisco, via Cape Horn, in 1864, and was used for many years in the mountains of California. Eventually traveling the trails across the Rockies, it came into possession of the stage company operating in eastern Wyoming and the Black Hills. While theretofore its life had been uneventful, its daily vicissitudes of peril border upon the marvelous. The Black Hills booms were then in full sway, filled with men of all characters, with every business or vocation running in full blast, and prosperity at its fullest height. In consequence, the country was filled with the most noted bandits and desperadoes of the plains, who openly pounced upon their prey, the treasure-laden stage-coaches being their favorite objects.

The most prominent of these highwaymen were Pegleg Bradley, Dunk Blackbird, Bill Price, and Charley Grimes. The Deadwood coach's first baptism came with the killing of a driver, John Slaughter, in the White Wood Canyon. He was filled with buckshot, but the teams ran away, and the coach arrived safely at Greeley Station, thus outwitting the bandits.

From now on the coach went through several

baptisms of fire, generally escaping without loss of life or treasure, until a drummer from Chicago was killed and a companion injured. The Indians also attempted on several occasions to hold up the stage, but were successfully repelled.

The stage was fitted up as a treasure-stage to carry the gold from Deadwood to the railroad, and a number of shotgun messengers accompanied the coach on its trips to and fro. These shotgun messengers were men of reputation as killers. Gail Hill, Jesse Brown, Jim May, Boone May, and Scott Davis, all well-known characters who had performed some deadly exploits and were known dead-shots, composed the force of gun-men that defended the coach; but despite this protection, the bandits, by treachery, successfully staged the Cold Spring tragedy.

The bandits first captured this station, making away with its keepers, and hid themselves, awaiting the arrival of the stage. Soon the stage arrived, and Jean Barnet, not suspecting danger, drew his teams to a standstill at the stable door. A crashing volley killed Hugh Stevenson and Gail Hill, and wounded the other guards, making resistance impossible. Over $60,000 in gold was secured by the outlaws. A little later the coach was again attacked. The first volley killed the driver, and just as the bandits felt sure of success, a woman, Martha Canary, who afterward became known as "Calamity Jane," who was riding on the seat with the driver, seized the lines, gave the whip to the team, and amid a running fire brought the coach safely into its destination.

General Crook used this stage in his campaign in

1876 against the Indians ; and Buffalo Bill, who was his scout, used it on several occasions. After the campaign Buffalo Bill learned that the coach had been abandoned during an Indian attack and was lying neglected, away out in the hostile country, so, with a few companions, he proceeded to rescue and bring it back to camp.

The coach continued its daily trips on the Black Hills stage line until Buffalo Bill organized his Wild West shows. He secured possession of the historic coach, using it to depict the drama of overland staging in the Wild West.

Thus the remarkable stage-coach, which has traveled hundreds of thousands of miles on the plains and in the Rockies, in the mail, express and passenger and army service, and thousands of miles by water and rail, on exhibition in America and Europe, ridden in by the crowned heads of Europe, viewed by thousands, became of so great historic value that it was placed in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., for preservation.

PONY EXPRESS.

With the growth of the Pacific States came the increased demand for a quicker service of first-class mail. Senator Gwin, of California, urged this at Washington, and pressed this matter upon Russell, Majors & Waddell, who were then running a daily mail stage and the principal freighting business over the greater portion of the proposed route. After considerable discussion, a system was formulated to carry first-class mail on horses from St. Joseph, Missouri, to San Francisco, California. This required an equipment of five hundred running horses, of over a hundred experienced riders, and the use and establishment of nearly two hundred stations, with several hundred keepers and helpers.

Letters were telegraphed to St. Joseph or delivered there by the Hanibal & St. Joseph Railroad, then the only railroad west of the Mississippi. These letters, if not already so, were transcribed on the thinnest of tissue paper, placed in mail-bags that were impervious to the elements, locked, and strapped over the pommel and back of the saddle. All packages of letters were wrapped in oiled silk as an additional protection against water. The limit weight of the pouches when full was twenty pounds.

April 3d, 1860, was the date of the commencement of the Pony Express, one rider leaving Sacramento, California, and one leaving St. Joseph, Missouri, at the same hour that day, to accomplish the unheard-of feat

of carrying mail two thousand miles on horseback in eight days' time. This meant the best efforts of man and beast; so, in consequence, pony-express riders were men of light build, noted for their endurance and bravery under any circumstance. The pony-express horses were the best specimens procurable, possessing speed and endurance and an average of ten miles an hour daily was the limit of each horse's run. The system of relay changes was carried on with practically no delay. The new horse was bridled and saddled on the approach of the yelling express rider, and as he rode up at full pace and alighted his mail-bags were thrown on his new mount. Before dust had fairly settled on the trail the rider was off and away down the trail at full speed. Each express rider rode from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five miles daily, often doubling his route, using eight to twelve different mounts on the run. In this way mail was carried two hundred and fifty miles daily.

Much has been written of the daily trials and experiences of the pony-express rider, and indeed they were great and many, for every day, regardless of elements, circumstances or conditions, the mail must go on; whether rain, snow, hail or sleet, storm, floods, blizzards or intolerable heat, the schedule must be kept. So, over the plains and through mountain-passes, day and night, storm or sunshine, in the moonlight or under the blackest of skies, regardless of the dangers that lurked by the roadside or of the murderous Indians that infested the whole route, the pony-express rider never hesitated or faltered once; and it is of history that only once were the pouches lost, although many riders

were murdered by the Indians and outlaws, and it was not uncommon for these brave riders to dash into the station with tell-tale arrow or gunshot wounds, evidencing another successful escape.

The pony-express route from St. Joseph, Missouri, was as follows: Elwood to Wathena, Kansas; then, in a southwest direction for forty miles, to Kennekuk, Kansas, where it struck the old military road from Leavenworth, Kansas; following this road across the Kickapoo Indian Reservation, passing through Grenada, Log Chain and Seneca, thence Ashpoint and Guittard's, where they converged into the old Oregon Trail, passing through Marysville, Kansas, Rock Creek, Big Sandy and Liberty ranches along the north side of the Little Blue river; then over the prairies and divide to Fort Kearney, eventually following the trail up the valley of the Platte and over the Rockies, through the deserts of Utah, through the Cascade Mountains, down the valley to Sacramento.

PONY-EXPRESS RIDERS.

Alex. Carlisle was the first rider, leaving St. Joseph, Missouri; John Frye (killed at Baxter Springs massacre) was the second; J. H. Keetley was the third, and Gus Cliff was the fourth. Other prominent riders over the east end of the route were: M. Baughn, Jim Beatley, Will Boulton, Don C. Rising, James Moore, Bill Gates, Jim Clark, J. W. Brink, and Charles Cliff. Carlisle died of consumption soon afterwards. Keetley became a business man at Salt Lake City; Gus Cliff died in California; Baughn was hanged for murder at Seneca; Beatley was killed in a quarrel by Milt Motter at Ed Farrell's Ranch; Boulton and Rising were

living a few years ago; Doc Brink was with Wild Bill in the McCanles killing at Rock Creek Station. George Spur, Henry Wallace, George Towne, James McDonnell were also riders through Jefferson county.

W. D. Jenkins, brother of D. C. Jenkins, was a substitute rider from Big Sandy and Levi Hansel was the farrier or blacksmith at this station, shoeing the horses of the Pony Express and stage. Other noted express riders of the western end were J. G. Kelley, Jim Moore, Buffalo Bill, Pony Bob, Sam and Jim Gilson, Mike Kelley, Jim Bucklin, Black Sam, Jim and Bill McNaughton, Bill Carr and others.

The regular charge for letters by the Pony Express route was $5 per one half-ounce. The real purpose of the Pony Express was to call the nation's attention to the superiority of the central or Oregon Trail for communication and transportation between East and West, making it patent to all people that the iron trail, or, correctly speaking, the Union Pacific Railroad, should follow its course, which would have been the case had not disloyal citizens of St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1861, proceeded to tear down, in a fit of frenzy, the stars and stripes and trample them in the dust of the streets, and to raise in its stead the Confederate flag. Congress passed the bill known as the Pacific Railroad Law of 1862, with its eastern terminus at Omaha, connecting with the trail at Kearney. Thus having served its purpose, the Pony Express was abandoned, having proved a success in operation and purpose, but a failure financially. The Pony Express riders' pay ranged from $50 to $150 a month and board, according to the risks and dangers along their route.

ROCK CREEK STATION.

Rock Creek Station had its origin in natural fitness. Careful survey of the creek from its mouth far out on the prairies will not reveal a more suitable crossing, nor one with fuel, grass and water so accessible. The early trappers journeying over this trail invariably made mention of this creek, which for many years was known as Weyth creek; Weyth having camped there at the crossing in 1832.

The earliest travelers did not use the same camping-places, but as the travel increased, they grew accustomed to using regular camps, and at some time during the late forties Rock creek was recognized as a regular camping-place on the Oregon Trail. Rock Creek Station was located in the midst of perhaps the most picturesque scenery in Jefferson county,—on the banks of a rock-bedded, spring-fed stream, encircled about with rock-browed hills, cut and intersticed with deep, irregular gorges and canyons, through which flow crystal streams, fed by the springs that issue from the walls of rock under the hills. Giant oaks, elms and cottonwoods studded the banks of these streams, and the little flats in the bends of its winding course, rank in growth of primitive grasses, with the hillsides surrounding clothed with the shorter grasses suitable for pasturage.

Here in such ideal surroundings we can picture camp-fires of the Oregon Trailers, their herds of tethered and hobbled beasts of burden grazing on the hill-

Map Of Rock Creek
Stations Before 1870
By Dawson 1912
Gilly Cabin
Spring Creek
Road to Spring
Toll Bridge
West Branch
Barn
Well
East Ranch House
Barn
Possum Hollow
Trail used until 1859
Trail used after 1859
Soldier Hill
Baker Cabin
Coyote Creek
Rock Creek
Rock Wall with Names
Stonewater Cabin
Hawes

side and in the vale, the whole atmosphere being surcharged with the peculiar noises of camp life,—the lowing of the cattle, the hallowing and cursing of men, interspersed with the creaking of late-arriving wagons, —all softened by the growing volume of the milder musical tone made by the women engaged in preparing the evening meal; then the sharper cries and calls of the children, and in harmony with the crackling of the camp-fires, rings the boisterous and merry laughter, accompanying the consummation of the bedtime meal. Soon the camp-fire grows dim, becoming as twinkling stars, winking and blinking as the guard of the night replenishes or passes them on his round of duty, and as the canopy of night settles down more snugly, silence prevails, excepting the incessant indolent drone of winged insect life, until the bright stars begin to grow dim, bringing the gray dawn in the east, which is the call of the awakening. Here and there ring out on the morning air the shouts of command and their mumbling responses. Soon the whole encampment is the scene of activity: the horses, mules and oxen brought in from pasturage, guards relieved, fires replenished, the morning meal prepared and eaten; water and other provender secured sufficient to last the day's journey; then, with the first gleams of the sun, teams are yoked and harnessed and wagon after wagon falls into line, moving in their respective order up or down the old Oregon Trail.

All stage stations and ranches along the Trail, from the river to Fort Kearney, were very similar of shape and construction. So the description of any particular one will answer for all. The Rock Creek Station

and ranch is taken for the illustration. The east side of Elkhorn Station house was built of hewed logs, being 36 feet in length and 16 feet in width, and about 8 feet in height to the eaves. The roof sloping both ways, from a ridge-pole running through the center lengthwise of the building. An attic being arranged underneath, which was reached by an outside ladder through a small window at the east end. The roof was of clapboards, secured from long blocks of straight-grained oak. The flooring was of puncheon, being slabs of hardwood dressed and matched together, laid over log sills. A large stone fireplace took up the greater part of the west end, with a square, rock-built chimney standing outside. The woodwork was of sawed timbers cut and dressed for the desired uses, the doors being of broad boards cleated and battened together, hung on wooden or leather hinges. The windows were of one or two sashes, each containing eight panes of glass. The inside furnishing was very crude, the use of limes and plasters being confined to chinking up the cracks between the logs and of smearing the walls and ceiling annually with a coat of whitewash. The ceiling, being of ill-matched boards covering the joist over head, also served as the purpose of a floor to the attic. The exposed joists were convenient to place pegs in, from which guns, meats and other sundry articles were suspended. For partitions, board walls were built across the house, or muslin curtains were stretched across on wires or tacked to the joists over head.

All the furniture was crude, home-made; tables and benches being made from boards matched and dressed,

the beds being built of heavy native timber dimension stuff, fitted with board slats. The doorsteps or porches were of broad logs hewn flat on top. For ornamentation an immense pair of elk horns was nailed over the front or south door.

A rock-walled dug well was located about 40 feet northwest of the house, exactly on the half-section line, about 40 rods east of the center of this section. A square wooden frame was built over the well, boarded up tight for three feet of its height; suspended to the top cross-piece was a large pulley, through which ran the rope that raised and lowered the big iron-bound oaken bucket.

Near the well was a watering-trough hewed from a cottonwood log. The barn was located about 75 feet southwest of the station house; logs about 8 feet in length, set perpendicularly, were the walls, the logs being hewn flat on both sides, so as to fit closely together. The roof was of poles, over which brush, sod and long slough-grasses were placed to cover and shed water. The barn was about 80 feet long and 20 feet wide.

Connecting with and running back into a timbered ravine was the corral or stockade in which the loose stock were impounded. This corral was built of rails and logs, being about 6 feet in height, strong enough to withstand the impact of even a mad buffalo.

The west ranch buildings were very similar in construction to those of the east side, the main difference being that the chimney was a mud-and-stick construction and the logs not so well hewn, squared and fitted,

as they were built at an earlier date, and were more primitive in their construction.

This ranch secured its water from springs, as water could not be secured by wells near its location. The store building was located beside the ranch house, being of similar construction, its fixtures being a crude counter running across one end, behind which shelves were run along the walls for the display of sundry articles, while the rest of the room was given over to the storage of the more bulky articles and the accommodation of the customers. The leading commodities handled by such ranch stores were whisky, tobacco, flour, sugar, salt pork, coffee, tea, and other necessities of life.

One end of the barn was fitted up as a farrier's or blacksmith's shop. The forge was constructed of stone and lime, and had a huge pair of leather bellows. During the travel season, men were constantly employed in shoeing horses, oxen, mules, and repairing the break-downs of wagons and stage-coaches. Huge stacks of hay stood about the barnyards, and in pole pens were many bushels of ear-corn for the needs of the animals traveling the "Overland Trail."

CAMPING-GROUNDS ON WHISKY RUN.

The original Oregon Trail kept to the east side of Whisky Run, in Richland Precinct, skirting along the tops of the hills, about one-fourth of a mile to the east for over two miles. The early travelers diverged from the trail down to the spring-fed streams, to camp and recuperate. The southern limit of their camping-grounds was "Dripping Springs," in the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of Sec. 33. Here a big train of Mormons buried fifty of their cholera-stricken brethren, in the spring of 1850. They lie in unmarked graves on a little flat between the rock-walled glen that runs back from Dripping Springs, and close by a spring-fed branch, just to the north, about five hundred feet directly east of Dripping Springs. These camping-grounds extended northward through Sections 28 and 21, using the springs, located in the southeast of the southwest of Sec. 21, mostly for watering purposes. Here was where most of the early travelers camped, and to the east in the adjoining southwest of the southeast quarter of Sec. 21 lies the grave of George Winslow, about 14 rods south from the north line of the forty, about midway east and west. This is the only known grave to have a headstone with designating inscriptions anywhere along the whole trail from the river through the entire State of Nebraska, with a date prior to 1850, and is one of the only four on the entire Trail from the river to the western terminus.

Many of the early trailers cut and scratched their names on the soft sandstone rocks at and near by "Dripping Springs." Time and elements have dimmed and washed away practically all of these inscriptions. Old settlers tell of seeing many hundreds of names bearing the dates of '49, '50s and '60s, many of which were still legible in the '80s and '90s. Frank Helvey, who lived but two miles to the west practically ever since 1859, states that a Mormon returning eastward in the late '60s stopped at their ranch and inquired for the location of these springs. Frank accompanied him, and the Mormon, after viewing the springs, proceeded directly eastward to the burial-ground of the unfortunate members of his party bound westward in 1850. He told of their trip from Independence and of their ten-days stay at the springs, and how they had buried the stricken ones, piling wood and brush over their graves to keep wild animals from digging them out. Wooden headboards were placed on each grave, and it was the intention of the survivors to fittingly mark them sometime in the future; but fire had burned away the boards and brush, leaving but clusters of grass, and bare weed-grown spots, to mark their last resting-places. Helvey and other settlers had noticed these spots several years previously and had presumed they were graves, but knew not of whom till the Mormon told his story.

FRANK HELVEY'S LIFE AND EXPERIENCES ON THE FRONTIER.

I was born in July, 1841, in Huntington county, Indiana. My father, Joel Helvey, concluded in 1846 to try his fortunes in the far West. His family was of goodly size, the boys nearing that age when they would wish to do for themselves. So two covered wagons were fitted up to haul heavy goods and materials in, and a light spring-wagon covered and fitted for the use of mother and the smaller children.

The wagons were of the old-fashioned linch-pin type, built very heavy, carrying the customary tar-bucket on the rear axle.

We had three teams of horses to haul our wagons and two spare horses to ride or change off with in case of need for so doing. Following behind were our cows, which furnished us milk and butter; last came the old family dog, tagging along in the rear.

Thus the spring of 1846 found us headed for the Indian country. The family consisted of the following: my father, Joel Helvey; my mother; brothers, Thomas, Whit, Jasper; and sisters, Johanna, Sarah, and Caroline.

The trip across the muddy, bottomless roads of Indiana and Illinois was very slow and tedious, but we eventually arrived at St. Louis. Learning here that the best route to the Platte river country was to go northward into Iowa and strike the Mormon Trail, we

set out in a few days up along the west banks of the Mississippi river.

We soon reached this trail, and joined in with one of the many Mormon trains that seemed to make the road but an endless stream of wagons and people, all going westward. This was the great movement of Mormons from the city of Nauvoo to Kanesville, or what is now Council Bluffs, Iowa. We were told that over twenty-five thousand were expected to make this migration this year, and from the appearances I have no doubt but fully that number did so. We traveled along with them for several weeks, camping by ourselves at night, but we found out that the people along the trail had but little love for a Mormon, and classed us with them, refusing us favors, even accusing us of taking things. As we did not have any more love for the Mormons than they did, we decided to leave the trail, going to the south and west, aiming to strike the Missouri river near the mouth of the Platte; but for some unknown reason we got too far south, and arrived at a place called Sonora, in Atchison county, Missouri. This place was about seven miles above Brownville, Nebraska. My father and older brothers secured work, and we resided here for the next two years, doing a little farming on the side.

Learning that there was a good opening for a big family of boys and girls like ours up the river at a place then called Fort Kearney, which is now known as Nebraska City, father pulled up stakes, and in a short time we were housed in a log cabin on the Iowa shore. Nebraska at this time was called the Indian country, and nobody was allowed to settle in it. If

they did so, the soldiers would put them out, or warn them that they need not expect protection from the Government.

Everybody was expecting that the Government would soon complete a treaty with the Indians and get peaceful possession of their lands, and then would throw them open for settlement. So we decided to wait until this condition of affairs should come to pass. Father and the older brothers constructed a ferry across the river and continued to operate it until 1851. We also tilled a few acres of ground, contriving to make a fair living, while we were waiting permission to cross the Big Muddy and gobble onto a big tract of the Indians' land.

Father finally got tired of waiting; so he asked the Commandant at the fort if he would give him leave to cross with his family and take up residence near by. The officer, who was a good friend of my father, told him that while he could not give him official permission, he thought that there was plenty of room on the Nebraska side, but he would have to take his own chances with the Indians, and that if he got into trouble with them, not to call official recognition to that fact.

We did not need any further invitation, and the spring of 1854 found us comfortably housed near the fort, on the Nebraska side. We broke out a small patch of ground, planting it to corn, pumpkins, melons, etc.

The Indians seemed to be very glad to have us, and were very friendly; in fact, too much so, for when the corn and melons began to ripen, they would come

in small bands, go out in the fields, and fill their blankets with roasting-ears, etc. We now understood their kindly interest in our success, especially as agriculturists. Of course it did no good for us to protest. Jasper and I thought we would scare them away; so one day we hid in the brush close to the field, and when the Indians were filling their blankets we fired off an old gun over their heads. But the Indians didn't scare. Instead, they commenced to run straight for our place of concealment and we broke cover for home. When they sighted us they fired a few shots after us, not to hit us, but to give back a little of our own medicine. Well, we didn't try to scare them any more after that.

The only recourse was to beat the Indians to the crops, so we gathered them in about half-ripened condition, thus saving enough for our own needs. The treaty had been agreed upon in the year 1854, but it was not finally ratified until 1855. The Indians were then prevented from openly helping themselves to our crops, but after all they still continued to get more than their share.

The fort was about all there was to this place at this time, and there was practically nobody outside of soldiers living here until the treaty of 1854–5. Then a few settlers commenced to straggle in. My recollections of the place and the incidents happening are very clear to me at the present time. The old fort had a block-house built of logs, the top being built out over the bottom part, and set so that the corners projected out over the middle of each lower side wall. There was also extensive tunneling and

rooms in the big hill, back of the fort. We used to play in these dark, cave-like places after the fort was abandoned.

Nebraska City was called the first capital; anyway, this was the place where the first business of the Territory was carried on. I can remember the first Territorial election* that was held here, in the year 1853, when Johnson was elected Delegate to Congress. My father served on the election board, and my oldest brother, Thomas, cast his first vote at this election, although he was only 19 years of age and we really lived across the river in Iowa at that time. Still somebody had to vote. After all only six voters could be rounded up.

The early residents of Nebraska City that I remember best, were: S. F. Nuckolls, who kept a general store and the hotel; Bob Hawk, who kept a store; and Mr. Wilson, a very wealthy man, who had lots of land on the Iowa side. J. Sterling Morton and and Judge O. P. Mason came about this time, and hung out their shingles to practice. Of the many others that I remember were Gib and Dave Bennet, who ran a ferry across the river. Dave moved to Fairbury along in the late '60's, and was its marshal for many years. Nebraska City early became quite an outfitting place for trailers, and we heard much of the wonderful mountains of gold, witnessing great trains of people going west every day, bent on making their fortunes in the mountains. When the word

* Mr. William E. Connelley owns the original poll-book of this election, and in his book, "The Provisional Government of Nebraska Territory," on page 50, the voters are named as follows: H. P. Downs, Thomas Helvey, John B. Bulwane, William C. Folks, Joel Helvey, Isham Holland.

came in the fall of 1858 that gold had been discovered by wagon-loads at "Pike's Peak," that settled it; we got the "fever," and fitted out our teams and wagons for the overland journey. We decided to go by the way of Beatrice, striking the Overland Trail near Big Sandy Station. Several other outfits decided to go the same route; so early in April we started, being accompanied by an ex-soldier named Tim Taylor, who had been stationed on the Little Sandy during 1847–8 with a company of soldiers to burn lime, which was

NEBRASKA CITY IN 1860.

used in the building of the new Fort Kearney, up on the Platte. Taylor knew practically all the country from the Missouri river to the Rocky Mountains, and we found his knowledge to be of great value to us. Our journey through Tecumseh and Beatrice was accompanied by few incidents of note. Finally we pulled up on the bluffs that overlooked the "Oregon Trail" as it wound down through Little Sandy valley and over to the broad valleys of the Little Blue and Big Sandy. I shall never forget that sight. End-

less lines of white-topped wagons, drawn by oxen, mules and horses, winding and toiling along through blinding clouds of dust that hung in the air, and driven to their utmost energy by the goading and hallooing of many men. I had never before seen such a sight, so we camped that night near by and watched the wonderful scene of the twinkling miles of camp-fires up and down the whole valley.

Resting here for a few days, we met many of the returning gold-hunters, who had found out the truth of the "Pike's Peak" myth. This caused us to change our plans. We noted the great travel over the Trail, and that they were illy supplied with feed and forage, also of supplies. Then Tim Taylor told us that he believed Little Sandy to be one of the best places in southern Nebraska, and as it looked fully up to his representations, and as we believed that the country would eventually settle up, we decided to build a ranch-house on the Trail at the crossing of Little Sandy.

This we proceeded to do, and after everything was put into good running shape, my brothers and I decided to engage in the hauling of freight from the river to the Rocky Mountains. So we rigged out a few ox-teams and wagons, drove down to Atchison, and secured the job of hauling quartz-mill machinery to Denver and other points near by in the Rockies.

This we continued to do for several years, receiving from seven to eight cents per pound. As we could haul from 7000 to 8000 pounds on a wagon, this proved to be a paying business, although it would take us from 75 to 80 days to make the round trip. Then, as we would

have to rest our oxen or change them, two trips were about all that could be made annually.

In all, I spent the greater part of nine years freighting across the plains, going generally from Atchison, Leavenworth, St. Joseph or Nebraska City to Denver or Fort Laramie. We had a contract to haul Government supplies to Fort Laramie, from Leavenworth, during 1866–7, and while so engaged became acquainted with many of the leading army officers of the time, and as my previous trips across the plains had brought me in contact with many of the leading characters, I now enjoyed a very wide acquaintance all up and down the Trail.

During the periods of rest at our home station at Little Sandy, I several times served as a substitute stage-driver, messenger or Pony Express rider. Consequently I grew to know personally most of the boys who were regularly employed for this work.

I suppose that I have met at some time or other nearly every noted character or "bad man" that passed up or down the Trail, and come to know many of them personally. My first recollection of "Buffalo Bill" was of meeting him up on the Little Blue river, above Kiowa Station, in the fall of 1859. He and another young man had a dugout on a little creek that emptied into the river from the north. Here they spent the winter hunting and trapping. The next time I remember seeing him was in the employ of the Pony Express, going into headquarters as a messenger.

I met "Wild Bill" for the first time at the Rock Creek Ranch, shortly after he came there. Met him often after that, and was down at the ranch shortly

after the killing of McCanles, and helped to bury the dead.

With McCanles and his men I was very well acquainted, and can say that a very wrongful impression was given of him, and of the affair between him and Wild Bill, who I also believe was much maligned.

I have given the author of this book my version of these two men and of the affair between them, and after carefully reading the articles as written give them my full approval, believing that the truth has been brought out in the best manner possible under all circumstances.

Wild Bill went to back to Leavenworth after the killing and entered the Government service as a scout and spy in the Union Army. I believe that this was his first work for the Government of any kind. He served through the entire war, making the greatest record of any man in that line.

I did not see Wild Bill again until in 1866 or 1867, when he was with Gen. Sherman as a guide and escort, *en route* to the Indian troubles in Wyoming. Sherman had about 2000 men, and they encamped for the night on Little Sandy near our station. Before they had got fairly settled, Gen. Sherman, with Wild Bill accompanying him, rode up to the station and warned us not to let the soldiers have any whisky. This we promised to do, and we kept it good, despite the entreaties of the men. Next morning, as the command rode by, Gen. Sherman and Bill stopped and thanked us for the favor.

Wild Bill was a remarkable man in many ways, almost ideal of build, unexcelled as a shot, quiet of manner, hard to get acquainted with or talk with; was

quick to take offense, and quicker to take action in retaliation. The only man that could be called an equal of Wild Bill as a shot was Bob Spotswood, who was a division agent for the Stage Company out on the North Platte Division. It was my good luck to see the famous contest of marksmanship between them, where the honors were exactly even.

Lyman or "Jack Slade" was considered the worst "man-killer" on the plains, and we always felt better when far away from his haunts.

Indians, of course, were always in evidence. We were perhaps never out of sight of them; that is, they could always locate us.

Indians did not give us very much trouble until the closing years of the Civil War. Then they commenced to "act up." They had picked up quite a number of modern firearms, and had learned to use them. Their only trouble was to secure ammunition. The Government reduced the commands at the various forts in the West until there remained only enough to half-way garrison them. This the Indians found out, and knowing that we had our hands full with the Civil War, they commenced to commit depredations, knowing full well that the soldiers could not leave the forts to chase them.

Then the Government offered rewards for the return of white women and children that the Indians had carried into captivity. The Indians found this to be a handy way to secure ammunition for their guns. They would capture some white woman or child and bring them in after a while, and secure the ransom-money and buy the needed cartridges.

While our trains were held up several times, being

forced to corral and give them back our compliments, we were very fortunate in never losing a man or any property of value. Although they plugged a few of our oxen and stampeded our cattle a few times, we were always successful in regaining them. While I have shot at hundreds of Indians, I cannot say positively that I ever killed one, although I have felt very much like it, when they would begin kicking the dust up in my face with balls of lead about the size of the end of my thumb. The Sioux and Cheyennes were the worst ones, although the Arapahoes were perhaps just as bad. In fact, it was a good idea to watch any Indian, if he thought he had a good chance to get you and not get caught in the act. The Pawnees and Otoes were called "friendly Indians," and as tribes were true to their name. They used to come around our station quite frequently, begging for things, and would often stay with us overnight, and in bad weather would come into the house and stretch out on the floor before the fireplace. I can remember of over twenty staying with us one night, and departing the next morning without offering one move out of the way. We got so used to this that we had but very little fear of them, and rather welcomed their coming.

The Indians seemingly appreciated our manner of treating them; in consequence, there grew friendly feelings between us, which served well to our interest on later occasions.

Little Sandy creek being several miles east of Big Sandy, we were somewhat isolated from the settlements on this stream, which comprised the following persons, at the time of our coming in 1859: Moncreve and

Conley, who were squaw-men of the Otoe tribe. They lived part of the time in an old hut, near the junction of Big Sandy with the Little Blue.

They claimed to have lived there for over twenty years, hunting and trapping. This I believe to be true, from other corroborative evidence.

Dan Patterson was running the Big Sandy Ranch, being succeeded at his death by the Latham boys (John and Asa). George Weisel, James Blair, and James Slaughter came during the spring of this year, about the same time that we did. James Shumway, Ed Farrell and D. C. Jenkins came during the latter part of this year or in 1860, just before Bill Babcock, Joe Walker and Reed, Tobias Broeder and Patch settled down in the ranch business. Jake Dein and several others dropped in here about the same time. Dein was a young man, being employed by Farrell at the stage station. There was only one business then for the early settlers to pursue, viz., to operate a general ranch business, which embraced the following: a small stock of groceries, and a supply of tobacco, whisky, etc.; also corn and hay, to sell the travelers of the Trail as provender for their beasts of burden. The hay was cut from the rich bottom-lands in the valleys surrounding the stations, but most of the corn had to be bought and hauled from points along the Missouri river. We got the most of ours from Nebraska City and Brownville. The prices of goods and feeds varied according to the supply and demand, but were always high. Corn, $2 to $3.50 per bushel; hay, all the way from $30 to $60 per ton; flour brought from $12 to $15 per hundred pounds; coffee from 60 to 75 cents per pound, and

green at that; tea, $2 to $3 per pound; bacon, 60 to 75 cents; salt pork, 30 to 40 cents; tobacco, $1; whisky, 15 to 25 cents per drink.

We of course secured most of our fresh meats from the herds of buffalo and antelope that were very numerous at this time, and we would dry hundreds of pounds of this meat in the fall for use during the winter; this was called "jerked meats."

Besides the buffalo and antelopes there were many other species of meat or fur-bearing animals that we hunted and trapped for our needs and purposes. The wild animals were mostly wildcats, catamounts, wolves, coyotes, gray foxes, beavers, minks, and an occasional otter.

The wolf of that time was what we called the "mountain or buffalo wolf," which had followed the Trail out on the plains from the mountains, feeding along on the carcasses that lined the roadway, and upon the bodies of the thousands of buffalo that were ruthlessly slaughtered by the so-called "sportsmen" or "hide-hunters."

The coyotes were about the same as they are at the present time. We had lots of cotton-tail rabbits. Jackrabbits were not very numerous until well out in the foothills of the Rockies. Of game birds, prairie-chickens were the most plentiful. Quails were somewhat numerous, as were geese and ducks during their migratory seasons. Wild turkeys were somewhat rare. From this it will be seen that the early settlers were blest by having such a storehouse to draw on for much of their food and raiment. I have been told by many Indians that the Little Blue river and its tributaries

were considered to be the best all-purpose hunting-ground on the plains, the location and climate being favorable for production and presence of all animals desired for their needs and purposes. This was further borne out by the bitter warfare carried on between the various tribes for the possession of this territory.

The Pawnees and Otoes were really possessors at the coming of the white man, but were bitterly opposed by the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, who were their traditional enemies. Their deadly hatred was further augmented by their contempt of the Pawnees and Otoes for accepting ideas of civilization and of becoming friends and allies to the whites. The Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes would have none of this, preferring to remain in their wild state, classing the Pawnees and Otoes in their lowest possible estimation. These feelings made them use every opportunity offered to inflict deadly harm or damage. The "wild Indians" constantly raided down into the hunting-grounds, driving back the scattering hunting parties of the Pawnees and Otoes, who would soon collect into a fighting body to repel the invaders. Most of their battles took place in the eastern part of Thayer and western part of Jefferson county, along the Big Sandy and Little Blue.

During the summer of 1862 over 500 Indians were engaged all day long in a running fight among the hills south of the Blue river between the mouth of Big Sandy and Old Meridian. The Pawnees, although greatly outnumbered, finally repulsed the Sioux or Cheyennes. We were enabled to witness much of this fight from the station-houses, preferring wisely not to interfere or view the affair from a closer range. Late

that evening, we judged by their actions that they were holding a scalp-dance in celebration of their victory; so quite a crowd of us ventured down to witness the event. We were made welcome, and took up our position, from which we could safely see their wild capering and dancing. Over a hundred warriors, painted and bedecked for war, were hopping and jumping and "ki-yi-ing" in circles around a tall pole, which had been planted in the ground. The bark had been peeled off, and from thongs of leather tied around it hung the fresh scalps of their late foes. The dancing Indians in accompaniment to the beating of the "tom-toms" went through all sorts of actions, showing how they would fight, kill and so forth. Then they would rush in and grab the bloody scalps in their teeth, pulling and tearing at them like dogs. They kept this up until late that night, long after we had gone home.

How many Indians were killed in this fight we never knew, but we found several dead ones afterwards that had crawled out in the brush or into the river to die, and had not been found by their friends or foes. We buried those that we found in the river, so that the water would be wholesome to drink.

The Indians did not commence to be very troublesome to the whites until about 1863–4. Then the old men of the tribes commenced to tell us that the young bucks were beginning to be restless, and resented the further invasion of the country by us, saying that the whole country was really theirs, and that it was only fit for Indians. That the coming of settlers who attempted to raise crops was driving all the game away, and would destroy all of the feeding-grounds for all

game, so the Indians would have to starve in consequence. So they had decided that we must leave, and that if we did not, they would make a raid on all the ranches and settlers from the mountains to the river and wipe the whole business out. Then the wild game would come back, and the Indian would come again into his own. The older Indians tried to counsel against such actions, and for a time it seemed that they would be able to hold the younger hot-bloods in bounds. In fact, we began to ridicule the idea that such an attempt would ever be made,—taking it for granted that they would never dare attack such a well-armed and guarded thoroughfare of travel as the "Oregon Trail." So we were almost completely surprised when they broke out on Sunday, the 6th of August, 1864.

The Indians were aware of the fact that the Government had drawn all of the troops that they could possibly spare from the forts on the plains to the armies in the field, fighting the war of the Rebellion. Thus they correctly figured that the forts could not help the ranches or settlers, and that they would practically have their own way. We were en route to Denver with a few loads of mining machinery, and had just pulled up at the Home Ranch, where we intended to stay over Sunday and rest up our tired oxen; otherwise we would have been out in the very thickest of the trouble.

Although their attack was well planned, it did not prove so successful as they figured. They did not get any farther down the Trail than the Big Sandy Station. We learned of the attack late that evening

from fleeing trailers and settlers who came pouring down the Trail, bearing all sorts of news about what the Indians had done, of their burning trains, killing ranchmen, settlers, and burning up all the station-houses, and of getting the stage-coaches, etc.,—making it, as is generally the case, many times worse than it really was. Of course that was enough to make everybody decide to move, and move we did.

The women-folks and children were put into wagons and sent down the Trail to Marysville. Then the men gathered up the stock and all of the movable heavy property and followed down the Trail a few days afterwards, keeping close guard out for Indians, who, as luck would have it, did not show up. Father had gone with the family, leaving us boys to bring up the rear in company with Babcocks, Jenkinses, Blairs, Slaughter, Weisel, and other younger fellows. When we got to Horseshoe creek, which is about fifteen miles this side of Marysville, we learned that the town was so crowded with refugees from the Indians that there was not any room for us or feed for our stock; so we stopped there, living on the corn, potatoes, etc., that the former residents had left in their flight. When we had been there a few days Capt. Hollenberg came out to us with his militia, and ordered us into Marysville, saying that the Indians would sure get us if we stayed out there; that after they got us, they would come on into Marysville and get the people there. We told him that if we were going to be "got," we would just as soon be "got" out there; and furthermore, we didn't think any Indians were

going to "get" us anyhow. Some of us would go back up the trail to the ranches at Big and Little Sandy, every other day, and scout around to see what the Indians were doing, being very careful that they didn't catch us in any traps. At night we would go out in the hills and sleep among the herds of cattle that we had been forced to leave. In this way the Indians could not surprise us, as the cattle would give us the alarm, and we could make a get-away.

After about a month of this we finally decided to resume living at our deserted ranches. These had not been seriously molested by the Indians, who had visited them several times and had taken quite an amount of our loose property; but they didn't do as much stealing as did Captain Hollenberg's band of militia, who finally got up enough courage to go up the Trail that far, after they knew the Indians were on the retreat.

This was the worst Indian trouble we experienced. Over thirty people were killed, three women and children carried away into captivity, and thousands of dollars' worth of property was burned and destroyed. Besides, all business and travel over the Trail was completely tied up for over a month, causing untold losses to all parties and businesses operating over the Trail.

The Indians were very bothersome from now on, and we were kept busy on the lookout for some of their rumored attacks, which finally resulted in another real outbreak, in the summer of 1867.

This was planned on a different scale, being made of several small marauding bands numbering from

20 to 100 in size, which kept up a continual warfare on all exposed settlements up and down the Trail for over three months.

We organized a company of mounted men, among the ranchmen and settlers around Big Sandy, with John R. Brown as Captain; Si Alexanders, 1st Lieutenant; George Humphrey, 2nd Lieutenant. Our headquarters were located at Walker's Ranch, about one mile above the old town of Meridian. This was called Fort Butler. Our scene of activities took us all over the present county of Thayer and the west half of Jefferson, and we had lots of the "real thing" with the Indians, meeting some of them every few days. They would catch some settler unawares, and kill him or burn up his ranch.

We found several bodies of settlers that had been killed, and gave them a decent burial, and got a few of the Indians in return. Many will think that we did not accomplish much, but when the facts are known, that 25 to 30 men were in the field against perhaps twenty times that many Indians, it will be seen that we were lucky to hold them in check as well as we did.

Finally the Indians found that they couldn't do the damage intended, so they hiked back towards the mountains. Then we were relieved by a troop of regular soldiers who followed in the wake of the Indians back to Fort Kearney. The Indians killed about 30 people altogether between Fort Kearney and the Otoe Reservation, besides destroying many thousand dollars' worth of property.

The Indian scare of 1869 was *all* scare. We organ-

ized a company of mounted men, much the same as in 1867, and took the field, but fortunately the Indians did not show up; so the trouble was averted, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The old Trail was passing into decay by this time, the stage lines being abandoned during the summer of 1867, and as the railroads were being built up the Platte and Kansas rivers, the freighting business dropped accordingly. Emigrants continued to use the Trail, but we could plainly see that it was doomed; so we old-timers began to hunt other jobs. Most of the ranch-keepers quietly shaped their affairs into a general stock-raising and farming business, being content to settle down and live where they had spent the years of active life.

This was the decision of us boys, and as our mother was now alone, father having died while at Marysville during the Indian raid of 1864, we settled on lands around and at the former stations, and took up the threads of our new life,—taking a part in the general welfare of the new county that was shaping itself around us, serving its people in whatever capacity we were chosen for.

Much of what my brothers Thomas and Jasper, and myself (who were the ones to continue to reside here) did in pioneer days is a matter of common knowledge or may be found in other chapters of this book; so I will not tire you with the details.

In conclusion, I want to assure my fellow-men that I am glad to have participated in the early happenings of Jefferson county, proud to be one of its citizens, and to be able to leave behind my account of the pioneer

happenings as I witnessed them, for what it may be worth to the present and future home-builders in the land that I once saw, practically friendless and homeless,—which was printed in my boyhood Geography as "The Great American Desert."

DAVID E. PEASE, "A FORTY-NINER."

BY A. V. PEASE.

Among the first white men who visited Jefferson County was David E. Pease, an older brother of George A. Pease and an uncle of A. V. Pease, who now resides in Fairbury. David Pease passed through this county in May, 1849, on his way to Oregon. He kept a careful diary of his entire journey.

"A hot August afternoon in 1826. The village of Oak Orchard, on the shore of Lake Ontario, in western New York. A roadside tavern; a closed carriage stops; one after another two passengers get out and eat, taking food back for a third passenger. The tavern-keeper was told that the third traveler was a desperate criminal being taken for trial. A little barefoot six years old played about the yard, looking fearfully at the carriage. The carriage drove and the incident became a memory. Soon there came rumors of the death of one William Morgan at or near Fort Niagara. He had threatened to expose the secrets of Free-Masonry. Fearing this, and in fulfillment of his vows taken, he was supposed to have been put to death by Masons. Whether or no this was true, until the day of his death David Pease believed he had seen the carriage in which William Morgan rode to his death. He never joined the Masons, and the term 'Morgan-killers' to him was synonymous with Free Masons.

"Davis Egbert Pease was born in the village of Oak Orchard, Orleans county, New York, on March 29th, 1820. His forebears, Ebenezer Martin, Abel, Joel, and Robert, going back in direct line for four generations, were all born in America. His maternal ances-

tors, a grandfather and uncles, fought in the Revolutionary army under Steuben. His own father served in the War of 1812. In this war he furnished his own equipment. Some years the state of New York issued warrants to pay him for the equipment, but to this day neither the state nor national government has appropriated funds to pay this warrant. It is now preserved by his descendants as a warrant of the good American blood that flows in their veins.

"In 1834, when David was a boy of 14, his father migrated to Illinois. By stage and boat to Erie, Pennsylvania, then across Ohio by the old Miami canal, thence down the Ohio river and up to Alton. Here he followed farming, and as most pioneers did, learned much about carpentry and rough mechanical work. When twenty-five years old he married Hannah Pegg. He settled in Jersey county, Illinois, and followed farming for several years. In the fall of 1848 he became interested in the wonderful stories of Oregon. He determined to go there. He tried to persuade his father to go also, but with no success. During the winter he gathered what information he could, and made preparations. His brother Vine had at first intended to go, but gave it up, much to his regret. A near neighbor, Lewis Gilworth, started with him. There were other men from Jersey and Green counties. Missouri in 1849 was rather primitive, but it is significant that he does not think his journey really began until he had crossed the Missouri river. So he plunges abruptly into his diary by saying 'We crossed the river at St. Joseph, the 28th day of April, and drove out to the bluffs, six miles, where we waited till the morning of May 2nd.'

"His wagon was a heavy, old-fashioned lumber wagon. In the front end were two chairs with hickory splint bottoms. His chair was plain, but that for his wife had fitted a patchwork cushion. In the rear of the wagon were long chests for clothing and provisions,

and to serve as beds at night. An ox-team in front and a saddle-horse led behind completed the outfit. A niece now living has distinct recollection of seeing the wagon the day before it started.

"Keeping his promise to his parents, in the spring of 1850 he copied his diary of the journey and sent it back to his old home. You can well imagine with what interest it was read. And how they lived over the wonder of such a long journey.

"The company was organized into a company by choosing a captain, Mr. Elan Eldred. Day by day he faithfully records the length of the travel, the weather, kind of road, streams crossed, character of the country, the loss of the cattle, the search for them, many times disheartening, the rain and high water, sickness at one time almost tragical as his wife lay in a comatose condition for many hours, the separation of the train as some took the California road and some the Oregon route. But through it all runs patience, perseverance, plodding. No complaint over the misfortunes, no regrets about the long, dangerous journey, and no ecstasies about the beauties of nature or visionary surmises about future settlements.

"Unconsciously he wrote into his diary a perfect picture of his character. Having known him in after life, I learned the manner of man he was. Patient, quiet, thoughtful, generous; a man of unusual reasoning powers and mental perception, he kept much that he felt and thought to himself.

"Short and stocky in build, he showed his ancient Holland Dutch ancestry. His cheerful and quiet enjoyment of the little pleasantries of life made him a genial companion and lovable man.

"In Oregon, he went clear down to the mouth of the Columbia river, settling below Astoria, near Fort Stevens. He farmed, acted as postmaster, kept a country store and hotel. He lived to be 74 years old. He visited Illinois several times; on all but his last

visit he had to go by boat to San Francisco. The last visit he came all the way by rail.

"He was well fitted for pioneering, being able to turn his hand to almost anything. His wife still lives in the old home near Warrensburg.

"There hangs now on the walls of the Historical Society in Portland one of the old hickory-bottom chairs on which he rode across the plains."

COPY OF A PART OF DAVID E. PEASE'S DIARY FROM THE MISSOURI RIVER AND THROUGH JEFFERSON COUNTY.

Astoria, Oregon, Feb. 5th, 1850.

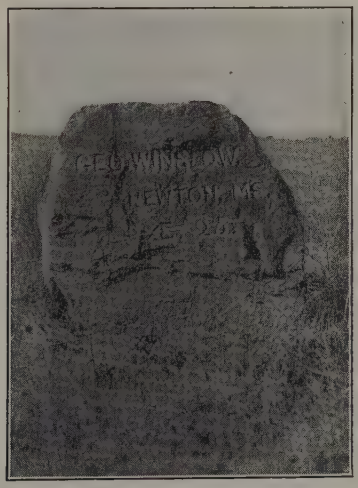
Dear Parents and Friends: After so long a time I go to work according to promise to coppy of my journal from the Messouria river to this place. We crossed the river at St. Joseph the 28th day of April and drove out to the bluff six miles where we wated till the 2nd morning of May when we started for the west in company with 12 waggons and drove 12 miles to Musquetoe Creek over high roling and broken prairie. May 3rd to day, we drove 13 miles crosed Wolf Creek which was verey bad in the after noon pased the station where we saw them planting corn, towards night the prairie was much leveler and handsome. May 4th to day, 16 miles and camped in a small grove and got something to eat having started verey early this morning, as there was no wood where we camped last night, and its having rained hard all night, there was no chance to get anything to eat this morning, and as there was no wood on the road we stoped at the first we came to. May 5th today 18 miles, at noon we pased a good camp ground and at night drove ½ mile from the road to wood and watter. Sunday, May 6th today we drove 13 miles and stoped earley and drove ½ mile from the road to wood and watter this evening after supper we organized in a company of 15 waggons from Jersey and

Green Counties by choosing Mr. Elan Eldred as captain. May 7th, 14 miles today acrost prairie for the last few days the prairie has been somewhat level and heavey traveling on account of the rainey weather its having been somewhat wet for the last few days. Mr. Settlemires mules ran of last night and he started this morning verey early in search of them and we all started on and drove to the little Nimahaw a small creek where his family stoped to wait for him. The Nimahaw was 8 miles from where we started this morning at night we camped where wood, watter and grass was plenty. May 8th, this morning a part of our cattle was missing and the train started on and left the 2 davises waggons and mine with the most of the loose hands to help us hunt our oxen which we found and started about 2 hours after the other waggons. The road till noon was verey crooked winding around the head of some spring branches where there was timber sufficient for a small settlement, afternoon the prairie was handsome and at night we camped in the open prairie where there was no wood and cooked with weeds for the first time by digging small trenches in the ground to make fires in. To night Mr. Settlemires reached the camp having found his mules some 20 miles from where they got away from him travelled 18 miles to day. May 9th, this morning we started early having garded our cattle last night for the first time, the fore part of the day we drove over some handsome prairie towards night we crossed the Blue river which is 30 or 40 yards wide and so deep that we had to raise our waggon beds some six inches to keep the watter out, after we all got acrost we drove 2 or 3 miles out on the prairie to get grass for our cattle and camped having drove 18 miles today. May 10th, started early and drove hard all day pased considerable ground that the old grass had just been burnt of and some fires still burning pased some good camp grounds and camped at dark on a small branch in the

prairie, 25 miles today. May 11th started late and camped early after driving 16 miles. the prarie the last few days has been nearly level with some deep ravines running through it, timber scarce, we commonaly camp where there is grass for our cattle and do the best that we can for fuel to cook with by using weed stalks and some wood that we gather up along the road through the day. May 12th started early and drove 20 miles and camped out in the open prairie to get grass for our cattle which we considered of more importance than wood to cook with pased several good camp grounds through the day. Sunday May 13th, slight frost this morning we drove ten miles and camped on the Little Blue river where we first come to it and all hands went to work to wash and dress up a little and we spent the after noon verey agreeably. May 14th, This morning we started early and drove hard all day followed up the Blue river till 3 O'clock when the road left the river for 8 miles when it came back to the river again where we camped at dark having drove 25 miles to day. May 15th the road still follows up the river and in some places the bottom is quite mudy from the rain that has fell the last few days has been verey sandy and the grass poor excepting in spots. Today we drove 16 miles and camped on the bankes of the river, again which we found quite mudy, the late rains having raised the watter.

THE STORY OF GEORGE WINSLOW'S DEATH AND BURIAL, IN 1849.

Upon a beautiful swell of prairie between the forks of a well-timbered stream called Whisky Run, overlooking the wooded valley of the Little Blue river, near the "Dripping Springs," which marked a favorite camping-ground of the early trailers, and about five miles north and west of the city of Fairbury, stands a lone grave-marker about twenty inches high, twenty inches wide and six inches thick. It is of red Dakota sandstone, and bears this inscription:



WINSLOW'S GRAVE.

These men who erected this silent tribute to the memory of their stricken fellow-man were perhaps

the only ones that kept fresh the memory of this accident. The stone, standing close beside the "Old Oregon Trail," was but a grim pointer to the following "Argonauts" of what might be called their own fate before the end of their journey.

Thus the personality of the individual, the incidents of his journey, death and burial became matters of conjecture and tradition. No attempt was ever made to ascertain the true history until 1910, when the work of marking "The Oregon Trail" through Jefferson county was undertaken under the auspices of the Nebraska Historical Society.

Geo. W. Hansen, of Fairbury, took up the task of ascertaining all the particulars of this incident, and after untiring efforts was rewarded in securing the diary kept by the Winslow party from a Mr. Charles Gould, who is the last survivor of this company, and from George Winslow's sons, George and Henry, now of Waltham, Mass.*

Mr. Hansen secured a copy of an old daguerreotype of George Winslow as he appeared at that time, with a brief sketch of the Winslow ancestry and other interesting data relative to this tragic incident. While he is only one of the many thousand who lie buried along beside the trail, he is typical of the greater part of them.

George Winslow's grave is one of but four marked graves on the Oregon Trail through the State of Ne-

*NOTE.—The sons, with Mr. Hansen, have erected a costly granite monument, in which the old stone has been set, with a bronze tablet above, telling of his death and burial. This is one of the many monuments erected in Jefferson county, as follows: State Line, Rock Creek, Jones School House, Virginia Station, Big Sandy, and others to follow, costing from $100 to $400.

braska, and the only one prior to 1850 on the entire Trail. This becomes very remarkable when our best historians compute that perhaps two million souls traversed its entire length from 1842 to 1869, and that perhaps one-tenth of that great number lost their lives and were buried along the roadway between its eastern and western termini.

To illustrate the high toll and sacrifice exacted upon humanity and animal life that toiled and labored westward annually over the old Trail, it is asserted that during the year 1850 over four thousand persons died of cholera between Independence and the Rocky Mountains, and that a thousand or more died of other causes, while thousands of oxen, horses and mules perished before they reached the South Pass country.

The year 1849 witnessed perhaps a hundred thousand men with their many thousand beasts of burden and vehicles trudging and toiling westward, accompanied day by day with that grim spectre, "Death," in all its forms. Cholera this year also accompanied many of these parties far out on the plains, taking its daily toll.

The year 1849 will ever be known in history as the year of the California gold fever. Gold had been discovered in California, and this news was pictured in the most fanciful manner, which on repetition grew into fairy tales, not unlike that of Aladdin's Lamp. Men of every State in the Union and of foreign countries caught the infection, and longed to feel the touch that would turn their dreams into golden realities. In consequence, in the cities and hamlets of distant foreign countries and the far-eastern States, compa-

nies of men were organized, and by ship, rail and wagon their courses were pointed to the new El Dorado.

The Boston and Newton stock company, of which Winslow was a member, was organized early in the year 1849, and the following is taken from Mr. Hansen's article:

"The Boston and Newton joint stock association consisted of twenty-five picked young men from Newton and the vicinity of Boston. The capital of the company was a sum sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of the company to Independence, Mo., purchase animals, wagons and supplies for the overland journey to California, each member paying $300 into the treasury. The incidents along the journey are obtained from Mr. Gould's excellent journal. They left Boston April 16, 1849, traveling by rail to Buffalo, taking the steamer Baltic for Sandusky, Ohio, and then by rail to Cincinnati, where they arrived April 20, at 9 P. M., making the journey in four and one-half days. Mr. Gould says they "found the city very regularly laid out and having a handsome appearance, but what appears very disgusting to Eastern people is the filth, and the hogs that roam the streets and seem to have perfect liberty throughout the city."

They left Cincinnati April 23, on the steamer Griffin Yeatman, for St. Louis, and arrived there April 27. A bargain was struck with the captain of the steamer Bay State to take them to Independence, Mo., for $8 apiece. The boat was crowded, principally with passengers bound for California. They now saw specimens of Western life on boats. A set of gamblers seated around a table well supplied with liquor kept

up their game all night. Religious services were held on board on the Sabbath, Rev. Mr. Haines preaching the sermon. The usual exciting steamboat race was had, their boat leaving the steamer Alton in the rear, where Mr. Gould remarks "we think she will be obliged to stay."

On May 3d they landed at Independence, Mo., pitching their tents and beginning preparations for the overland journey.

George Winslow wrote a letter to his wife from Independence, Mo., May 12, 1849. Mrs. George Winslow gave it to her grandson, Carlton Winslow, in whose name it is presented to the Nebraska State Historical Society, together with an excellent copy of a daguerreotype of George Winslow, taken in 1849. He writes:

"My Dear Wife: We have no further anxiety about forage: millions of buffalo have existed for ages on these vast prairies, and their numbers have been diminished by reason of hunters, and it is absurd to think we will not have sufficient grass for our animals.

"We have bought forty mules, which cost us $50 apiece. I have been appointed teamster, and had the good luck to draw the best wagon. I never slept better in my life. I always find myself in the morning—or my bed, rather—flat as a pancake. As the darn thing leaks just enough to land me on terra firma by morning, it saves me the trouble of pressing out the wind; so who cares?"

In regard to his finances, he writes:

"My money holds out very well. I have about $15 on hand out of the $25 which I had on leaving." And

of their experiences with mules: "We engaged some Mexicans to break the mules. To harness them they tied their fore legs together and threw them down. The fellows then got on them and wrung their ears, which, like a nigger's shin, is the tenderest part. By that time they were docile enough to take the harness. The animals in many respects resemble sheep; they are very timid, and when frightened will kick like thunder. They got six harnessed into a team, when one of the leaders, feeling a little mulish, jumped right straight over the other one's back."

. . . "I do not worry about myself—then why do you for me? I do not discover in your letter any anxiety on your own account; then let us for the future look on the bright side and indulge in no more useless anxiety. It effects nothing, and is almost universally the bugbear of the imagination." Of his hope he says: "The reports of the gold region here are as encouraging as they were in Massachusetts. Just imagine to yourself seeing me return with from $10,000 to $1,000,000. I do not wonder that General Taylor was opposed to writing on the field. I am now writing on a low box, and have to 'stoop to conquer.' Your loving husband,

GEORGE WINSLOW."

On May 16 this company of intrepid men, rash with the courage of youth, set their determined faces toward the west and started out upon the long overland trail to California, and by night had crossed the "line" and were in the Indian country. They traveled up the Kansas river, delayed by frequent rains and mud hub deep, and broken wagon-poles, reaching the lower ford of the Kansas, just below the present Rock Island bridge at Topeka, on May 26th, having accomplished about fifty miles in ten days. The wagons were

driven onto flatboats and poled across by five Indians. The road now becoming dry, they made rapid progress until the 29th, when George Winslow was suddenly taken violently sick with the cholera. Two others in the party were suffering with symptoms of the disease. The company remained in camp three days, and the patients having so far recovered, it was decided to proceed. Winslow's brothers-in-law, David Staples and Bracket Lord, or his uncle, Jesse Winslow, were with him every moment, giving him every care. As they journeyed on he continued to improve. On June 5 they camped on the Big Blue, and on the 6th, late in the afternoon, they reached the place where the trail crosses the present Nebraska-Kansas State line into Jefferson county, Nebraska. Mr. Gould writes: "The road over the high rolling prairie was hard and smooth as a plank floor. The prospect was beautiful. About a half-hour before sunset a terrific thunder-shower arose, which baffles description, the lightning-flashes dazzling the eyes, and the thunder deafening the ears, and the rain falling in torrents. It was altogether the grandest scene I have ever witnessed. When the rain ceased to fall the sun had set and darkness closed in." [This was east of Steele City.]

To this storm is attributed George Winslow's death. The next morning he appeared as well as usual, but at 3 o'clock became worse, and the company encamped on Whisky Run. He failed rapidly, and at 9 A. M. the next day, the 8th of June, 1849, painlessly and without a struggle he sank away as though going to sleep. He was taken to the center of the corral, where funeral services were performed, by reading from the scrip-

tures by Mr. Burt, and prayer by Mr. Sweetser. He was then borne to the grave by eight bearers, and followed by the rest of the company. Tears rolled down the cheeks of those strong men like children, as each deposited a green sprig in the open grave. The stone for the marker was secured near the old Government lime kiln, about two miles south and west.

For him the trail ended here. Upon this beautiful scene, in these green pastures, his eyes closed forever. All the rest of his company traveled the long old trail across the plains, the mountains and deserts, and reached the fabled gardens and glittering sands of El Dorado, only to find them the ashes of their hopes. He alone of all that company was never disillusioned. While this beautiful landscape was fading from his view, let us hope that the dreams which had sustained him throughout his long journey and in his sickness, became to him at last a reality; that he saw the golden apples hanging in the garden of Hesperides, and with wealth untold was returning on pleasant seas with favored wind to his loved wife and babes in his New England home."

THE PAWNEE INDIANS.

The Pawnee Indians were the real possessors of the South Platte Country from the mouth of the Platte westward to the Grand Island and south across the Republican to Smoky Hill river. Between them and the Missouri and Kansas were the Otoes, Sac and Foxes, Kickapoos, and Kaws. But it was the Pawnees that stood between the friendly and semi-civilized Indians along the Missouri, and the wild, blood-thirsty Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and kindred tribes of the mountains and plains, who in time grew to hate the Pawnees and their allies more than the whites, having that deep hatred and contempt for them that mankind has for traitors to his family fires and customs. Thus the Pawnees became as grist between the grinding millstones, giving away before the crushing onslaughts of their deadly antagonists, till the years of the early 1800's found them to number but a few thousand, cooped up in villages about the mouths of the Loup, tributaries of the Platte. Before, they were the monarchs of the whole South Platte Plains Country, and their villages spread all over the best hunting-grounds of this region, with their numbers running into many thousands. Thus they paid the penalty of becoming the white man's friend and ally. The complete history of the Pawnees from the time of the first coming of the white men (the Spaniards under Coronado in 1541) would read much like a romance, and cannot be properly treated of in

a single brief article. No doubt the Pawnees were the Quiviras whom the Spaniards sought in their search for the "Seven Golden Cities of Cibola." Perhaps the tribe would have suffered extermination long before the coming of the real developers of the country, had the Spaniards been successful in reaching their ultimate destination,—the land of Quivira.

As the Pawnees were the original Indians of Jefferson county and quite a good part of the country contingent to the Oregon Trail, a brief outline of the tribe, their habits and customs, is given ; much of this being taken from the manuscript written by Rev. John Dunbar, who was a missionary among them in the years 1834–36. Rev. Mr. Dunbar represented the Presbyterian Church, and he traveled with their wandering tribes from place to place on their hunting and migratory trips over a large part of the eastern Platte valley and southern Nebraska, returning at intervals to Bellvue, Fort Leavenworth, or Independence.

At this time the Pawnees were divided into four distinct bands : the Grand Pawnees, the Republican Pawnees, the Pawnee Loups, and the Tapage Pawnees. The Grand Pawnees' village was on the south side of the Platte, about 130 miles up the river from its junction with the Missouri. The Tapage and a part of the Republican band lived in the same village, on the north side of the Loup fork of the Platte, about 30 miles up from its mouth. The other part of the Republican band lived a few miles above. The Republican Pawnees were the same tribe that Pike found living in a great village on the Republican river, near what is now Republic City, Kans., Sept. 29th, 1806,

flying the Spanish flag, which he caused to be lowered and the stars and stripes run up in its stead. Kansans have erected a costly monument to mark and commemorate this important event in the history of wresting the possession of the Great Plains country from the Spanish and the Indians.

The Pawnee Loups had a village a few miles above the last named. In all there were perhaps 10,000

A Pawnee Chief.

Pawnee Indians living in villages within a radius of thirty miles along the Loup river.

These tribes intermarried with each other, and were governed by chiefs over each tribe, who were sovereign in all tribal affairs, until the matter became inter-tribal; then a general council of the different chiefs was called,

with the first chief of the Pawnees sitting as the high tribunal. Chiefs were generally vested with such authority from the fact that their fathers were chiefs before them, but often a chief was not accorded the power of authority to rule, as he was not in high favor with the tribe, or had not befittingly performed services considered essential to the dignity of chieftainship. The individual Indian standing in the tribe was measured greatly by the deeds of valor that he performed on the war-path or in his hunting expeditions. The rank of "Indian Brave" was acquired by the theft of a few ponies or the scalps of some of his tribal foes. The chiefs exercised considerable authority and influence over their tribe's deeds and general welfare, and as a rule were mild in their sentences of punishment for offenders of tribal laws, but meted severe sentences to chronic offenders, even passing the final decree of the forfeit of life, where the crime justified.

INDIAN LIFE AND CUSTOMS.

The following descriptions of the life, habits, and customs of the plains Indians, have been taken from the reminscences of several of the most noted early travelers of this country.

Frederick Chouteau, who was the first trader and trapper to establish trading-posts on the Kansas river, in writing of the Kansas, Pawnee and Sac and Fox Indians, states that these tribes roamed along the Kansas, Republican and Blue rivers during the time of his trading among them, 1825 to 1840.

"The chiefs are regarded as characters of great dignity; to speak with them or to have social inter-

course, is deemed a great favor. To obtain such favors, a present of a horse is always made, sometimes many horses. When a member of an Indian family dies, a warrior of the family is chosen to make propitiation with the 'Great Spirit.' He smears his face with mud and ashes, goes out in the morning to a high place, sits there all day long, crying, moaning and blowing smoke towards heaven, not eating or drinking anything from morning till night. This he does every day for a month. Then this warrior takes a body of warriors and goes out on a war expedition against some hostile tribe. If they are successful in taking scalps or stealing ponies, they return. Then the widow can put aside her mourning and is at liberty to marry again.

"The ceremony of moaning and smoking during the month's penance and mourning for the departed one, is for the object of propitiating the 'Great Spirit,' and obtaining favors towards bringing the tribe at enmity to an equal standing before the 'Great Spirit.' Success to the war expedition is taken as full proof that the 'Great Spirit' accepted the penance.

"At the same time that the warrior is performing his acts of mourning, members of the family go through similar exercises of mourning at their lodges, every morning at the break of day. If it be during the winter, or in seasons that are unfavorable for sending out war expeditions, the family mourning will only take place; but when the favorable season approaches the warrior will proceed with his month of propitiatory mourning. This warrior is always given a horse at the beginning, as compensation for the services that he is destined to perform.

"Modes of burial differed somewhat, according to the tribal customs and of the position of the deceased or prestige.

"The Sioux wrapped the body in the blanket or green buffalo-hides, placed it upon the elevated platform of

poles, leaving it there until complete decomposition of the flesh had taken place. The poles would rot and the burying-ground in time became covered with bleaching bones. The Kaws generally buried their dead in graves, heaping stones upon them to protect their bodies from wolves. The Pawnees and Otoes practiced much the same methods as the Sioux, killing and placing the deceased's favorite ponies underneath the burial-stage, with his tomahawk, etc., to use in the next world—'The Happy Hunting Grounds.'

"Before burial the bodies were generally painted and decked for their journey to the 'Happy Hunting Grounds,' then placed in a sitting position with their backs to a tree. The squaw would sit on the ground, with her hair hanging, and gashes cut in her face, crying out at intervals in a low mournful voice, raising from a low tremulous, wavering cry, to a soul-rending wail of indescribable sorrow. Other squaws would at intervals join in the mournful seance over the dead."

Nearly all the Indian graves or mounds disclose that the bones were broken up, often burned and charred black, generally containing war arrows and spear points, knives and scrapers of flint, beads and a variety of articles.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

The Pawnees practiced polygamy, being not unlike most of the tribes of the plains in this respect. A man would marry the sisters of a family from the eldest on down, should he desire to, or be in standing of influence and wealth to warrant it.

Their courtship differed but little from that of so-called civilized people of today, after the thin veener of sham forms and etiquette is removed. The Indian's courtship was direct to the point. The white man's is

covered with all kinds of subterfuges, forms, shams, and deceits on the part of all parties concerned, which makes the result more like prize-packages handed to each other, compared with the Indian method. Again, the Indian avoided much of the scandals of divorce and revolting relationships that are daily practiced between the sexes of the whites. Although the Indian may be called savage, dirty, and untutored of mind, in some respects he stood nearer to his Maker and practiced the fundamental laws of nature better than do his white brothers.

In some tribes when the young buck or Indian brave desired to marry a certain squaw he would put on a buffalo-robe with the fur side out, drawing it close up about his face so as to almost entirely conceal it, and walk to the lodge of his fair one, enter and take a seat without speaking to anyone. The family would receive him in silence, although they well knew the object of his visit, from his mode of dress and conduct. After he had departed, the family would discuss his desirability as a prospective son-in-law.

He would return in a few days, attired as before, to see if his suit for the maiden's hand was acceptable. Upon entering the dwelling he cast his eyes about to see if some sort of a seat, generally of skins, had been prepared for him. If there were none, then he knew that his courtship was at an end. But if he saw a cosy couch or seat of furs and robes arranged to hold at least two, then he walked boldly in and seated himself and threw aside the robe. Whereupon the young maiden seated herself by her lover's side, and silently awaited the making of marital arrangements between

her intended husband and her father, who always made it his business to be at home when such matters arose. The suitor first boldly asked for the maiden as his wife, and if there were no objections of any sort, the father informed him that he and the whole family freely gave him the daughter as his bride and welcomed him into the family circle. Sometimes a brave was under a cloud of some nature. Then he was given opportunity to explain or clear himself or to perform some act of penance or to redeem himself by some daring act as would befit a true warrior and brave of the tribe. Then the final consent for the consummation of the marriage ceremony would be given. After the prospective groom and the bride's father decided that the union would be satisfactory to all parties, the father would inform the young man that he might go home to his own lodge and prepare a feast. To this feast he would invite all of his relatives and close friends, and discuss the advisability of his marriage with this certain maiden. The old man would likewise cause a feast to be prepared at his lodge, where the same matter would be discussed with the girl's relatives and friends as to the advisability of marriage to the young man. If there were no serious objections raised on either side, the union followed as a matter of course, without further ceremony. The bride now gave a feast to mark her passing from maidenhood into squawhood, and the buck brought all of his belongings to the lodge of his father-in-law and took up his abode therein, after presenting several ponies, as had been before agreed upon, for the favor of receiving the daughter and of becoming one of

the family. The young couple were assigned a certain portion of the lodge, and it became the duty of the newly wedded buck to take care of the ponies, and to provide the meats and furs for the use of the family. Thus he became the mainstay and provider for his squaw's family until their demise, and was expected to take all of the younger sisters as his squaws, as they became of proper age. The first wed or oldest sister was the head of his household and ruled over the younger squaws, who became in reality domestic slaves of his lodge, doing all of the work of drudgery, tilling the crops and performing the labors of curing the meat and of tanning the robes and furs. At the death of the eldest squaw, the next sister advanced to the dignity of favorite wife, and proceeded to rule with the same iron hand as her predecessor.

INDIAN DANCES.

The Indians had several forms of dancing,—the Sun dance, Dog dance, War and Scalp dances, being the principal ones. The Sun dance was always held out of doors, being held in honor to the sun, a god, inferior only to the "Great Spirit," or their "Manitou," who was the great ghost of heaven, or the highest wind god. This, like most of their dances, was a circular one, accompanied by weird music, songs, and grotesque movements. Their faces were painted vermilion, yellow, and green; they were bedecked in garments and "fixings" covered with gaudy bead-work and trimming. Round and round the circle they moved in single and double files, not unlike to the dance of the

whites in the accompaniment to the drumming of the weird instruments.

The Dog dance was more of a modified form of a war dance. None but the braves took part in this dance. This was given mostly in honor of visitors. They would rush into the lodge containing visitors with fierce yells, gradually merging into shrill songs, during which they performed the circle dance to the music of instruments. After they had completely exhausted themselves they would subside, and disappear as suddenly as they had come. The Indian drums were in appearance like big tambourines. Most drums were made over wooden frames, green buffalo-hides were prepared and stretched over one side, and when the skin became dried the instrument gave forth sonorous and stirring sounds, when beaten with a stick.

Their rattles were made from dried deer's hoofs, or gourds, in which pebbles or bullets were placed to give sound. They also contrived a sort of flute, which was used to make the more plaintive sounds.

The Scalp or War dance was where the greatest interest and efforts were taken, superseding all others, from the Indian standpoint.

Great was the rejoicing when some of the warriors would bring home scalps or ponies of some hostile tribe. The great warriors would parade through the village, followed by shouting and singing mobs, who kept up a continual relation of the deeds of valor performed by the successful warriors, chanting praises to them. The old braves and squaws of the tribe would come forth from their wigwams and invoke blessings upon them. The young squaws proceeded to prepare a feast of the

choicest meats for the conquering heroes, and the young bucks cut and piled a huge pyramid of wood, round which the great dance would be held when the shades of night came. After the feast had been stowed away, the last of preparations for the dance were completed.

As twilight approached there came the measured tones of the drum, announcing that the hour of commencement was at hand. The whole village was stilled with expectancy. Soon the tension was broken, for as the shadows deepened, hideous, painted and decorated braves came rushing out of the wigwams. Their only garments were breech-clouts and leggins, with moccasins on their feet. All were decked out in their finest toggery, according to their station in the tribe. Nearly everyone wore some sort of a head-dress, banded around his head and extending down his back, plaited with eagle or turkey feathers. Many of them also fastened skulls of buffaloes or other wild animals over their heads, giving uncanny bestial imitations of such animals to heighten the effects of the blood-curdling dance of the wild.

Gathering quickly around the blazing fire, they took their places in a circle, with incessant yelling interspersed with an occasional war-whoop, awaiting the signal from the chief to begin the wild orgy. When the chief would raise his lance and strike it on the ground or on his shield three times, then the war dance was on in full blast. Round and round the fire they would circle, their painted bodies swaying up and down, in and out, in exact time to the peculiar rhythm of the music. They sang their war-songs, with continuous

repetition of "Ki-Yi, Ki-Yi," accompanied with the never-ceasing sounds of the rattling gourds, throbbing and droning of the drums, until the dance was ended. During the dance some brave would step out of the whirling circle and chant the deeds of some particular brave then all would take up the strain, and the march would be quickened; shrill war-whoops would arise above the former clamor, and with the crashing of shields they would work themselves into a perfect frenzy. The braves would frequently rush at the pole from which the bloody scalps were suspended, grab them with their teeth, pulling and tearing at them like dogs. Then again would the din of the weird ceremony be renewed to its highest pitch.

After the dance was over the ground would appear beaten like the circle of some horsepower or a circus ring.

INDIAN IMPLEMENTS.

The flint hills were gold mines to the Indians, who, knowing not the art of making instruments from metals, naturally depended upon and used the most primitive of materials for their greatest necessity.

The plains Indians found the greater part of the flints for the making of their war-axes, hammers, hatchets, spear- and arrow-heads, in the flint deposits along the Missouri river and its tributaries. The red-colored soft stone from which they shaped their pipes and tablets was secured from Minnesota. The Indians became very adept in shaping any desired instrument from any stone, or bone material, by chipping, grinding and polishing. The axes, hammers and hatchets were generally designed with a groove around the center,

around and through which thongs of leather could be wrapped to fasten the handle firmly to the head. The arrows and spear-heads were fitted with grooves at their base for the same purpose. Their bows and spear shafts were fashioned from selected well-seasoned sticks of timber, wrapped with thongs and sinews.

Nearly all of the primitive Indian tribes possessed a few utensils of pottery. Whether they knew or practiced this art to any extent is not well established, but they surely must have known somewhat of the crude principles. Agriculture was practiced in the most meager, primitive ways. The squaws dug with sharp sticks into and overturned small patches of rich soil, generally the bare spot of some previous encampment, or burned off clearings, in which they planted corn, beans, melons, or some vegetables, which they tended. The vegetables were eaten as they ripened, while the corn was secured and eaten, as roasting-ears, or dried, or ground into meal when fully ripened.

Indians depended mostly on the flesh of wild animals for their sustenance, the buffalo being of their greatest use. The Indians acquired the skill of hurling an arrow or spear into the vital spot of a buffalo, even when riding alongside at full speed. When they killed a buffalo it was immediately skinned, and the choicest meats cut out in chunks and strips to be hung on poles and dried at their encampments, to become the "jerked meats," for their winter uses. Often the Indians would eat the flesh raw and would drink the blood of the freshly killed animal.

The Indians' places of habitation differed largely, according to their tribes and the prevalence of build-

ing material. Where timber was plenty they constructed square or round pole wigwams, interlaced with withes of willows, covered over with barks, to shed the elements.

Indians leading more nomadic lives on the plains, fastened poles together in a tripod shape, around which they fastened buffalo-robes, with small flap openings at the bottom for entrances. The fires were built in the middle of the lodge, the smoke finding egress through the hole at the top.

When moving, their belongings were fastened on the larger ends of these poles and the smaller ends fastened like shafts to the sides of the ponies; and with the squaws leading, their goods and chattels were moved, or rather dragged, to a new location.

The Indians oftentimes used buffalo trails as roadways, and there can be no doubt that they had well-established trails of their own, between points long distances apart.

The Pawnees often used sod in constructing the lower walls of their permanent lodges, and sometimes covered them with poles, over which grass was laid in a manner to shed rain.

THE PAWNEES ON A BUFFALO HUNT.

The Pawnees made two buffalo hunts each year, the summer and winter hunt. To perform the winter hunt they left the villages usually in the last week of October and did not return to them until the first part of April the next year. They then prepared their fields for that season. The ground was dug up with a hoe, the corn was planted, and well tended. When

it had attained a certain height they left it, and went out for their summer hunt. This was done the last of June. About the first of September they returned to their villages. This was caused by the migratory habits of the buffalo, which went north in countless millions in the months of June and July, returning south to their winter feeding-grounds during September and October.

When they left their villages to hunt the buffalo, they took every man and beast with them, and the place of their habitations was as desolate and solitary, during their absence, as any other spot on the prairie. When the time of departure came all the provisions and furniture that they wished to carry with them was packed on horses. The rest of their scant furniture and provisions was concealed in the earth until their return.

As each family got ready they got into line, which frequently extended many miles. They traveled in Indian file, and each boy, woman and girl that had a horse to lead walked in the trail before it. The children who were unable to walk, the women either carried on their backs or "packed" on their horses. The aged and infirm were obliged to walk with the others, and got along the best they could. It was pitiful to see the poor, wretched, crippled creatures drag themselves along. These started earlier, and in the course of the day came to the next camp. They did not start very early in the cold season, but during the warm season they set off as soon as it was light, and sometimes before light, and traveled until 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, or 4 o'clock; then stopped and turned their horses

loose to feed. It was not customary to take any food until their day's travel was ended. The women then set up the tents, wood and water were brought, and food prepared. They then ate till ample amends were made for the morning's fast. They traveled from eight to ten miles a day. It frequently occurred when they were traveling that a horse got frightened and jumped about, broke away from its leader, and kicked until it had divested itself of everything that was put on it, and then ran off at full speed. The unfortunate wife would then follow her horse until she caught it, brought it back, gathered up her scattered utensils, replaced them on her horse, and followed after the train. All the consolation she got was a severe chiding from her lazy husband, who had been a witness to all that had passed and never offered to assist his inferior half.

They camped where there were both food and water, when it could be done. When they came to the spot selected, each family chose the place for their dwelling, and a populous village soon grew up where once was a solitary place. When they had traveled all day, and just at night came to the camping-ground, a scene usually ensued that beggared description. The horses were fretful and uneasy, the children cold and hungry, and women vexed and weary, the men ill-natured and imperious. The dogs would yelp and howl, the ponies would whinny, the children cry, the boys halloo, the women scold, the men chide and threaten, no one seemingly heard, and everything went wrong. Tongues and ears were of little use at such a time.

The Pawnees killed the buffalo on horseback, with

the bow and arrow. They threw the arrow with such force as to sometimes pass entirely through the body of the buffalo. Riding up close to them, they would shoot the arrows while riding at full speed, and nearly every arrow told in the work of death.

The Pawnees had very strict regulations for their buffalo hunts. A certain body of braves was chosen to have charge of all of the details of the hunt, under the command of the tribe chief. They would send hunters out in advance, scouting to find buffalo, and when these men found a band they would send couriers back to the main party while the rest continued to keep the buffalo in view. When the traveling mob of Indians got close enough to the herd to successfully attempt an attack, some old Indian would go through the encampment spreading the news. All that wished to take part in the hunt would catch their horses and prepare for the chase. Two or three of the hunters would ride out ahead, accompanied by a dozen or more lesser braves, all painted and bedecked with ornaments. Upon arriving at the crest of a hill from which they could see the buffalo, they would pause and wait until the main band caught up with them. The scouts would now ride out in advance with the hunters, closely in their rear, who were preceded by two old men of the tribe, shaking gourds and medicine sacks, and chanting some sort of invocations for the success of the hunt.

No hunter would brave the consequence of riding ahead of the scouts, which act was often punished by meeting the same fate as the buffalo; a severe flogging being the lightest form. Thus the Indians drew near

to the unsuspecting herd of buffalo till it became imperative for them to dash out in the open and charge directly at them. The hunters drew up in a long line, and the word for the charge was given, each hunter riding alongside a certain animal. Reaching his side, the fatal arrow was hurled into the vital spot, and if the buffalo fell, the Indian went on to overtake another one, and if successful, he kept on after the terrified and flying beasts, taking toll of as many as possible until all of the herd were slaughtered, or called upon to desist by the head hunters. Often in a short space of an hour over 100 buffalo were killed, and in another hour were being moved to the camp, with the aid of the squaws. The Pawnees were excellent horsemen, hard to excel on the plains, and the feats that they executed won them many compliments from observers.

These Indians subsisted mainly upon buffalo meat and corn. The meat was eaten in the fresh state while they were on the chase, while the bulk was cut into strips and hung on poles out in the air and sun to glaze over and dry into what was called "jerked meat." The atmospheric conditions at that time were favorable for this process of curing, similar to that now practiced in the high altitudes of the mountains and plains. These meats were afterwards cooked or prepared for eating in several ways, generally by boiling. At their home villages they grew annually considerable corn, which was harvested and prepared for consumption in many forms, all the way from roasting-ears to the grinding of the matured grains into meal, which they baked into a primitive sort of cakes or boiled into mush. In the matter of providing food, the Pawnees

were pioneers in the art of agriculture. All "Plains Indians" were somewhat provident in producing and keeping a surplus for future needs. Besides the corn, they also raised quite a crop of melons, beans and pumpkins, and dug up quantities of roots and herbs for food and medicinal purposes. On the whole, their food was of a very coarse nature, but was wholesome, despite its often uncleanly state.

The men claimed that their employment was hunting and war; consequently everything else was the business of the women. The women were very industrious, but were abject slaves. One educated in our privileged land can scarcely form a conception of the ignorance and wretchedness of the Pawnee Indian females.

The Pawnees would sometimes go buffalo-hunting in the winter-time, to secure enough meat to provide themselves against the unforeseen. Killing enough, they would proceed to winter villages, which were located on some well-watered stream, south of the Platte, generally on the Blue rivers. These had plenty of timber for fuel and winter forage for the ponies. Here they would remain until the feed for their ponies began to grow short; then they would move to a new location, keeping up their backward move, until the first grasses of the spring would begin to appear, when they would go back to their home villages. This procedure was a necessity, for the lands around these villages were cropped too close during the summer season to furnish feed for the ponies during the winter, hence the migration from place to place.

They would often stay much longer out on the

prairies during their hunts than was necessary, especially if the grass was good.

Their trapping of wild animals for their furs was carried on during the winter seasons, while they were returning from the buffalo hunt, following the timbered streams, which abounded with nearly all species of fur-bearing animals. So when the hunting parties returned in the spring they were usually loaded down with meat and furs galore, which gave cause for great rejoicing in the lodges.

The territory drained by the Big and Little Blue rivers was for hundreds of years the favorite summer and winter hunting-grounds of the Pawnee Indians, being such at the time of the coming of the white men. Even as late as 1870 there existed many evidences showing the locations of their migratory lodges along the wooded streams. Many graves and rocks which were places for their signal-fires were found by the early settlers, but the greater part of them have been leveled down by the agencies of man or elements, until it becomes hard to believe that the land was once populated and overrun by countless thousands of Indians for centuries of time. The fact that this territory was reserved for hunting-grounds instead of places for their abode in permanent villages, perhaps accounts for the fact that we do not have so many relics and evidences of Indian habitation, similar to that of the eastern part of the State, where the Indians lived for countless ages in great villages, in certain localities.

EARLY INDIAN TROUBLES AND WARS IN JEFFERSON COUNTY.

Excepting the occasional killing of an isolated settler, trapper or traveler, there was but very little trouble between the Indians and the whites until the latter part of the 60's. The Indians seemed to behold in awe the great white-topped caravans which annually passed over the trails, fearing to attack them, as they were armed only, generally speaking, with but primitive weapons, very few Indians possessing firearms of any description.

Previous to the war-time, the white men were also poorly armed; often a whole train possessed only a few guns, which were necessary for providing game and protection against wild animals. With the coming of war, firearms became easier to procure, consequently of greater general use. These facts, with the aid of renegade white traders and the unwise policy of the Government in giving the Indians firearms, finally gave the Indians confidence. The years of close association had done much to dispel their illusions. This, coupled with the successes of many small raiding parties, and their treatment by the whites in general and the Government in particular, during the period of the Civil War, when it was forced to be somewhat lax in fulfilling its promises and of administering punishment for the wrong deeds perpetrated by the Indians, made them bold.

Thus the Indian grew to believe himself an equal, if

not a superior, to the white man, so it was only natural that they questioned the authority and power of the Government and yielded to the temptation of securing by force or strategy much of the valuable property that was being transported annually in thousands of wagons across the plains.

Protective measures now became necessary, and all trains and wagons were inspected by the soldiers at the various forts for firearms. The requirements were that every man must have a good rifle or revolver, and through especially dangerous localities wagon-masters were directed to drive their trains in double lines, so that in case of sudden attack by Indians they would be enabled to corral quickly without confusion. Passes were issued to trains that passed inspection, and during this time passes were not issued to trains consisting of less than 50 men, and this sometimes was raised to 100 men. Military escorts were provided for trains which were transporting Government goods, and for mail stages during times of serious fears of Indian hostilities.

During the summer of 1863, rumors were persistent that the Indians were planning for an outbreak, but very little attention was paid to this hint of impending trouble, and as nothing happened, the whites became somewhat over-confident, which fact came near being their undoing the following year, August 7, 1864, when practically without warning the Indians made a simultaneous attack upon every ranch and settler between Fort Kearney and Big Sandy, and practically open warfare upon the stations and trains west of Fort Kearney. The whites, with the aid of the soldiers from Fort Laramie and Fort Kearney, were enabled to

quickly restore a semblance of order, but still hostilities impended, only awaiting favorable opportunity to again break out.

The year of 1865 was practically peaceful, but the year 1866 brought rumors of threatened attack, which fortunately proved untrue. Many settlers constructed barricades of defense, cutting loopholes in their houses, and the year 1867 brought about the repetition of the scenes of 1864. The old Hackney ranch, in Thayer county, was burned. The Kiowa Station was attacked, but fortunately the Indians were repulsed; but they tried by strategy to succeed. One man was killed at the Hackney ranch, Mr. Hainey was killed near the present location of Hebron, and Messrs. Bennet and Abernathy were attacked at their ranch between Meridian and Hebron. Seeing that they could not hold out alone, they attempted to escape, and sought refuge in a cave in the limestone bluffs of the Blue river. The Indians filled the mouth with sticks and leaves, which were fired to smoke them out. The settlers evidently preferred death than to be at the mercy of the Indians, as their bodies were found huddled on the floor of the cave a few days later by Captain John R. Brown's militia.

The Indians also visited the home of a settler known as Poland Pete, killing his little son and carrying his young daughter away into captivity. She was afterward ransomed from the Indians at North Platte. Near Oak Grove they killed two settlers, called Polish Joe and Polish Albert. Settlers on Rose creek had a blockhouse at Marks Mill, into which the settlers could flee and defend themselves; and another of sod was

constructed about three miles west, which was occupied by the families near by for several weeks. The Indians thus warded off followed along down Rose creek to Coal creek, where they found Uncle Billy Smith cutting wood. Smith escaped with only an arrow through his neck, losing his team and outfit.

A company of militia was organized by the settlers at Meridian August 13, 1867, remaining in service until the 18th of November, 1867. John R. Brown was Captain, and Silas Alexander First Lieutenant. The militia, being cavalry, rode in detachments over the better part of Thayer county and the west half of Jefferson, keeping a sharp lookout for marauding bands of Indians.

Several minor encounters occurred, and on one occasion a scouting party came upon a large band of Indians who forced them to retreat to Joe Walker's ranch, which was about one mile west of old Meridian, on the banks of the Blue, being called Fort Butler. The Indians came very near getting the scalp of a man named Hunt, who was cutting hay in the river-bottom. Being surprised at the sudden appearance of troops and Indians, he had only time to flee for his life, leaving his team to the Indians. Ignatz Tenish, an old man, living on the north side, was surprised, killed and scalped by the Indians, with the soldiers looking on, helpless to interfere. The Indians were eventually forced back north and westward, losing perhaps many more of their numbers than they killed of the whites. Thus the Indian War of 1867 was brought to a close in the early part of November.

INDIANS AND INDIAN RAIDS.

The settlement of every new country in America was ever commenced first by the white man going forth into the wilderness, beyond the fringes of the frontier, spying out, in the lands of the Indian, likely homes and settlements, where the following westward wave of pioneers could carve out wealth from the hills and valleys and build homes for their ever-increasing posterity. This has been going on ever since the first landing of white men on the Atlantic seaboard.

The Indian was the real possessor of the land, but the white man made a right of a wrong, as it were, by his power of might and continued practice of it, and established a custom that in time came to be an unwritten law.

During the 30s, 40s and 50s the white man pushed the frontier line to the Missouri river, and had commenced to colonize the Pacific coast with scattering outposts all over the intervening Indian country that lay between the surrounding and encroaching settlements. The Indian, true to his nature, had resisted steadily the encroachment of the white man, and our history records a continuous warfare between the whites and red men since their first meeting up to the present day.

There was always two sides to any proposition, and perhaps the Indians as a race have as good grounds for grievances and justification for many of their acts as the white man has for his against the Indian. Perhaps the Indian has been wronged as much by the white man as he wronged them. History presents one long list of broken treaties, broken promises, one with the

other. When the Indian found himself about to be deprived of his last hunting-grounds, no wonder he became hostile and defiant, and, figuratively speaking, with his back to the Rocky Mountains, he defied farther encroachment or the wresting away of his last hunting-grounds.

The white man who has lived practically all his life on the plains along and with Indians, reasons by experience that an Indian can only be a good Indian when he is dead; and that man who has witnessed their unrelenting, treacherous, murderous action against the white man, his wife, his children, whom they have murdered and scalped, braiding their hair into bridle-reins and lasso-ropes, or perhaps the women's and children's lives were spared only to be dragged into captivity, living a life of horror and shame among these "red varmints," as the old pioneer often designated them, naturally arrives at the same conclusion. Despite what novelist or humanitarians may plea or record in the favor of the red men, the Indians of the Western plains will ever be remembered by those who have come into actual contact with them, as a dirty, indolent, thieving, treacherous, murderous breed of humanity.

Whether it was an actual characteristic of the race or had become inherited by generations of abuse by the white man, but most likely the former, the Indian was naturally treacherous to the last degree, and the white man's life from this fact was never safe with any Indian, whether friendly or hostile, if the Indian found an opportunity to take it unobserved. The young bucks were the most treacherous, for by tribal customs their

warriorship was judged by the number of scalp-locks dangling from their belts,—especially those of the white man and his women.

Friends of Indians say that the white man robbed the Indian of his lands. True, they did, in a certain sense; but after all, the Indian has eventually received from the Government perhaps full value for every acre taken. The white man was fully justified in this procedure, for the Indian never did and never will promote agriculture to its highest development, despite the fact that the Government is spending millions to promote this art among them in their various existing reservations.

God made the land, the waters, the skies, the sun, moon and stars; made man, and placed him on the earth to live under the blessing that he would bestow upon him; and his God also decrees that man must work and toil and earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. The Indian possessed the garden of the world for centuries, but toiled or labored not, so the coming, the possessing and developing of the Indian's country was but the working-out of the evolution as planned for by the Great Maker in the beginning.

The spirit of the white man was undaunted, and during the 50s and 60s thousands of them in long caravans treked across the plains, dropping here and there in settlements, using every means of offense and defense to push the red man farther back, using and depleting the resources of the Indian, his game, his buffalo, deer, ponies, camping and hunting-grounds.

The Indian at last grew desperate, and sought to right all his wrongs at one stroke by wiping out of existence

the white man on the plains country in a general uprising, sweeping the Trail from the mountains eastward to the river.

The Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, great tribes that roamed over practically the whole eastern slope of the Rockies, swept down over the plains of western Nebraska, killing, massacring, scalping every white person in their pathway, burning their homes, destroying crops and every vestage of settlement possible, plundering valuables, adding rapine to murder, and carrying white women into captivity to secure loot and ransom. Such was the word brought down the Old Oregon Trail to Big Sandy Station on the 7th day of August, 1864, which created terror and confusion among its handful of settlers. Women and children, with the most valuable of belongings, were packed in wagons and sent eastward down the Trail to Marysville. The Jenkinses, Babcocks, Helveys and other pioneer families were part of this famous retreat. The men followed slowly behind, bringing the live-stock and other bulky, movable property, and protecting the retreat of their families.

The Indians eventually came to the Big and Little Sandy Stations, and appropriated considerable property, but did not burn any buildings. This was their farthest east point of invasion, for they realized that the whites were warned and would soon be pressing them back to their refuges of safety. Their last act of murder and depredation was at the Eubank Ranch, just above Big Sandy, where they killed Eubank, his wife, and six of their children, and carried Eubank Junior's wife, Ruth, and a Miss Roper, away into

captivity. Mrs. Eubank Jr. had two little children when captured. Several of the Big Sandy settlers did not leave until August 8th or 9th. Weisel, Babcock, Blakely and the Helveys were the rear guard of the retreat, and they also made frequent trips back up the Trail to their ranches, scouting for the Indians, staying at night at some deserted ranch house or with the herds of cattle in the hills. Finally they were enabled to report that the Indians were on the retreat, and by this time Captain Hollenberg of the Kansas Territorial Militia had his company ready to march from Marysville to intercept the Indians. This company was apparently made up of nondescripts of every country and clime, clad in all sorts of clothing, many bareheaded or barefooted, and had guns of all calibers and descriptions. They marched up the Trail, appropriating everything they could lay their hands on at the deserted ranch houses that the Indians had overlooked or could not carry away with them.

It is needless to state that the militia never caught up with the Indians, and that when the settlers finally returned to their homes, about the 9th of the following month, they found but very little of the property they were forced to leave in their wild flight, and many an old settler speaking of that incident says he wonders which were the worse of the two, the Indians or the militia. The settlers were naturally nervous about the Indians for several years after this, and many laughable incidents occurred to Wm. Babcock, Jasper Helvey and others, who at various times, when along and at quite a distance from home, accidentally met or saw suspicious-acting Indians; whereat each proceeded to

break the local long-distance running record home and gave the general alarm of "Indians." On one occasion Babcock and Blair, both came in at breakneck speed, each reporting that he had seen an Indian south of the Blue. After the excitement quieted a little, they compared notes and found that they had taken each other for the Indian.

A small scare occurred in '67, followed by active hostilities. The last scare was during the fall of '69, when for a while the situation appeared somewhat serious, many settlers leaving their ranches, but a company was soon organized with Si Alexander (afterward Secretary of State) as Captain. This militia was composed of *bona fide* settlers, and soon the Indian scare became as but a memory of the past.

Previous to this, and for many years following, friendly tribes of Otoes and Pawnees traveled across and camped in Jefferson county at their will, and as late as the early 70's it was no uncommon sight to see several hundred encamped on the river at Fairbury en route or returning from their hunting-grounds. Outside of an occasional murder or depredation, nothing of consequence further happened from the Indian on the south and western plains of Nebraska.

THE INDIAN SCARE OF 1869.

Governor Butler, inspired by rumors of Indian trouble in Jefferson and Thayer counties, ordered the enlistment of a company of cavalry militia of settlers in this vicinity. Consequently, during the months of June, July and August a company was mustered into service, going into camp at Fort Butler.

The company remained in service until the spring of 1870, when they were relieved by a company of United States regulars. Nothing of serious consequence occurred during this Indian scare, the company being engaged mainly in scouting, preserving order, and assuring the scattered settlers of protection to life and property. The Indians, seemingly realizing that they were outnumbered and powerless to inflict any telling harm or damage, quietly backed away, leaving the community practically unmolested; and with the mustering out of the company, the Indian War of 1869 was brought to a close.

Jefferson county was the only county in Nebraska where the settlers raised companies among themselves and depended entirely upon such for protection against the Indians during the Indian wars. Other sections of the State were guarded by the First and Second Nebraska Regiments, the Eleventh Kansas and the Eighteenth Ohio. The regular troops arrived in Jefferson county only after the danger was virtually over or passed up and down the Trail en route to and from Fort Leavenworth and Fort Kearney.

THE OTOE RESERVATION.

The Otoes were no doubt the Octoctatas whom early explorers mentioned as inhabiting the regions near the mouth of the Platte. They migrated to the Nemaha river, where, by a treaty in 1834, they ceded certain lands to the Government. In 1854 the confederated Otoe and Missouri tribes ceded to the United States all their lands lying west of the Missouri river excepting a strip on the waters of the Big Blue river, ten miles in width. The descriptions were very conflicting, with certain provisions just as undecipherable. This resulted in the changing of the treaty in 1855, giving the Otoes and Missouris a certain fixed reservation, which comprised sixteen thousand acres lying along and west of the Big Blue river, in Kansas and Nebraska.

The Otoes never gave the early settlers much trouble. Their common offenses were drunkenness and pilfering. Ar-ke-kee-tah was the grand chief of the Otoes, and was very instrumental in preserving good order in his tribe. He gained the universal respect of the early settlers, their sympathies and assistance when the Otoes were in want or trouble.

On one occasion in 1863, five hundred Cheyennes from the Republican came down Mill creek into the Otoe Reserve with the intention of making a raid on the Otoes and securing their stock. Settlers hearing of this, collected and went to the aid of the Otoes. Before they arrived the Otoes, believing that discre-

tion was the better part of valor, gave the Cheyennes much of their stock, which they hurriedly drove westward, committing a few depredations en route.

In 1879 a new treaty was made, whereby the Indians sold their lands to the Government, receiving an allotment of land in the Indian Territory; their removal was finally effected in 1881, and in a few years the entire reservation was sold and settled.

Very little remains to show Indian occupancy, excepting the fractional lines or parcels of lands caused by the conflictions of the early boundary-lines of the reservation and the subsequent sectional lines made by surveyors in platting out the true lines of measurement of the plains country. The agency was located on the banks of the Big Blue river, near the present town of Oketo, being known as Otoe Agency.

INDIAN BATTLES.

The first authentic account of any important battle between Indians in Jefferson county is traditional. The source of information being that of old trappers and traders who traveled and trapped along the Little Blue and Big Sandy in the extreme early days, two of whom continued to live as squaw-men among the Indians near the junction of Big Sandy and Little Blue until many years after the coming of the first white man, one being of French-Canadian Indian descent, Moncreave by name. He told the early settlers that he had resided in that vicinity for thirty winters, and their huts and families of children existing at that time seemed to verify their statements ; so perhaps they came in about 1826.

The story of the battle runs in this manner : In the year 1832 or thereabouts, nearly 10,000 Sioux and Cheyennes, who were always deadly foes and at warfare with the Pawnees, Otoes and other eastern Nebraska and Kansas tribes, made a raid down the valley of the Republican and Little Blue, sweeping the hunting parties of these eastern tribes before them, with the intention of annihilating them, for they represented practically all the fighting men of these tribes ; then they could proceed to plunder, pillage and massacre the old and infirm, the young and helpless of their villages. Swift messengers were sent by the flying hunters for reinforcements, and on the hills between Powell and Gladstone the eastern Indians halted to

wage a desperate defense for themselves and homes. For three long days over 15,000 warriors waged perhaps the most desperate battle ever fought between Indians in America. At the close of the third day, a thousand fresh warriors arrived from northeastern Kansas, and during that night they turned the battle into a "Waterloo" and the western Indians fled from the field, leaving over 3,000 dead warriors.

The Pawnees were led by the celebrated Chief Tocpo-hana, at that time the greatest chief of the Pawnee confederation. The Sioux were led by Oso-no-me-woe, an ancestor of the famous Sitting Bull, who was also a great chief, and it was through no fault of his own that his warriors lost the battle.

The Pawnees celebrated their victory by burning seven hundred prisoners alive at the stake.

The Sioux and Cheyennes ever after recognized the supremacy gained by the Pawnees and the eastern tribes in this battle, and rarely, if ever, invaded their territory; and perhaps this was one reason that they did not come farther southeast in their raid of 1864.

In the early day, scattered over the hills of the old battle-ground, were found many spear and arrow-heads, stone axes and hatchets, mingled with the bleaching bones of the dead, to mark and commemorate which was perhaps the greatest battle in annals of Indian history, but nature and agriculture with the coming of the white man has almost obliterated all evidences of this event.

In 1862 a band of Pawnees engaged a marauding band of Sioux in the hills just south of the junction of the Little Blue and Big Sandy. Several Indians were

killed, and the Sioux put to flight, but the settlers did not investigate very closely until a few days later, for several good reasons.

The Indians were constantly singling out lone settlers or immigrants and harassing the early "Oregon Trailers," driving off their stock, attacking unprotected or straggling parties. They often ventured to attack great trains or caravans, and year by year they collected a fearful toll of human life, despite the fact that soldiers were constantly up and down the Trail or accompanying caravans and temporarily stationed at various camping stations along the Trail.

NEBRASKA MILITIA—FIRST CAVALRY.

The following are the official rosters of the militia organized for Indian warfare in Jones and Jefferson counties.

Mustered into State service fighting Indians August 13, 1867, and mustered out November 15, 1867, at Big Sandy.

Officers Co. A.—Captain, John R. Brown; First Lieutenant, S. J. Alexander; Second Lieutenant, Geo. M. Humphrey; First Sergeant, Henry R. Preston; Second Sergeant, Wm. Watts; Third Sergeant, Jos. Baker; Fourth Sergeant, Orth Sherman; Com., A. T. Hobbs; Corporal, Chas. M. Nightingale.

Privates.—Sam Andrews, Robt. Austin, J. M. Breese, Isaac Breese, Geo. Blair, Wm. Blair, Jas. Campbell, John Campbell, Augus Crinklow, Pope Cline, Louis Debus, Jacob Dein, R. Eastman, J. H. Evans, Wm Foss, Allen Ferry, Fred Gutzmer, Jos. Gaylor, Jesse Gallant, Wm. Gallant, Frank Helvey, W. Hamer, M.

E. Kellog, Phil Kellog, S. S. Kenser, John W. Kenser, Alden Luce, Dan Leming, Eli Lamb, Tyre Lamb, John Lamb, Henry Lamb, Wm. Marks, Con Miller, Arch Palmerslow, Job Register, Wm. Snook, Eph Starley, Frank Thomas, Jos. Wilson, Joe Wood, Wm. Wilson, Herman Hoppe.

All mustered in with horses and equipments.

NEBRASKA CAVALRY MILITIA—FIRST REGIMENT.

Were mustered in June 1, 1869, for State service fighting the Indians. No date given of being mustered out.

Officers Company A.—Captain, John R. Brown; First Lieutenant, S. J. Alexander; Second Lieutenant, And. D. Butler; First Dept. Sergt., E. M. Carrell; Second Dept. Sergt., Chas. B. Coon; Third Dept. Sergt., L. A. Brunner; First Sergeant, J. O. Talmage; Com. Sergeant, Jas. Thomas; Q. M. Sergeant, H. C. Wiswell; First Corporal, King D. Fisher; Second Corporal, M. N. Miller; Third Corporal, John Cave; Fourth Corporal, John Nightingale.

Privates.—M. Alexander, D. Alexander, Joe Austin, Chas. Ballard, David Butler, Geo. Blair, C. B. Clark, Wm. Marion, Chas. Miller, Pat. Murphy, Wm. Nightingale, Geo. D. Noble, Len Parker, Jas. D. Powell, Jas. Culver, Lew Culver, Jos. Chierhart, Jacob Dein, Chas. Eberstein, Wm. Fisher, Syl Fisher, W. A. Ryburn, Benj. R. Royce, Francis Robertson, Alex Ring, Ed. Spangler, Jas. Steward, John Strickland, Jas. Fisher, Lew Fryer, Frank Frawadsky, P. Flaling, Geo. Gere, Jos. Galer, Jas. Heffington, Frank Strickland, Walt Stone, Dave Steward, Joe Shaller, Grau Shook,

Lew Tennery, John Wheeler, E. P. House, John House, Wm. Hobbs, Jacob Haynes, Olis Johnson, Henry Martin, A. S. Martin, Joe Ward, Geo. Weisel, Joe Woods, Jos. Walker, Josh. Woods, H. Zaddach, Ben Moeler.

Their places of residence are given as Big Sandy, Ft. Butler, Meridian, etc.

THE KILLING OF THE EUBANK FAMILY BY THE INDIANS.

To better illustrate the Indian in his true murderous disposition, so that the reader may realize what an Indian raid meant to early settlers, the account is given of the killing of eight and carrying away into captivity two women and two children of the Eubank family, and other occurrences in the Indian raid of August, 1864. Although the Eubanks did not live in what is now known as Jefferson county at that time, their ranch was located on the Oregon Trail, just below "The Narrows," near the mouth of Elk creek, on the Little Blue river, in what is now known as Thayer county, at that time included in Jones county.

It was Sunday, and as customary at that time, with but few places of worship, people enjoyed themselves by resting, visiting with neighbors, or in hunting for game or fruits and nuts of the woodlands. Not suspecting that the well-timed and simultaneous attack of Indians would take place this day, many families along the Little Blue were scattered in pursuit of their different diversions of enjoyment. The Eubank family, with the company of several relatives and friends, were not exceptions, and it became very easy for the Indians to carry out their murderous intentions upon them in their separated and defenseless state. Mr. Eubank, the father, accompanied by one of his boys about twelve years of age, was driving an ox-team down the Trail to visit the son, Joseph Eubank, when the Indians from

ambush shot and killed both father and son, completing their murderous act by mutilating the bodies in a horrible and revolting manner, ending by scalping the son, but not the father, who was bald. Then they shot the oxen full of arrows and turned them loose to suffer until found about a week later by returning settlers, who removed the arrows and dressed the wounds.

Bill Eubank's wife, her sister-in-law, Miss Eubank, and a Miss Laura Roper, daughter of an adjoining rancher, with two little children, were across the river above the ranch, picking wild grapes. Bill Eubank had remained at home, caring for his little boy. The women were just planning to return, and arriving at the river-side to cross, they heard cries from the direction of the ranch. Soon they saw Bill Eubank running toward them, pursued by a bunch of Indians who were firing at him as he was fording the stream. He was killed as he reached the sandbar on the farther side, close to where the women had now concealed themselves in the willows and tangled vines, and who would have escaped detection had not one of the little children commenced to cry upon seeing his father fall and scalped by the Indians. They were soon found, and led to where the husband and father lay. There they were placed on ponies, but Miss Eubank resisted, and was instantly killed with a blow from a tomahawk and the long and beautiful braids of hair detached from her head. One child kept crying, and before the mother's eyes the tomahawks stilled another victim's protest. Thus relieved, this band of Indians with Mrs. Eubank and one child and Miss Laura Roper rode hurriedly toward the foothills of the Rockies, carefully evading contact with

the Trail or settlements. The little boy at the ranch house was wounded in the first attack at the house, and in some manner, never to be known, contrived to escape into the underbrush and was found about a week later, not twenty rods from the spot where his father was killed, lying huddled in the underbrush in a state of decomposition. It was evident that he had spent many hours of suffering before death finally relieved him.

Joe and Fred Eubank, in company with John Palmer, were across the river, engaged in raking up some newly mown hay. They became separated in their tasks, and the Eubank boys were shot and scalped, while Palmer miraculously escaped. When the bodies were recovered it was very evident that both had lived and endured horrible agonies for quite a while after they had been scalped. Miss Roper was finally ransomed from the Indians at Denver, about three months later, and Mrs. Eubank with her little boy were brought in by the Indians to Fort Laramie, and they received a large ransom for their return about four months later. An unsuccessful attempt was made to recapture Mrs. Eubank on her return trip to her old home.

During the committing of this same depredation the Indians also attacked and burned a wagon train on the Little Blue, loaded with hardware, destined for George Fritch, at Denver, which was valued at over $2,000, being freighted by Simonton and Smith, under the command of Geo. Constable. Fritch, learning of this act, induced Col. Chivington to send scouts out to locate the marauders. In a few days Bill Comstock, a noted scout, brought in word to Plum creek that the Indians

were proceeding up the Republican with white women captives. A troop of soldiers took up the trail, suddenly coming upon the Indians, who greatly outnumbered them. Col. Chivington encountered the murdering Arapahoes on Big Sandy creek about 150 miles southeast of Denver, and in a blinding dust-storm engaged in battle with the Indians, forcing them to retreat with heavy loss.

During the night, Two-face and Big-thunder, leading chiefs of this band, fled towards the mountains, taking two white women and a child with them, which afterward proved to be Miss Roper, Mrs. Eubank and her child. The Indians kept the women successfully in captivity for fourteen months, during which they suffered unspeakable horrors and abuse. Finally the Indians decided to sell Mrs. Eubank and child to the whites for ammunition, which they greatly needed; so the chiefs proceeded with them to Fort Laramie and put the proposition to Colonel Baumer, the commander of the post, who immediately accepted. The Indians cautiously arranged the transfer so that they would not be entrapped, but Colonel Baumer outwitted them by placing his soldiers in strategic position, effecting the arrest of the entire Indian party. Mrs. Eubank now told her story and Colonel Baumer telegraphed to his commanding officer for instructions. General Conner wired back, "If you have them, hang them." The order was immediately carried out. A few minutes later Conner wired, "Perhaps I was a little hasty. Bring them to Julesburg for trial." "Very sorry. I obeyed your first order before I received the second," was Colonel Baumer's response. Mrs. Eubank after-

ward became the wife of a Mr. Atkinson, and resided for many years at McCune, Kansas.

This account is typical of the many atrocious murders of that day, extending along the trail from Big Sandy to Kearney, which was lined with ranches and settlers every few miles. The Indians also succeeded in capturing a freight train of about forty wagons, which had persisted in going westward in spite of warning. They were camped for the noon meal near the Little Blue Station, when the Indians suddenly appeared and drove away the grazing oxen into the hills. While they were gone the panic-stricken freighters hitched their remaining teams of mules to wagons that had been unloaded of their cargo, and raced back down the Trail for their lives. The Indians soon returned, and by fire and axe destroyed the entire trains, wagons and all.

FAMOUS DRIVE OF BOB EMERY.

Most of the traffic and travel along the trail had been suspended at the rumor of the general Indian uprising, but Bob Emery, stage-driver, determined that the mail had to go on as before. When he reached Kiowa Station the Indians were in full swing. Men at that station from their barricaded positions pleaded with him to stop, for word had been received by this time of several murders up and down the line. Emery told them "he had fit Indians before," and with the crack of his whip started westward. Several men, seeing that he was determined, leaped aboard the stage, fully armed, to aid him.

Emery and his crew proceeded along without incident until just after crossing the Nuckolls county line. Here, just as he was in the act of driving down a long steep hill, where he could not easily turn his coach around, some one spied the heads of skulking Indians. Emery wheeled his horses, and fifty Indians broke cover in hot pursuit, firing as they ran. The men returned the fire and kept the Indians at bay until the Indians saw that they would soon evade them; then a last desperate chance was taken. The Indians rode up on each side and poured a perfect hail of lead at the flying stage and its defenders, but luck was on the white man's side, and Bob Emery soon rushed with whirlwind speed into the protection of George Constable's ox-train, which was proceeding westward; and Con-

stable, upon seeing him flying back pursued by Indians, corraled his train, allowing Emery to drive within the circle with his coach. George Constable afterward proceeded westward, and was surrounded and killed by the Indians on the divide between Elk creek and the Little Blue. His wagons and goods were burned and destroyed.

Emery was later presented with a gold medal for this brave act, and after the Trail's abandonment lived in Beatrice, where he died during the nineties.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF "WILD BILL."

In the month of May, 1837, there was born, in LaSalle county, Ill., a boy who was afterward named James Butler Hickock, and who eventually became known as "Wild Bill." LaSalle county at that time was very thinly populated, being termed the frontier of the West.

The Hickocks were a representative family of the sturdy pioneer type, which sought fortune in the far Western country, which promised great agricultural possibilities. The boy grew up in these primitive parts, which no doubt had great influence in shaping his future destiny. Schools were few and far apart and of but short duration, so the children of the place and period were left to devise other plans of entertainment and amusement.

Young Hickock found his greatest pleasure in roaming through the woods, playing and mimicking the acts of hunters and Indians, and at an early age he contrived to secure an old flint-lock pistol with which he practiced incessantly until he became a wonderful shot for a boy.

Hickock was not very obedient to his parents, and he often practiced truancy from school, making excursions into the woods, and when punished by his parents he would take a few pot shots at the pigs and chickens in retaliation. In consequence, he did not receive much education, his only interest in that line being the reading of books of adventure. Thus his

JAMES BUTLER HICKOK.
(Wild Bill.)

life passed until he was about fourteen years of age, when he became the owner of a modern rifle and pistol. From now on his time was spent almost entirely with these arms, hunting in the woods or practicing marksmanship.

Tiring of his uneventful life at home, he decided to go farther into the great West and carve out for himself a name as a desperado or hero, saying before he started that "he would beat anything that Kit Carson or any other man ever done." Two years' experience as a driver on a canal-boat seemed to have satisfied his ambitions; so he returned, remaining at home until he was eighteen years of age. Then the Missouri-Kansas border warfare attracted his attention. In due time he arrived at Leavenworth and joined Jim Lane's anti-slavery band of armed men. His wonderful feats of marksmanship attracted the attention and admiration of the entire command. Here he was given the name of "Shanghai Bill." He served under Lane for two years and retired, becoming stage-driver for the Overland Stage Company in 1857. Here he gained the reputation of being a reckless driver, yet few accidents happened to him. He was a man to fear as a gun-man, and was the victor in many fights in drunken saloon brawls. Hickock's route was on the Santa Fé Trail, and in 1859 he quitted the service of the Stage Company, securing employment as a driver of freight wagons to Santa Fé.

While thus employed he met with an adventure which almost proved fatal to him. One evening while some distance from camp he saw a large cinnamon bear, with her two cubs, whose flight the mother was protecting.

Hickock advanced upon them, armed only with a pair of pistols and a large bowie-knife. When at close range he fired both pistols at the mother bear, inflicting a wound that only infuriated her. Roaring and growling, she cast herself at Hickock, who met her advance with his knife. Then followed a bloody fight between man and beast. Young Hickock finally succeeded in forcing the knife into a vital spot with his last remaining strength. Together they fell on the blood-soaked soil. Hickock was shortly afterward found by his companions, nearer dead than alive. He was now incapacitated for further work, lying abed helpless for several months.

While convalescing, the Overland Stage Company offered him employment as hostler, or horse-wrangler, at the Rock Creek Station, on the Oregon Trail, which was then an important relay station, where fifty or more horses were kept. This was in the spring of 1861. Hickock with a companion lived in a dugout located in the banks of the creek about midway between the East and West stations. McCanles was at this time owner of the stations, but soon after sold them to the Overland Stage Company, who sent Horace Wellman to be station-master. Here in the East station house was the tragedy enacted that gave Hickock the name of "Wild Bill."

Passing over this event, in which he did not receive a wound, "Wild Bill" after a few other adventures, of a minor nature, joined the Union army at Leavenworth and was appointed brigade wagon-master. This duty took him down through Missouri in Sedalia, and in March, 1862, we find him a sharpshooter in the

battle of Pea Ridge, under General Curtis. "Wild Bill" continued to give as a scout, spy and sharpshooter, a most remarkable service to this division of the Union army, throughout the entire war; his record perhaps being unequaled in the annals of the Army of the West.

After the close of the war, Hickock, accompanied by a young Indian whom he had befriended, and the Indian's beautiful sister, proceeded to the Niobrara river, where he pursued the occupation of trapping and trading among the Sioux. Returning to Springfield, Mo., in 1865, he took up his favorite occupation of gambling. Here he killed the notorious Dave Tutt, in a duel on the public square. He now joined Generals Carr and Primrose, in company with Buffalo Bill, as a scout in an expedition against the Cheyennes under Black Kettle. This Indian was killed by Wild Bill in a personal encounter, in which Bill received dangerous wounds in return that caused his removal to Fort Hays.

While recovering, Hickock visited his old home in Illinois and acted as guide for the Vice-Presidential party, hunting buffalo, on the plains. In 1869 he was elected marshal of Hays City, Kansas, which was perhaps the most lawless town of the plains, and whose population of 2000 souls was largely made up of the worst cutthroats and blacklegs of the plains country. Over a hundred gambling-dens and innumerable saloons and resorts of vice filled the pine-shack town. No other man had been able to preserve order, but "Wild Bill," after sending a few booted desperadoes to the graveyard, earned the respect of every inhabit-

ant, mostly through their fear of his unerring hand, that seemed to take deadly aim instantly, and shot to kill quicker than any other hand ever could.

Here he had an encounter with several drunken soldiers from Fort Hays, killing four, but they finally caused him to secrete himself in the hills, to save his life. Finally, to evade the order of arrest issued by General Sheridan, he went to Junction City.

Here he organized a "Wild West" show, with which he toured the East. This venture proved unsuccessful; so he returned to Abilene, then the most notorious "cattle town" of the Southwest, and became its marshal. Here, as in Hays City, Wild Bill finally restored law and order, by the extinction of a few of its leading characters. His life as marshal was crowded with many events in which he was the successful gun-man, taking as toll perhaps the lives of a dozen desperate characters.

He joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West show in 1873, but as before, this life proved to be too much of a hollow sham, so in time he appeared in the Black Hills, where gold had been recently discovered, and where mining camps with their full quota of bad men and women, gambling and vice, flourished in their highest states. Here Wild Bill was at home, and for the next year or so with a few companions prospected in the mountains of this region, despite the dangers from Indians, with whom he had several encounters.

Returning in the spring of 1876 to Cheyenne, he met a lady whom he had admired for many years. A wedding and a honeymoon trip to the East followed.

Returning to Kansas City, he led a party of gold-hunters to Deadwood, in the Black Hills. Here he resided, plying his favorite vocations, principally gambling, until the latter part of July, when he was treacherously shot from behind by Jack McCall, whom he had beaten in a game of cards a few days previously, and whose brother he had killed when marshal of one of the border towns of Kansas.

He was buried on the hillside by his friend Colorado Charley. McCall was given a trial by judge and jury, but perhaps it was improvised for the occasion, maybe similar to the trial given "Wild Bill" for the murder of McCanles, for McCall was acquitted, but was later arrested at Yankton, tried, convicted and hanged.

Thus passed away one of the most remarkable characters of the plains; a man who was over six feet in height, deep-chested, compactly built, eyes gray, clear, and calm as those of a woman, belying the power and danger behind them. He was lithe of form, muscular and wiry of build. His hair, auburn in hue, fell in ringlets down over his shoulders. His upper lip was covered with a thin, drooping, sandy-brown mustache. The mode of dress he affected gave him the appearance of being more a gentleman of fortune than the desperate character "Wild Bill," who was known all over the Western country as the quickest man to draw a gun; and who shot to kill, waiting for explanations afterward. To these facts, perhaps, he could attribute his long career as a death-dealer to men who crossed his path.

Mrs. Agnes Lake, whom Wild Bill married, was the widow of a circus man. Her daughter afterwards married John Robinson, the old circus man.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF D. C. McCANLES AND FAMILY.

David Colbert McCanles was born in Watagua county, North Carolina, in 1828. His parents were Scotch-Irish. They settled in North Carolina early in the eighteenth century. Members of the family took a prominent part in the Revolutionary War. They owned goodly estates and numbers of servants, being recognized as leading families in all business, political and social affairs.

Young McCanles attended private schools, finishing his education at a military academy. Returning home at the age of twenty-one years, he was elected Sheriff of Watagua county. This office he held by successive reëlections until 1859. In North Carolina the sheriff is the tax-collector. Watagua county is mountainous, and considerable unlawful business thrived, so the job required a man of indomitable courage, who would travel into the mountain fastnesses in the discharge of his duties. This life moulded McCanles into a man of determination and utter disregard of trouble or damage from any source or in any form.

Returning "Crackers" or Georgians from the Pike's Peak gold-fields passed through Watagua county in 1858. Their stories fired McCanless with the idea of seeking his fortunes in the wilds of the West, and with the clouds of civil strife impending he made plans to journey westward early in the spring of 1859.

McCanles married Miss Mary Green, of the Green

family of Revolutionary fame, during the first year of his office as Sheriff, and at the time of his departure for the West they had the following children living: Monroe, Julius, Clingman, and Elizabeth.

Accompanied by James Wood, a cousin and several others, McCanles rode across Tennessee, Kentucky and Illinois to St. Louis. They went thence by steamboat to Leavenworth, Kansas, proceeding from that point up the Oregon Trail with a wagon outfitted for the Pike's Peak country.

By the time the party had reached Rock Creek Station, in April, 1859, he had dismissed much of his dreams of golden riches by prospecting or mining, and was ready to secure ownership of some well-located ranch along the Trail where the returns were perhaps not so alluring but more assured. When he found that Newton Glenn, then proprietor of the West Rock Creek Ranch, was willing to sell, he immediately traded for it and took possession. Finding that this location was a poor one on account of lack of water, and other features, he built the East Side Ranch house and barns, because a good well was located near by. This was also called the Elkhorn Station, and was later the scene of the Wild Bill-McCanles tragedy. McCanles also built a toll-bridge across Rock creek between the two stations, using the West Ranch for freighters, emigrants, etc., and the East Station for the Overland Mail Stage and Pony Express business. The charges for crossing the toll-bridge ran from ten cents to one dollar and fifty cents per wagon outfit. This brought in quite a daily revenue for McCanles and the subsequent owners.

The wife and family of McCanles journeyed overland by ox-team from North Carolina during the summer of 1859. Charles was born en route, in Tennessee. They finally reached Rock Creek Station September 20th, 1859, and took up their residence in the East or Elkhorn Station, residing here and at Little Sandy during that year and up to about May, 1861, when they moved to the ranch of James Leroy McCanles, near the mouth of Rock creek. Here the daughter Jennie was born.

After the death of McCanles the family continued to live at this ranch until Endicott was plotted out around them, when with the sons going into the mercantile business, the family moved into more pretentious dwellings.

James Leroy McCanles came to Rock Creek Station in the fall of 1859, and was interested with his brother until a few months before the death of the latter, departing, and residing at Crab Orchard a few years before going to Colorado. He is now one of its most influential and wealthiest men, living in the city of Florence. He is a president of banks and the owner of many other lines of business.

With the exception of Clingman and Elizabeth, all the children married early, and have reared large families of children, who are carving out name and fortune for themselves in the world's work. Julius lives in Florence, Colo.; Monroe in Kansas City, Mo.; Charles in Florence, Colo.; all having a goodly competence of worldly goods, enabling them to enjoy the pleasures and comforts of life. Clingman, Lizzie and Jennie live near Endicott, where they have long

ago earned the respect of their neighbors as men and women, who treasure their acquaintance and friendship.

Mrs. McCanles died at the home of her son, Charles, in Colorado, about 1904. Grandma, as she was reverently called by all people alike, was a typical pioneer woman, quaint and odd in speech and manner, possessing that warm heart and kindly disposition which only mothers can have. Her many friends and acquaintances will always cherish and remember her narratives of the incidents of early days, especially the boys and girls who used to do her little chores for the promise of an Indian story when the task was accomplished.

TALES OF DAVID COLBERT McCANLES.

David Colbert McCanles was a man of the real pioneer type, and possessed of certain characteristics that stamped him as a man to be reckoned with. Some men are born leaders and masters of men. McCanles was such a man, and coupled with this was his utter disregard of danger in any form. This gained him the respect of nearly every man that he came in contact with—many from admiration, but most of them through fear.

Such men make history rapidly. McCanles lived in Jefferson county only two years. He was the leading character in the drama of frontier life during that time, also being regarded by the men of his period as a well-informed man. He also had quite a reputation as an orator, and no early-day gathering was considered complete unless McCanles had been called upon to expound his beliefs upon the issues of the day. Although many of his listeners did not agree with him, nevertheless he gained their respect and admiration by his sincerity and the able presentation of his beliefs. McCanles was a man of many moods, capable of being stirred to the highest degree of action in anger or in mirth. He had original ideas of fun and of punishment, and was wont to mix up the two, greatly to the discomfiture of his victims. He possessed a peculiar code of honor and manhood not much unlike the average men of the present day, hating above all things a man that would lie, or at-

tempt to deceive him; for such offenders he could hardly conceive suitable punishment. He wanted to see the man playing his game open and aboveboard, and to make his word as good as his bond. He hated the man who would knowingly take an advantage of a defenseless person, or would sneakingly steal, or do harm to another or to his property. Such men he considered legitimate subjects upon whom to personally administer his modes of punishment.

McCanles was a man who loved excitement; was never content unless he was in the midst of some gathering of men, where there was "something doing," and if there was not he would soon start something.

When in a pleasant frame of mind he would greet each man in the most courteous manner, introducing himself to strangers and inquiring of their welfare, whence they came, and the object of their journey.

McCanles was an admirer of men who possessed great physical strength, or the highest accomplishments and skill in games of chance; and upon finding a man who promised to be his equal, he was intent to match against him,—generally for a wager.

He was a pastmaster at about all the early-day forms of sport, and came out victor in nearly every trial. The main diversions were horseracing, gambling, wrestling, boxing, rough-and-tumble fighting, dog-fighting, and drinking.

McCanles soon gained a reputation of being one of the greatest sportsmen along the Trail, a man who would bet on anything that had sport in it; and it was considered a safe wager that McCanles would win

the money. When not entertaining a gathering in the rougher sports, he would often pick up the violin or banjo and to the accompaniment of his rich melodious voice, render the popular songs and airs of that day, or furnish the music for festive occasions where dancing was staged.

He was keenly alive to his high qualifications and power over other men, making the best use of them to secure his desired ends. While he bore to a certain degree the reputation of being a bad character, he always staged his many activities in the limelight of publicity, seemingly without fear of criticism or interference. These traits gave him a bad reputation, for the most part undeserved. This judgment was based upon the usual tendencies of such men. It was believed that one who committed such acts in the open would be guilty of secretly perpetrating deeds of theft and violence, which would stamp him as an outlaw or desperado. Contrary to all such beliefs and assertions, the closest investigation does not reveal any such acts by McCanles or his men.

McCanles came to Nebraska in the prime of life. He was about thirty years of age, a man of powerful physique, weighing a trifle over two hundred pounds, and well sciened in the use of his strength, having never felt the sting of defeat in a personal encounter. He was fresh from the exercise of authority as sheriff of a county in the mountains of North Carolina. In his new home he became the owner and keeper of a ranch and station at the fringe of civilization, on a heavy traveled trail, where he met daily the cosmo-

politan crowds going to and returning from the golden El Dorado, men in every walk of life, of every disposition, power, or possession.

No weakling could face and deal with such a situation. It took a real frontiersman, and McCanles was equal to the occasion. With mouth, fist and gun he buffeted through these eventful days, carrying out his ideas of authority and right and preserving a primitive state of law and order at the station.

His rough-shod administration gave cause for the circulation of many stories wherein McCanles figured as the leading desperado and outlaw of that day. So, of natural sequence, McCanles attracted about him such men as he had found or deemed to be his equal, or congenial to him. These men generally accompanied him on his frequent trips to the neighboring ranches, participating in his escapades. Eventually those who feared McCanles, or disliked him, labeled them the "McCanles Gang."

First of these was Charles Stockwater, credited with being McCanles's closest friend, the man upon whom he depended more than any other in his employ. Next was Jim Woods, a cousin, who came from North Carolina with McCanles; he was perhaps next in his estimation, and Jim Gordon, who came from Missouri. Then came James Le Roy McCanles, a brother, who joined him in 1860, but who did not approve nor take part in all of the acts accredited to McCanles. This was the foundation of the trouble between the two brothers, which resulted in their separation early in the year of 1861. James then made his residence

in the eastern part of the State, near the present town of Crab Orchard, being at this place the day that his brother was killed. Then there was Joe Baker, who was at the station on the day of the tragedy, being in the employ of the Stage Company. Lastly comes Harry Goff, a man greatly addicted to the use of liquor,—so much so, that it often incapacitated him for work, greatly to the annoyance of his employers, who found him an invaluable man when sober.

McCanles had at various times in his employ several other men, who went by the name of "Jim," "John," "Bill," and "Jake"; but from the fact that most men then were known only by their nicknames or given names, who they really were cannot be definitely stated.

The ranch and station-keeping business at Rock Creek proved to be very profitable to McCanles, his income being estimated from $500 to $1000 per month. To operate the business ten to twenty men were employed to herd the cattle and horses, tend to the stages, stores and barns, to freight in supplies of goods, grain and hay, and other general business of such a station.

This income, coupled with that which he received from other sources, must have totaled a goodly sum, so there can be but little doubt that McCanles did lay by quite an amount of money daily, and there may exist some foundation for the "Pot of Gold" story.

McCanles at heart was a sympathizer with the South, and perhaps had he been there at the outbreak of the war he would have enlisted in the Confederate Army; but being in the North, and doing business on a great

thoroughfare that was teeming with men of both factions, he adopted a neutral position, largely for business reasons.

But he could not long remain inactive. Noting the great volume of goods and moneys that daily passed over the Trail, he quickly recognized that here lay an excellent opportunity to secure wealth, and at the same time deliver telling blows for the aid of his native land.

Having a nucleus already formed, it is alleged that he quietly approached other men, whom he believed fit to join him in his contemplated undertaking, that of preying upon the travelers over this roadway much the same as Quantrill and others did along the borders between the two warring sections of the country. Most of his time during the spring and early summer of 1861 was spent in collecting and perfecting such an organization. Every man was exacted to take a binding oath of the strictest secrecy and fidelity. How many men McCanles had gathered into this organization is not known, nor what their real intentions were, as McCanles was shot down on the eve of their intended departure, on the 12th of July, 1861.

McCanles was an admirer of the gentler sex, and was very exacting of those upon whom he bestowed favors and affections. Furthermore, he expected, or rather forced the lady of his choice to be *his* mistress, true to him alone. Such relations supposedly existed between McCanles and Kate Schell, which was perhaps one of the causes that led up to his death. McCanles had known this young girl in the mountains of North Carolina. Their relations there were of the

nature that the girl was ready and willing to follow McCanles a few months later, to become his mistress at his ranch on Rock creek, despite the fact that he had a wife and family. Kate Schell at the time of her arrival was described as being a beautiful, well-proportioned girl of about twenty years of age, fair, blue-eyed, her head crowned with a mass of dark hair, of neat appearance, and well dressed, always carrying herself in a ladylike manner, and somewhat reserved in company. Underlying this quiet demeanor was a spirit of determination and self-reliance which became very evident to all persons attempting to trifle with her. Situated as she was, exposed to the advances of thousands of men, one cannot help but admire her steadfast allegiance to her accepted lover, despite all the wrongs she may have been guilty of, in the marital affairs of McCanles and his lawful wedded wife. Mrs. McCanles and the children came overland by ox-team from North Carolina, several months later than her husband and Kate Schell, arriving at Rock creek on the 20th of September, 1859. They took up residence in the east ranch house, while Kate Schell continued to be the mistress of the west side ranch house.

Both women, seemingly, were aware of the immoral relations, for it was but the continuation of that carried on in North Carolina. Although Mrs. McCanles was very much opposed to this, it was continued, despite her protests. McCanles even forced the two women to be friendly when they met in public, and to entertain each other, often exchanging dinner invitations back and forth.

Regardless of the apparently smooth domestic relationship between the two households, McCanles was put to his utmost to keep affairs in hand. It is alleged that although fearing no man, he really had a fear of the threats that his wife made demanding that he cast aside the girl. Anyway, he gave promises to that effect, and was in the act of carrying out his promises at the time of his death. Perhaps it was the knowledge that she was to be discarded that prompted Kate Schell to encourage the wooing of "Wild Bill," and to conduct herself in such a manner as to cause these two men to become the most deadly enemies.

Whether this be true or not, Kate was stricken with remorse when she witnessed the culmination of her actions, believing that this had led up to the tragic event. Staying but to see her only lover buried, she fled by the next westbound stage to some point in the Rocky Mountains, which seemingly swallowed her up as the waves of the ocean would some drifting derelict.

Whether McCanles intended to be true to his wife or to his mistress will never be known, some people being of the belief that he had made arrangements to meet the girl at some distant place in the near future, and that he had confided to her the hiding-place of his "pot of gold." If this be true, perhaps she unearthed and took the "golden treasure" along with her, but this is hardly probable, for it would undoubtedly have been noted by those who witnessed her departure.

McCanles would not only administer punishment to offenders outside of his circle, but would deal just as severely with his friends and boon companions when they disobeyed some of his unwritten laws.

The following tales will give a fairly accurate idea of the man.

Environments have much to do with the making of men. So it is best to take men as we find them, measuring them by the standards and customs of their time and period—not by ours. McCanles's characteristics were molded largely by his life associations with men who were for the most part lawless, who recognized the law of might rather than that of right. He learned to be the master of such men, and to shape their activities to be of use and remuneration to his interests.

Wild Bill had much the same environments to develop him into being recognized as the most noted "gun-man" of the plains. Fortunately for all, affairs shaped themselves so that his activities could be drafted into lawful channels and use,—the Civil War, Indian wars, city marshalships, etc. No doubt this had quite an influence in curbing Wild Bill's unlawful tendency.

PUNISHING INDIANS.

Indians were frequently at the early station houses, and were pilferers of many things lying within their reach. Many became very troublesome, knowing the white man's fear of offending them. So they took advantage of every opportunity to carry the practice of such indignities even into the privacy of the home, unless they were forcibly compelled to desist.

Quite a band of Indians were encamped near the Rock Creek Station during the spring of 1860. Several of the bucks came up to the station house one morning, long before the usual breakfast hour. McCanles was awake, and he went to see what they wanted. Learn-

ing that it was for the usual errands, he busied himself with the duties of station-master, ignoring their presence. In the mean time, Mrs. McCanles had proceeded with the preparation of the morning meal. One Indian seemingly was attracted by the odor of the steaming coffee and browning biscuits, for he stood close beside the kitchen window during all this time, apparently motionless. When the meal was ready the family were called, and all gathered around the table. Presently Mrs. McCanles arose to get the extra pan of biscuits that had been placed on a bench near the window. To her surprise, most of the biscuits had disappeared. She called her husband's attention to it, and as they talked a brown hand, grimy and dirty, stealthily passed through the window, and another handful of biscuits disappeared. McCanles rose and stood by the window. Soon the hand came back. As it closed down to grasp another handful, "swish," a knife pinned the hand to the table! A cry of horror and pain came from without, and several Indians came running to his assistance. McCanles strode out of the door and showed the Indians through the window, the hand pinned down in the pan of biscuits. He then withdrew the knife and the Indian was taken down to their camp by his laughing companions, who seemed to appreciate the incident as a great joke, calling the culprit, "the biscuit-thief."

PUNISHMENT OF CHARLES STOCKWATER.

Charles Stockwater was McCanles's most trusted lieutenant. He ran the ranch on Little Sandy for McCanles. While so engaged, he found a yoke of oxen

that had strayed away from a certain party, that McCanles disliked. Stockwater had used the oxen about the ranch for some time before the party came to claim them. It was customary in these days to claim ownership of stray property, should it not be called for during a certain length of time. This period had been passed, but Stockwater gave the man possession of the oxen without any trouble. McCanles, learning of this, came and took him to task for doing such an unbusinesslike trick, as he termed it. Stockwater and he were about evenly matched physically; they had often tried out their skill and strength against each other. Consequently Stockwater had but very little fear of McCanles, and naturally he resented the reproval given him. This brought about a violent quarrel, in which the two men came to blows, ending with McCanles overpowering him.

Stockwater then attempted to use his gun, but McCanles was the quicker of the two, shooting point blank at Stockwater, the ball striking him on the forehead, glancing around the skull beneath the skin to the back part of the head. McCanles was now much enraged, and proceeded to mete out what he termed a suitable punishment for such an act. Throwing a lariat over his shoulders, he mounted his horse and dragged him up and down the frozen road in front of the station. Stockwater, although badly bruised by this treatment, would not admit of wrong or beg forgiveness; so McCanles tied the rope to the pommel of his saddle and led him down the Trail to the Rock Creek Ranch, about fifteen miles distant. Here he further tortured and punished him, finally breaking and conquering the

man's spirit. Completely subjugated, he now acknowledged his errors and asked for pardon. McCanles ceased his persecutions and dressed the many wounds that covered his body, giving him the best of care and attention, at the same time saying that he admired a man of the grit of Stockwater, and that he was a man after his own heart. But Stockwater did not seem to cherish the same opinions of McCanles, for on his recovery he silently disappeared from the country.

McCanles abandoned the Little Sandy Ranch soon afterwards, and this closed the incident.

HARRY GOFF.

Harry Goff was one of McCanles's men. He had an abnormal appetite for liquor, which often incapacitated him for work. Although McCanles was quite a drinker, he would not tolerate drunkenness among his men, especially when there was something on hand to do. Goff was left in charge of the station one day, and he proceeded to celebrate the occasion. When McCanles returned that evening, Goff was lying before the fireplace fast asleep, in a drunken stupor. McCanles was much put out, and determined to teach him a lesson. Taking a powder-can, he poured Goff's beard and hair full of powder and laid a train leading to the door; then, calling the men of the place to witness the fun, he ignited the train of powder. Goff awoke in a fiery furnace of flame, which set fire to his clothing, but the congregated men soon put out the fire by dousing him in the water-trough near by. Goff did not take this prank very good-naturedly, calling the

men vile names and making violent threats. When he found out that it was McCanles who had played the trick, he threatened to take his life, and started to get his gun. McCanles prevented him, and told him to quiet down and behave himself, but Goff became more abusive; so the men tied him on the back of an unbroken horse, which they turned loose, following along behind on their horses to witness the fun. The horse was allowed to completely tire itself out before they released Goff from his perilous position. Still, he would not see the error of his way, so the men started to give him the third degree, but Goff had witnessed other men climbing the thorn-trees, so he gave in to the demands of his captors. Goff seemed to take heed from this incident, for he rarely got drunk afterwards, especially if McCanles was liable to take offense at his so doing.

PUNISHMENT OF HOLMES.

McCanles apprehended a man named Holmes, who had stolen a suit of clothes from one of McCanles's men. Throwing a lariat around him, they led him to the Rock Creek Station and proceeded to punish him in divers ways. Throwing the rope over the house, they would pull him up onto the roof, and then, with a quick-given slack, allow him to roll and tumble to the ground, and finally, it is alleged, forced him to climb a small honey-locust tree. The pain and consequent torture of such an experience can only be realized by those who have actually had experience.

Holmes's wounds became swollen and festered, and he was in a pitiable condition for some time, but eventually recovered, and McCanles made amends.

SCARING MIKE CONLEY.

Mike Conley was the man who lived with Moncreve, the squaw-man, near the junction of the Little Blue River and Big Sandy, for many years before the coming of the white man. McCanles never liked

MIKE CONLEY.

Conley, for some reason. While passing Shumway's ranch one evening he espied Conley in the house drinking in company with other men. He dismounted and strode into the ranch-house, greeting every man there in a friendly manner, inviting them to take a drink

with him, entirely ignoring Conley, who stepped up to partake of the treat. McCanles in the mean time had been talking in a loud voice, telling what he thought of certain men, and then, apparently noticing Conley for the first time, pulled out his gun and commenced firing into the fireplace behind him. Conley, knowing McCanles by reputation, believed it advisable to vacate, and started for the door, but seeing escape in that direction was cut off, he leaped through the window, carrying a part of the sash with him. The crowd ran out and helped him gain speed by firing their pistols off high in the air. Conley reached Joel Helvey's ranch a few minutes later in an exhausted condition, still carrying the sash about his neck, saying, when he had recovered his breath, that he had outrun a whole regiment of men trying to kill him. This afforded everybody much amusement except Conley.

HAVING FUN WITH A PREACHER.

A certain party of emigrants were encamped near Joel Helvey's ranch one Sabbath day. One of this party was a minister of the gospel, and he secured permission to hold services in the ranch house that afternoon.

While the crowd was gathering, McCanles rode up, accompanied by several of his men. Not knowing the program, he invited all present to partake of a treat in drinking whisky. As usual, all stepped up to participate, excepting the preacher and a few of his party; noting this, McCanles inquired of them the reason. The preacher told him who he was, and of the intended services. McCanles apologized for his interruption, and took his place among the listeners. Shortly after

the services began, he noticed that a glass of water had been placed on a sill behind the preacher, so that he might handily secure it when needed. Then came the idea to play a trick on the unsuspecting minister. Taking another glass, he filled it with clear "moonshine" whisky and substituted it for the glass of water. In due time the minister reached for the glass and proceeded to swallow its contents in great gulps, but to his surprise the liquid was horribly fiery. Choking and strangling, it was some time before he could regain his breath and voice. The crowd was greatly amused, but the preacher was equal to the occasion, and was quick to locate the perpetrator of the joke, as was shown by his quietly requesting McCanles to bring him a glass of water to wash down his drink with, remarking that gentlemen usually took a "chaser" after their drinks. The laugh was now on McCanles, who good-naturedly complied.

After the close of the services the preacher and McCanles became engaged in a discussion of the Bible, and McCanles showed his ability to quote it almost in entirety, to the astonishment of many of his hearers.

These incidents caused the two leading characters to become the best of friends, and upon leave-taking to wish each other the best of blessings. The minister as a parting shot deplored that a man possessing such natural gifts should be wasting his life in the fields of sin, where he could accomplish so much in the vineyards of the Master. McCanles, answering him, spoke out perhaps his fatalistic belief: "I appreciate your kindly feeling toward me, but my life was destined to be along different lines—I cannot change it. Good-by."

MC CANLES'S FIGHTING BULLDOG.

McCanles was invariably accompanied by a black, curly, cross-bred Scotch-terrier bulldog, which had an unbeaten record as a fighter. McCanles's dog had a certain hold that he sought to secure on his antagonist, which invariably put the other dog "hors de combat." McCanles would put him up against any dog that a wager would be laid upon. One day a party of fifty Missourians were passing through, bound westward. They had a bulldog, smooth-haired and English-bred, whose fighting abilities they boasted much about. McCanles was not at the ranch, and learning on his return of their much-vaunted bulldog, he followed them to Big Sandy, where he arranged a fight to a finish for one hundred dollars, to take place that evening, in the corral. Naturally, quite a crowd gathered to witness the contest. The McCanles dog soon got his favorite hold, and was forcing the Missourian's dog to weaken. This caused a big lank Missourian to viciously kick McCanles's dog, whereupon McCanles whirled the man around by a blow with his fist, saying that no man could kick his dog around. Other Missourians started to the rescue, but thought better after a few blows from McCanles's fists, and the attitude of the other men about the station.

The beaten dog was rescued, but the men were not yet satisfied, and clamored for the privilege of whipping McCanles, who offered to fight anyone, two or three men singly to a finish. A big red-headed, barefooted giant was chosen as his opponent. After stripping and meeting in the center of the corral, the Missourian asked McCanles for the privilege of feeling his muscles, which favor was accorded to him.

After making a close inspection, he turned to the crowd and said: "I have urgent business at Denver, and have given my word to return home soon, so I ain't agoin' to fight." McCanles then offered to fight the whole bunch singly in turn, but the Missourians were now thoroughly awed, and declined to start hostilities. McCanles then, to show his contempt, grabbed their dog by the hind legs and with a whirl threw him out of the corral, over the top of a canvas-top freight wagon, a distance of over fifty feet. Then, securing and stuffing the money into his pockets, he strode unmolested out of the corral, to the bar of the station house, inviting the crowd to drink to "The Best Dog on the Trail."

RETURN OF BABCOCK'S CATTLE.

Farrell and Furbush were freighters operating on the Old Trail from Nebraska City to points in the Rocky Mountains. They kept part of their oxen at Babcock's ranch, on the Big Sandy, where they recuperated from the effect of their long journeys across the plains.

In some manner this firm became indebted to McCanles, who sought to collect, and he with the aid of his men drove off all the oxen and cattle of this company that were on the premises of Babcock, taking them up to the D. C. Jenkins Ranch. Babcock, noting that they had taken his cattle along with those of Farrell and Furbush, went over and told McCanles that he had taken all of his (Babcock's) cattle also, and that this was about all he had, and it would be an awful hardship for him to lose them. Many men had told Babcock that to ask McCanles for them would be an invitation for trouble. On the contrary, Mc-

Canles said to him, "Billy, if you have any cattle in that bunch, go in there and pick them out and take them home," which Babcock proceeded to do.

McCanles took the rest of the cattle down to the Rock Creek Ranch, and after a trial over the matter, which was held soon after in Beatrice, McCanles secured lawful possession of the cattle. This caused Furbush to retire from the freighting business.

THE POT OF GOLD.

Most historic spots have a story of romance, valor, superstition, or lost treasure. So, it will not be amiss to relate, of Rock Creek Station, the legend or tale of the "pot of gold." Whether or not there was a pot of gold buried—whether it was ever found—there exists no way of knowing, and it's for you to decide.

Imagine a big kettle of cast-iron, standing three or four inches off the ground on three legs, deep enough in which to hide a water-bucket, having an iron lid covering the top, and filled to the brim with gold—nothing but gold, in nuggets, chunks, dust, and coined pieces of every existing mintage prior to the sixties; and then think that it lies buried somewhere in the hills close to Rock Creek Station, on the old Oregon Trail.

Thus runs the legend. McCanles brought a tidy sum of money with him from North Carolina, and this was daily added to by his incomes until it became necessary to adopt more than ordinary means for safeguarding it. There were no banks in that country in those days. The country was new, and there was danger from Indians and outlaws. McCanles determined to conceal his money by burying it. The big iron pot was used for the primitive underground bank.

It was buried under the puncheon floor of the bedroom of his east ranch, and there he nightly poured a golden stream into the fast-filling receptacle. Then came his preparations for leaving the country and the sale of the stations, which necessitated the removal of the pot and its burial at some other place. Mrs. McCanles, his widow, said many times that her husband, under her protection, removed the pot and reburied it somewhere close to the station a few nights before they vacated the station-house. McCanles was gone only one hour, so the spot selected by him could not be very far away. Following the reburial, McCanles was busy for a few months, and then just as he was on the eve of his departure he was killed by Wild Bill.

Only a few days before he was killed he informed Mrs. McCanles of his intention to confide to her in a day or so the exact location of the pot of gold, hinting vaguely that two boulders marked its hiding-place. But McCanles reckoned not that death would seal his lips. Perhaps his attempt to speak to his son in his dying moments was to reveal the secret place of the pot of gold.

Many men have searched days and months all over the hills, from the ranch to the McCanles home at the mouth of Rock creek, but if any were successful in their hunt for the buried treasure silence sealed their lips. Opinions and beliefs are much divided, some believing that James Leroy McCanles might have found it soon after his brother's death; others that this or that man found it, while the greater part believe it yet remains to be found. And some believe that the whole thing is nothing more than a mythical story of a Pot of Gold.

THE WILD BILL-McCANLES TRAGEDY.

This tragedy is conceded to be the supreme frontier pioneer tragic drama of Jefferson county. All others become dimmed in comparison of the characters, acts and deeds of these two men, whose personnel was far above that of the average. One became the most notorious killer on the plains, the other filled an untimely grave, but no doubt, with life, he would have carved himself a name in pioneer history. This story has been told and retold, every imaginable version given, with the part of leading tragedian and hero almost unanimously accorded to Wild Bill.

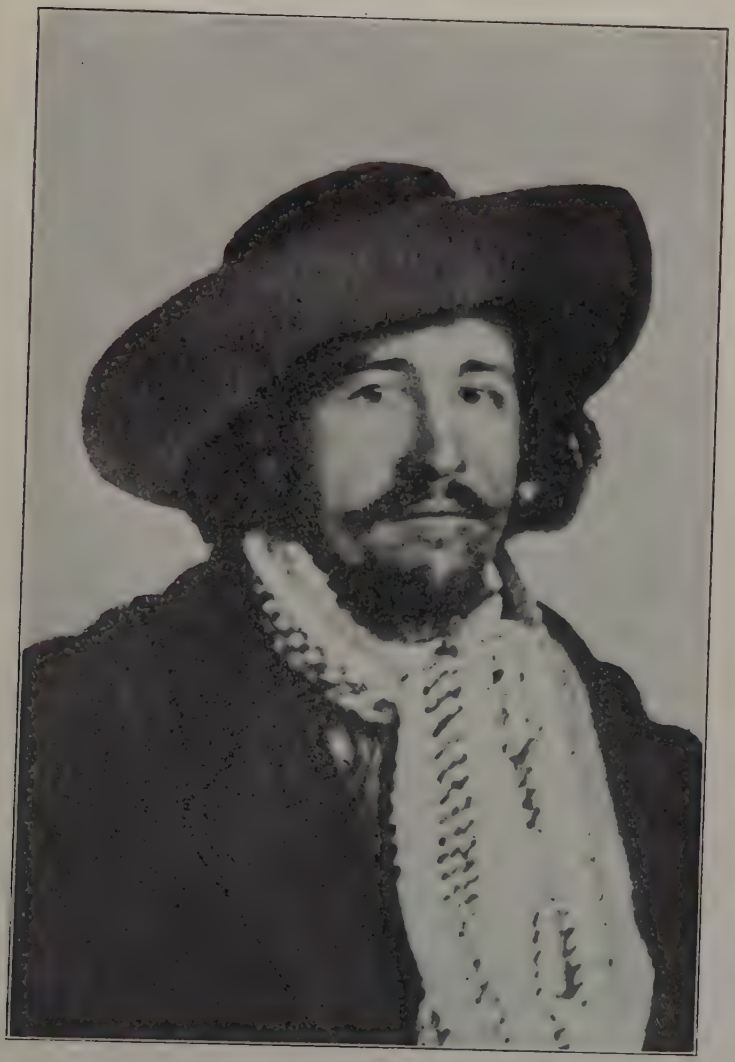
But with years tempering down the heat, personal enmities and feeling, no time is more opportune than the present to secure an accurate account of the events leading to it, and the tragedy itself. With no attempt to drag an idol from its pedestal nor to create one to supplant it, the author, guided alone by facts, gives a portrayal which was secured from court records, actual participants, eye-witnesses, and old settlers who were on the scene a few hours after the tragedy.

McCanles was a broad-minded but restless man, not easily confined to one place or vicinity or business for any length of time. Being of Scotch-Irish descent, he was naturally a fighting man, shrewd and calculating. He might be termed "The High Financier" of this period, and organizer of men and systems. Neither history nor tradition reveals a really criminal act committed by him, which is something we cannot say of

our "Kings of High Finance" at the present time. His main business was the running of ranches at Rock Creek and Little Sandy, operating a toll-bridge at the former place, which brought him quite a revenue; dealing in horses, mules and oxen, grains, hay and other supplies that overland travelers required. This was about the only business at that time, and was very remunerative. Tiring of his environments, or perhaps feeling the coursing of patriotic blood and desiring an opportunity to defend the firesides of his own Southland, he commenced to convert his belongings into money in the early part of 1861, selling the Little Sandy Ranch and moving his family to the mouth of Rock creek, a more protected and settled community. Then he disposed of the East Rock Creek Ranch buildings to the Overland Stage and Mail Company for a certain sum of money to be paid in several payments at stated times, having previously sold the ranch buildings of West Rock Creek to Hagenstein & Wolf.

The Overland Stage and Mail Company, which was then owned by Ben Holladay, hired Horace Wellman, who had previously worked at the Big Sandy Station, to run this ranch, and he with his common-law wife took possession during the first days of May, 1861. Wellman was to make these payments for the Company to McCanles, but for reasons never fully known, he failed to make the second and third payments as they fell due, alleging that he had not received the sums from his employer.

McCanles, believing otherwise, took this as sufficient grounds for investigation, and trouble arose between the parties concerned.



D. C. McCanles.

James Butler Hickock, or, as he was afterwards known, "Wild Bill," had been sent to Rock Creek Station by the Overland Stage and Mail Company to recuperate from wounds which he had received the year previously in an encounter with a bear. He arrived on the first stage going westward in the spring of '61, and was given employment by McCanles (who at that time was operating the station) as a stock-tender or herder of the stage and mail horses, which position he continued to hold up to the day of the tragedy.

Wild Bill, figuratively speaking, was but a pale-faced boy compared with the other men of the station and of those that daily passed through. This was evidenced by the position assigned him and the treatment given him by the older men he came in contact with.

His weakness was gambling, and it is alleged that he created suspicion in the minds of several fellow-gamblers by his methods of winning. Words followed, and these big burly men, not caring to take a boy's life, used their fist or open hand in administering rebuke and justice upon the wrong-doer.

McCanless took Wild Bill to task one day, manhandling him with the departing injunction that he cease his gambling or leave the station.

Wild Bill never openly resented this treatment. Meekly taking it all, he silently awaited his opportunity to return it all with a vengeance many fold.

Romance now enters the story. Back in the sunny hills of North Carolina there lived a lass, beautiful of face and form, ideal, and embodying all that makes man chivalrous and death-defying.

Kate Schell, as she was commonly known, journeyed

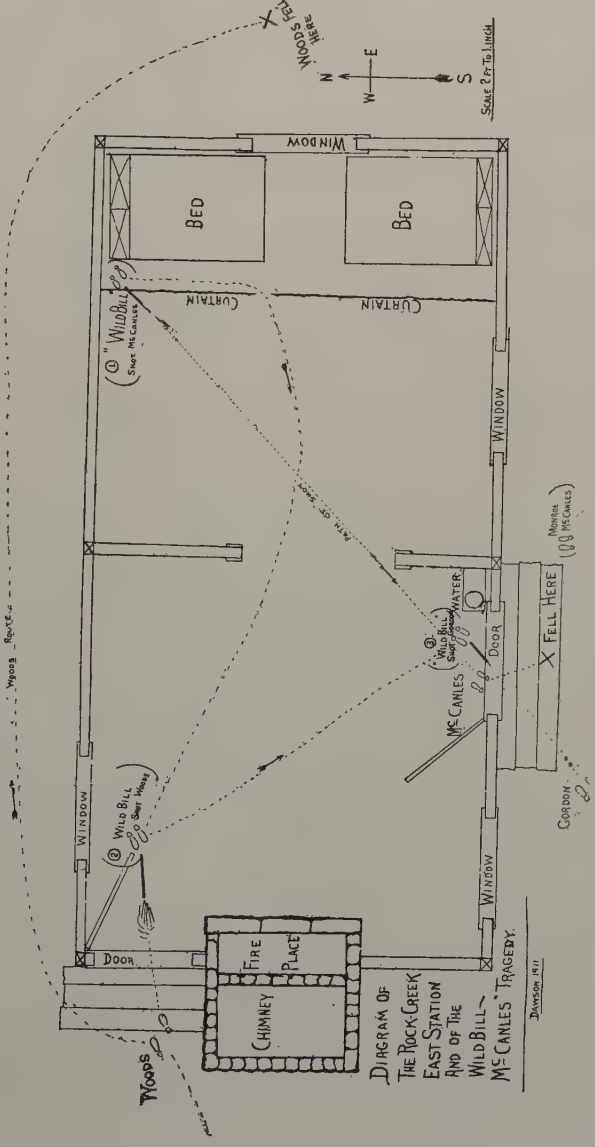


DIAGRAM OF THE ROCK-CREEK EAST STATION AND OF THE WILD BILL-MC CANLES TRAGEDY.

DAWSON 1911

from her home in the pine-clad mountains to the desert wilds of Nebraska, during the summer of 1860. The motive that impelled her to reside at Rock Creek Station was concealed in the hearts of a select few. At least her charms (so Dame Gossip says) were reserved to this circle, and that fact caused domestic troubles.

However be it, perusal of Wild Bill's history at Rock Creek Station reveals him as a secret suitor of this mountain lass. This became known to McCanles, who promptly accused Wild Bill and forbade him under the pain of personal violence or death to cross the creek to the west ranch where she resided, which mandate was apparently obeyed until the closing days of the tragic drama.

McCanles was at this time residing with his family at the mouth of Rock creek. He had busied himself during the month of June in the preparations for his leave-taking, and was very desirous to receive his last payments (June and July respectively) for his East Rock Creek ranch. He called on Wellman one day in the last of June. They agreed after considerable talk that Wellman should make a trip to Nebraska City and there secure from sub-headquarters of the Mail and Stage Company, money to make such payments; and if not money, supplies of equal value.

It was also agreed that Monroe (a twelve-year-old son of McCanles) was to accompany Wellman on this trip. Wellman departed about the first of July, arriving at Nebraska City in due time. He loaded his wagon with a few supplies and turned homeward, but was belated by storm and flood, and did not reach home until the eve of July 11. Whether he succeeded

in getting money for the payments was not then known. However, he dismissed Monroe that evening to go home and tell his father that he did not get it, nor the supplies to make the payments. This greatly angered the elder McCanles.

During Wellman's absence Wild Bill, who had previously lived in a dugout cabin on the south bank of Rock creek between the two stations (150 feet directly southwest of the center of Section 26–2–3), took up his abode in the east ranch house at Wellman's request, so he could assume the duties of temporary station master during his absence.

McCanles was also on a short trip during the greater part of Wellman's absence, so matters at Rock Creek Station shaped and ran themselves largely.

During the absence of McCanles and Wellman, each ranch house was the scene of high revelry, Kate Schell joining in the festive occasions. When Wellman returned he reprimanded them for these actions, which he deemed damaging to the reputation of the station and its station-master.

McCanles was delayed until in the afternoon of the following day before he could personally interview Wellman, when, accompanied by James Wood, a cousin, James Gordon, a man in his employ, and his son Monroe, he eventually arrived at the east station at about 4 P. M. of that fateful day.

While riding along the road McCanles told Woods and Gordon that he would confront Wellman, and the bunch at the house alone, and for them to tie their horses at the barn and keep the men who were always lounging about there from interfering, and if they

noticed serious trouble at the house to come immediately to his assistance.

McCanles had a short double-barreled shotgun strapped on his saddle, and, as was customary in that day, the others had pistols in their holsters, strapped around their bodies.

McCanles dismounted at the well, where the horses were given a drink, and, accompanied by Monroe, he walked toward the house, meeting Wellman on the west doorsteps.

McCanles immediately charged Wellman with duplicity, and demanded prompt payment or possession of the premises. Wellman again reiterated statements of his inability to secure the promised sum. Angry words followed, and Wellman, fearing McCanles, retreated into the house. Mrs. Wellman took his place in the doorway and commenced to volley forth vituperative abuse of McCanles, who attempted to ignore her remarks, stating that he had come to settle with Wellman personally, and that his business was with men, not women.

Thereupon Wild Bill pushed the woman aside and confronted McCanles, who was somewhat surprised at his appearance on the scene, but proceeded to question him with "What in the h—, Bill, have you got to do with this? My business is with Wellman, not you, and if you want to take a hand in it, come on out here, and we will settle it like men."

"Wild Bill" sulkily answered, "Perhaps 'tis or taint." "Well, then," said McCanles, "Bill, we are friends, ain't we? I want to know. We have been, ain't we, Bill?" "I guess so," Bill replied. "Then,"

said McCanles, "send Wellman out here, so I can settle with him, or I am coming to get him." But each knew of the deadly enmity that existed between them, which was covered up only by a thin veneer. Seemingly in compliance to the request, Wild Bill stepped back into the room, but McCanles grew suspicious on hearing parts of conversations between Wellman and Wild Bill, and as Kate Schell and a young girl, Sarah Kelsey, a stepdaughter of Joe Baker, one of McCanles's old employees, were in the kitchen and would be within the range of fire from that door, McCanles decided to go around to the south, or front door, from which he could command a view of the entire house, excepting behind a curtain that hung across the east end, screening the bed from the rest of the house. Stepping into the doorway, McCanles observed Wellman and Wild Bill in earnest conversation, and perhaps to attract their attention to his presence, he asked for a drink of water. Complying with the request, Wild Bill stepped to the right of the door, and from a bucket of water secured a gourd-dipper full, which he handed to McCanles. As McCanles was in the act of drinking, he noticed Wild Bill stepping stealthily back towards the curtain. Instantly he dropped the dipper, and called upon Wild Bill to halt. But he was too late, for Wild Bill had reached a vantage point from which he could do deadly execution and be comparatively safe himself, for the curtain screened him from without, while he could see figures outside, enabling him to take definite aim.

McCanles realized his danger instantly, and called upon Wild Bill to come out from behind the curtain

and fight fair, adding that if he did not he would come in and drag him out. Wild Bill's answer was "There'll be one less —— when you try that."

Whether McCanles started to carry out his threat or to step out of the door, no one will ever know, but the next act was the firing of a rifle from behind the curtains, and McCanles, mortally wounded with a bullet through the heart, staggered and fell backward upon the door-steps. Notwithstanding this mortal wound, McCanles attempted to raise himself to a sitting position, aided by his son Monroe, who had run to his assistance. But the stupor of death fast possessed McCanles, and with inarticulate words forming on his lips, and eyes set, he slipped down through his son's helping arms and lay limp upon the broad doorstep.

Woods and Gordon, hearing the shot, and seeing McCanles fall, ran with all speed to the house, Woods seeking to enter the kitchen door while Gordon guarded the front door. As Woods stepped upon the threshold Wild Bill, from a concealed position, shot him twice with a pistol. Mortally wounded, he ran around the north side of the house and fell at the east end in a clump of weeds. Gordon, running behind Woods, reached the vicinity of the front door somewhat later, just in time to note Wild Bill's advantage of ambuscade and the effects of his deadly fire at Woods. As he turned, Wild Bill discharged a pistol point-blank at him. Mortally wounded, Gordon ran toward the barn with the intention of securing his horse, and as he ran down the path, Wild Bill shot him again, in the back. Gordon noting the hostile attitude of the men about the barn, now turned and fled for his life, down the

creek through the underbrush. Wild Bill pursued him for some distance, emptying the chambers of his pistols, and then returned to the house for ammunition.

In the meantime, Woods had been located in the weed-patch, and tradition says that his sufferings were ended with a grubbing-hoe in the hands of a woman. Anyway, a woman immediately afterward ran around the house brandishing this bloody instrument of death, crying out to Wild Bill, who had by this time returned and was reloading his guns, "Come, let's kill all of the ——," meaning to kill the boy, young Monroe, who was still bent over the dead body of his father and who had not yet realized his dangerous position. The boy had been dazed by the suddenness and horror of it all, but as he noted the woman coming toward him with the uplifted hoe, dripping with the blood of Woods, and seeing Wild Bill returning, he suddenly aroused himself, leaped to his feet and dashed away with fear lending speed to his limbs. He ran at the pace of the deer over the hills down to his home near the mouth of Rock creek, about three miles distant. Monroe owed his life to the fact that Wild Bill was unable to fire on account of being engaged in reloading his pistols until he was almost out of range, and the bullets that were sent after him fortunately missed their intended victim.

The firing attracted other men to the scene. Doc. Brink, a pony-express rider, and George Hulbert, a stage-driver, who were located at the West Ranch, hurried across the creek, and John Hughes, a half-hearted friend of both McCanles and Wild Bill, who had been hunting along the creek, also arrived on the scene at this time. Wild Bill now called Joe Baker,

one of the stock-tenders at the barn, and accused him of being a friend, or one of the McCanles gang. This Baker denied, but Wild Bill, with cocked pistol threatened to kill him also, and was only prevented by the latter's stepdaughter, who threw her arms about her stepfather and pleaded with Wild Bill for his life. This act caused Wild Bill to relent in a degree, and he proceeded instead to club Baker into insensibility with the butt of his pistol, saying, "Well, you've got to take that anyhow."

With all disposed of excepting Gordon, attention was now turned as to his whereabouts. Wild Bill, with the others accompanying him, secured McCanles's bloodhound and set him on Gordon's bloody trail that ran through the underbrush alongside of Rock creek. The dog soon found the victim, and when Wild Bill and the others reached the spot they beheld a pitiable spectacle. Gordon with his back to a small tree, his garments sodden with blood from his wounds, was fighting off the attacks of the dog that was leaping at his throat to throttle him. As the band of men watched this struggle between man and beast, Gordon, by a lucky stroke of his knife, was finally successful in killing the dog. Gordon, slipping down on bended knees, with his arms extended, beseeching piteously, appealed for his life. But this availed him nothing but curses and denunciations. Wild Bill turned to one of the party and handed him a shot-gun loaded with buckshot with the command, "Put that fellow out of misery. That'll show me that you don't belong to the McCanles gang." With fear in the heart, the command was obeyed, and

Gordon crumpled up at the base of the tree, literally riddled with buckshot.

The whole country was full of excitement. Settlers from far and near came that evening and the next day. Rude board coffins were constructed, and McCanles, with his cousin, Woods, were buried on the top of Soldiers' Hill, where they rested until the Burlington Railroad proceeded to lay its tracks directly through the hill at this point. This caused the reinterment of the bodies in the Fairbury cemetery, in 1880. Gordon's body lies where he fell, in an unmarked grave on a little knoll 100 feet south of the center of Section 26–2–3.

Kate Schell was put aboard a west-bound stage early next morning, and became a noted character of the early Black Hills history.

Hickock with others was arrested for manslaughter, and after a short trial was declared not guilty, upon the plea of self-defense. (NOTE.—General index, District Court of Jones County, Nebraska, transcript book, page 4; State of Nebraska, plaintiff, William B. Hickock, J. W. Brink and Horace Wellman, defendants. July 18, 1861.)

David Butler, afterwards Governor of the State of Nebraska, was prosecuting attorney and Judge O. M. Mason the presiding judge.

Wild Bill left Jones county soon after his acquittal Feeling ran high, and sentiment was somewhat divided. His version of the affair and that of his friends given at the trial gave him the name of "Wild Bill," which he ever afterward carried.

Many other versions give a larger number of men participating and being killed in this affair, and that Wild Bill contributed to the support of the McCanles widow for years afterward. There is no truth to such assertions, and the foregoing gives as complete and authentic account as possible.

Emerson Hough's account of this affair is given to show the wide variance between truth and fiction. Hough wrote this story some forty years ago, securing the data many times at second-hand without personal investigation. It is indeed unfortunate that Hough gave to the world such an erroneous history of this affair.

"HOW WILD BILL GOT HIS NAME."
(Emerson Hough: "The Story of the Outlaw."

The real name of Wild Bill was James Butler Hickock. He was 18 years old when he first saw the West as a fighting man under Jim Lane, finally in the year 1861 settling down as station agent for the Overland at Rock Creek Station, about fifty miles west of Topeka. He was really there for a guard for the horse band, for all that region was full of horse-thieves and cut-throats. It was here that occurred his greatest fight, the greatest fight of one man against odds at close range that is mentioned in any history of any part of the world.

Two border outlaws by the name of the McCanles boys, leading a gang of hard men, intended to run off with the stage company's horses. When they found that they could not seduce Bill to join their number, he told them to come and take the horses if they could; and on the afternoon of December 16, 1861, ten of them rode to his dugout to do so. Bill was alone, his stableman being away hunting. He rushed into the

dark interior of his dugout and got ready his weapons—a rifle, two six-shooters, and a knife.

The assailants proceeded to batter in the door with a log, and as it fell in, Jim McCanles, who must have been a brave man to undertake so foolhardy a thing against a man already known as a killer, sprang in at the opening. He of course was killed at once. This exhausted the rifle, and Bill picked up the six-shooters from the table and in three quick shots killed three more of the gang as they rushed in at the door. Four men were dead in less than that many seconds; but there were still six others left, all inside the dugout now, and all firing at him at a range of three feet. It was almost a miracle that under such surroundings the man was not killed. Bill was now crowded too much to use his firearms and took to the bowie, thrusting at one man and another as best he might. It must have been several minutes that all seven of them were mixed in a mass of shooting, thrusting, panting and gasping humanity. Then Jack McCanles swung his rifle barrel and struck Bill over the head, springing upon him with his knife as well. Bill got his hand on a six-shooter and killed McCanles just as he would have struck.

After that no one knows what happened, not even Bill himself. "I just got sort of wild," Bill said when describing it. "I thought my heart was on fire." I went out to the pump then to get a drink, and I was all cut and shot to pieces."

They called him Wild Bill after that, and he had earned the name. There were six dead men on the floor of the dugout. He had fairly whipped the ten of them, and the remaining had enough and fled from that awful hole in the ground. Bill followed them to the door. His own weapons were exhausted or not at hand by this time, but his stableman came up just then with a rifle in his hands. Bill caught it from him, and, cut as he was, fired and killed one of the

desperadoes as he tried to mount his horse. The other wounded man later died of his wounds. Eight men were killed by the one. It took Bill a year to recover from his wounds."

Letter from Monroe McCanles, the only surviving participant of Wild Bill-McCanles tragedy:

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 8, 1912.

Chas. Dawson:—I received your write-up of the tragedy, and I want to compliment you upon your effort. You certainly have done well with the material you had to start with. I believe with a few corrections you will have the only true story ever written of this affair.

The account written by Emerson Hough in my opinion is the worst misrepresentation of all the versions written of this affair. I am sending inclosed a small picture of myself that was taken when I was only seven years old, which you may be glad to use for an illustration. Hoping you success,

I am, as ever,

W. M. McCanles.

Letters of approval were received from other unquestioned authorities.

EWING-GALLOWAY TRAGEDY.

George Galloway and Jess Ewing were ranchmen on the Little Blue, west of Big Sandy. Although neighbors, they did not get along very well together. Trivial matters and differences grew until they had a serious quarrel, finally coming to blows, desisting with honors about even, but threatening to settle the matter by shooting each other on sight. Several days passed, and Ewing, apparently ashamed of his conduct, went over to Galloway's ranch to visit Galloway, who was sick and in bed. Ewing proposed that they shake hands and forget the trouble between them. Galloway readily consented, and complied with Ewing's proposal, which was also very agreeable to Galloway's family and friends gathered in the ranch house. Everybody joined in a love-feast of reconciliation, for both men were known to be determined, and should they continue to be enemies, bloodshed was sure to result.

Ewing grew somewhat silent and sullen, displeased at the open exhibition of feelings displayed by Galloway's family and friends, and thinking that he had given cheaply a victory to Galloway, arose and announced his intended departure for home. Wheeling in the doorway, without warning he shot Galloway as he lay propped up in bed, exclaiming at the same time, "We'll settle it with blood!" Mrs. Galloway was standing near the door, and as Ewing shot she grabbed him and tried to wrench the repeating-rifle from his hands. Failing to do this, she was success-

ful in pushing him out of the house and closing and barring the door. Ewing, seemingly crazed, proceeded to fire through the doors and windows into the house, endeavoring to finish Galloway, who was only seriously, but not mortally, injured by the first shot. He succeeded in mortally wounding a Mrs. McClanahan, wife of a neighbor rancher. Galloway, alarmed for the safety of his family, buckled on his side-arms and ran out of the house. Ewing for some reason had left the premises; consequently Galloway did not meet him, but continued to run down the trail until he fell exhausted in the dust of the road, and was picked up later by the driver of the east-bound stage-coach, who carried the unconscious man to William Babcock's ranch, on Big Sandy. Here he lay for several weeks at the point of death, receiving medical attention only when some doctor happened to pass by in the stages or wagon-trains. Babcock's family, with the aid of Galloway's wife and friends, nursed him through the crisis, and when there was great hope of his final recovery, someone, in the dead of night, poked a shotgun loaded with buckshot through the window and literally blew a hole through Galloway's body as he lay in bed, thus accomplishing the end desired by Ewing. No arrests were made; so in consequence no trial was ever held, and the murder of Galloway was never definitely determined or avenged.

LETSINGER-VROOMAN KILLING.

During the latter part of the summer, in 1869, a Mr. Vrooman, accompanied by his wife and daughter, were traveling by slow stages westward over the old Trail, seeking a location for settlement somewhere near the head-waters of the Little Blue. Vrooman, like the majority of all the early settlers, had little if any money, and practically nothing outside of his team and wagon. The team was so weak and aged that Vrooman was compelled to travel slowly, with days of rest and recuperation intervening. The family larder was also in need of constant replenishing. Perhaps these conditions drove Vrooman to desperation. He commenced to add to his needs by taking property by theft from settlers along the Trail. Robert Crinklaw missed a set of harness, Rev. Cadwell two young heifers, "Welsh" John Hughes a saddle. Suspicion naturally rested upon Vrooman, who had passed by several days previously; so they took up his trail, and were joined by Chas. F. Letsinger, who was then running the Rock Creek Ranch. The posse reached Joel Helvey's ranch on Little Sandy that night, and ascertained that Vrooman had camped here a few nights previously, and that a horse belonging to Rev. Mr. Allen was missing. The posse again took up the trail, and succeeded in locating him that evening, camped close to the Little Blue river. Dismounting and secreting their horses, the posse crept up cautiously, and succeeded in surprising Mrs. Vrooman and her

daughter Amelia engaged in preparing supper over the camp-fire. Other members of the posse secreted themselves in the brush along the path running to the river, as they had guessed by the woman's actions that Vrooman was in that direction, presumably for water, which proved to be a correct surmise, for he soon appeared, walking up the bank from the river-side. Letsinger, with his rifle cocked and at his shoulder, called upon Vrooman "to throw up his hands and surrender." Vrooman was carrying a pail of water in one hand, with his old carbine over his shoulder. At Letsinger's command, he dropped the pail of water and whether to comply or to resist will never be known, started to bring his gun down. Letsinger, without further warning, fired, inflicting a wound from which Vrooman died in a few moments.

The rest of the posse with Mrs. Vrooman had reached the scene by this time, and the wife, seeing her husband fall, ran to him and sought to stanch the flow of blood with her apron and dress. Finally, realizing that he was dead, she grew hysterical, and, taking the gun from his stiffening fingers, turned on the men and sought to kill Letsinger, but before she could do so the gun was forcibly taken from her.

Mrs. Vrooman was tied and bound so that she could do no further harm, and placed in the wagon by the side of her dead husband and taken to Meridian, then the county seat, with the stolen property in their possession.

Letsinger, Hughes, Crinklaw, Cadwell and Johnson were indicted by the grand jury for manslaughter, and were tried at the ensuing October term of the dis-

trict court. O. P. Mason, Judge; I. N. Thompson, Clerk; J. B. Weston, Prosecuting Attorney; Lewis Shader and E. A. Parks were attorneys for defendants. After a long trial, Letsinger was acquitted, and in consequence the cases against the others were *nolle prossed.*

This trial caused considerable excitement among the early settlers, many blaming Letsinger for firing without sufficient cause, and the verdict of the jury was not altogether acceptable. The jury list of this term of court was composed of the following persons: L. P. Luce, J. Goeller, Jno. Gallant, Isaac Brown, James Fazier, Geo. Weisel, Isaac Alexander, Sam Watts, Dan Lemming, Henry Nelson, J. H. Srook, Joseph Lamm, James A. Blair, Joe Thomas, Sam Snook, and Wm. T. Brawner.

THE WHITEWATER KILLING.

James Whitewater was a renegade Pawnee Indian, who by his continued infractions of tribal laws and custom was forced to take up his residence in the Otoe tribe, then living on the Big Blue river, in the southern part of Gage county. Here he married an Otoe squaw and in his wanderings picked up another squaw. The Otoes did not accept Whitewater in entirety, for his conduct was not sanctioned by all, he being an inveterate drunkard and thief. This kept him in constant trouble with both whites and Indians.

Whitewater with his two squaws accompanying him, went out over the trail to the head-waters of the Little Blue on a buffalo hunt during the middle of June, 1871, and returned the first days of July, arriving at Helvey's Ranch the night of the third, returning a rifle which he had borrowed of Mr. Helvey with which to shoot buffalo, and presented him with a hide and some fresh buffalo-meat for the favor. July 4th was a day of celebration in Fairbury. Whitewater arrived in time to participate, and by afternoon was in maudlin drunken condition, becoming very boisterous and quarrelsome, as was his custom when in this condition. He and his squaws made some purchases at the "Farmers Store," and Whitewater, becoming greatly incensed at the proprietor for alleged ill-treatment, threatened personal violence. Frank Helvey, who had been sheriff for several years and was personally acquainted with Whitewater, took him in

charge and loaded him into "Irish" John Hughes's wagon, giving Hughes instructions to haul him out as far east as Rock creek.

Hughes succeeded in getting Whitewater about a half-mile out of town, when he jumped out and came back. Thereupon Helvey bound Whitewater's legs and arms, trussed him in a blanket and once more placed him in Hughes's wagon, with instructions "to take him out of town on a dead run." Hughes succeeded in carrying him to the end of his own journey, where he turned him loose, to proceed eastward on foot. Whitewater stumbled along up the Beatrice road, reaching a slough or water-hole at the head of Indian creek, at about dusk that evening. This spot was afterward known by all travelers of the trail as the "Dead Man's Hollow." Here he espied two white men encamped—S. N. Pasco and D. H. Walters. Creeping stealthily through the tall slough-grass, he attacked the unsuspecting men, who were mowing grass, killing them both after a terrible conflict. Whitewater was badly wounded in the fight, having his hand nearly cut off by the blade of a scythe. He took their guns and stumbled on down towards the reservation, leaving the bodies, horses, wagons and other property without further molestation.

The bodies of the men were found on the following morning, and great excitement prevailed. Sheriff Si Alexander succeeded in capturing Whitewater, but by some means he escaped and went back to the reservation, where all efforts to secure him were without avail until his Otoe wife decided to desert him and gave him up to justice. Word to this effect was

sent to the sheriff, and on his arrival at the reservation he found that they demanded the payment of the $200 reward offered before delivery; so with twenty-five braves as escorts, with Whitewater trussed like a pig on the back of a pony, they journeyed to Fairbury. The Indians encamped in the court-house square, awaiting the receipt of the reward-money, which was raised by public contribution.

The women of Fairbury, to show their appreciation of the Indians' loyalty in giving up a criminal to justice, presented them with a flag which they had made several years previous. The Indians seemed greatly pleased at this token, and departed after their usual absorption of "firewater," goods and trinkets, back to the reservation.

Whitewater was tried at the April term of the district court, and the jury,—which was composed of Frank Atkinson, Edward Powell, E. D. Gage, H. P. Flower, E. Eastman, Thomas Axtell, J. D. Browning, J. P. Wolcott, O. Crossman, Samuel King, James Ireland and Ira T. Belden,—found him guilty of manslaughter. The judge sentenced him to life imprisonment at hard labor in the Nebraska State Penitentiary. Here he soon embraced Christianity and sought to bring other Indians confined with him to accept his belief. His constant and seemingly earnest devotion eventually secured him a pardon during the later eighties. Whitewater took up his work of evangelizing the Indians in Indian Territory, and due to his exhortations many Indians were made converts. Whitewater died about 1900, in the field of his labors, with the full belief that he had atoned many fold for the wrongs of his early days.

WM. M. PREUITT'S TRIAL FOR THE MURDER OF ALBERT O. WHITAKER.

Wm. M. Preuitt was arrested in October, 1874, charged with the murder of Albert L. Whitaker. The preliminary examination was held before Judge C. C. Boyle. Slocumb and Hambel conducted the prosecution; John Saxon, for the defense.

Preuitt was about 23 years of age, rather short of stature, having an ordinary face, and of about ordinary intelligence. After his arrest he took matters very coolly, and upon being shown the body of the deceased, calmly identified it as the remains of Whitaker.

From the evidence given at the preliminary trial it was shown that Whitaker, in company with Preuitt and a man named Roe, was traveling overland by wagon from Nuckolls county to Beatrice. The team and wagon belonged to Preuitt. Roe stopped off in Thayer county. Whitaker and Preuitt proceeded on, and camped on Little Sandy creek, where Whitaker was seen alive for the last time. Whitaker had $160 in money and a rifle.

Preuitt proceeded on to Beatrice. He came back on a Friday night, and on being questioned about Whitaker, said that he had joined three other men who were going to Red Cloud, intending to ride to Hebron with them. Upon being questioned about their names said he had heard them called Jim and Pete; saying further, that Whitaker had stolen his blankets and

wagon-sheet. Examination of Preuitt's wagon showed traces of blood in the box, and it had run through the cracks onto the running-gear. There was also evidence of scrubbing. This caused parties to arrest Preuitt. In a few days the body of Whitaker was found wrapped in a wagon-sheet in the Blue river, near the mouth of Little Sandy, about a mile from where they had camped. Whitaker's watch was found in possession of Preuitt, and $54 in money; and testimony was given which pointed strongly to Preuitt as the murderer of Whitaker. Preuitt was bound over to district court.

The next trial was held at Hebron, Nebraska, March 5, 1876, the jury bringing in a verdict at eleven o'clock that night, pronouncing Wm. Preuitt guilty of murder in the first degree. Much the same evidence was introduced at this trial as in the preliminary, showing Preuitt's guilt. On the other hand, evidence was introduced showing that fresh beef had been sold from the wagon on which the blood-stains were found, and that a considerable amount of money had been paid Preuitt recently by certain parties, and that several teams had camped on the Little Sandy that night.

The whole case was a peculiar one, much of the evidence being purely circumstantial. In consequence there existed diversity of opinion of guilt. The prisoner seemed to take the trial in a quiet, calm manner, listening with interest to the testimony, frequently advising his counsel, never showing any outward signs that he was fearful of the result.

Lying down on a bench in the crowded court-room, he slept as soundly as a child while the jury was out

determining his fate. Judge Weaver was the presiding judge. The prosecuting attorneys were J. W. Eller, H. S. Kuley, and Slocumb & Hambel. Preuitt's attorneys were John Saxon, of Fairbury, and L. W. Colby, of Beatrice.

A new trial was granted, and Preuitt was tried at Fairbury in the old court-house, with same judge and attorneys for prosecution and defense. D. C. Jenkins as foreman of the jury. The same grounds were gone over, and in the end the jury acquitted Preuitt. The judge severely censured the jury and the defendant. L. W. Colby took the prisoner outside and advised him to fly, which he did, and never has been heard from since. Thus a guilty man finally escaped his due punishment.

THE GHOST STORY.

Without attempt to uphold the beliefs of the superstitious, a ghost story is chronicled. Nearly every community has in its story-lore, some weird tale of people or things, that assumes the aspect of the supernatural. Seemingly, all people, regardless of their beliefs, relish the relation of such tales; so the story is submitted on its own merits, just as it was told, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions. An old settler gives the story, as follows:

In the late 60's, wife and I with our bunch of towheaded youngsters were headed westward, traveling by ox-team, in a canvas-topped wagon, bound for Nebraska, in response to the solicitations of my father, who had settled there a few years previously. Crossing the Missouri river in the early days of spring, at St. Joseph, we joined one of the first caravans of emigrants going westward over the Old Oregon Trail. Traveling over the wonderful prairies and through the rich valleys of eastern Kansas, we had our ideas of the Great American Desert rudely but pleasantly shattered. In due time we reached our destination, and encamped on the tract of land that had been selected for us, which was a well-timbered and watered body of land, lying along a spring-fed stream, that ran back into a valley which was flanked on the sides by frowning bluffs capped by ledges of sandstone. As the first tints of green began to appear to bedeck the

landscape it was a wonderful sight to witness the unfolding of such picturesque scenery, the like of which we had never seen before.

Our new home lay about half-way between the Old Trail and the Little Blue river, but this is all I will tell you, for ghosts and their haunts should not be too definitely located, as it might spoil their charms or the veracity, if there be any.

We immediately commenced the building of a home, and, with the aid of my relatives and neighbors, contrived to erect a habitable log cabin, a one-room affair with a loft above, with a clapboard roof, provided with a mud-and-stick chimney, with a stone fireplace at one end.

Compared with our previous places of habitation and modes of living this seemed at first to be very primitive and almost unendurable, but before long we grew to regard this homely little log cabin as the cosiest place it had been our pleasure to reside in.

With the coming of the warm days of spring, we broke out the little flats of land along the creek bottom, and planted them with corn, potatoes, melons, etc. Gardens were made, and we entered into the cultivation of our promising crops, hoping to reap an abundance for our needs. Nature had by now fully bedecked the whole panorama with a wonderful profusion of foliage, blossom, and color. Our little world seemed to be filled to overflowing with promise and happiness. Strawberry-time had come. The hillsides were apparently covered with the patches of this red luscious fruit. One Sabbath morning, wife and I, light of heart, arm in arm, set out to roam the hillsides to

gather a pailful of strawberries. We were soon in the midst of a profusion of strawberries, so plentiful, full and ripe on all sides of us, that we ran here and there, trampling under foot many berries, in our greed to secure the nicest ones.

Our pail was soon full to the brim, and our fingers and lips stained from picking and eating, till we were forced to desist, for want of further capacity. Then, feeling the tire of contented satisfaction, we sat down upon a convenient rock, lazily viewing the surrounding scenery, resting before we would attempt our home-bound journey. With half-closed eyes lying back on the big shaded ledge of stone, my thoughts were dwelling on the incidents of the short past, in which we had left the comforts of civilization and had taken up our abode in this the land of promise, thinking how content we were; and just as I began to conjecture the future, I was aroused by the exclamation of the wife, who was now pointing across the rock-walled ravine to a springy spot, shaded by scattered clumps of underbrush. Brushing aside the sleepy tangles of my eyes, I noted the cause of her excitement, which I first thought might be Indians. Underneath and in the tangles of leaf and stem, quite in contrast to the rich background of green, were berries—strawberries of great size and blood-red color, rivaling even the choicest of the tame ones we had seen in the gardens of our Eastern homes. Leaving our already filled pail, we hastened over to view the wonderful sight. Picking and eating the first few that we came to, we decided to take some home in my old hat and in the wife's apron; so, with many ejaculations of wonder and surprise, we filled these

articles, and as I strode through a thick tangle of brush in leaving the patch, my foot caught on an object which threw me to the ground, and on turning over, seeking to arise, I found at my feet the skull of a human being. Leaping to my feet, I rushed out of the thicket almost completely unnerved at my ghastly find. Wife witnessing my stumble and following movements, ran back towards me, inquiring with alarm the cause of this unusual action. Together we walked back, and I pointed to the eyeless bare skull that was apparently grinning at us from his mouldy moss-covered retreat from which my foot had ruthlessly torn him but a moment before. Proceeding into the thicket to investigate more fully, we found that underneath the leafy and moulding foliages of the past seasons which had covered their bodies like that of the "Babes in the Wood" were the bones of many other persons. In fact, our strawberry patch had been the burial-ground of the unknown dead. Wife and I, stilled by the presence of the dead, stood with bowed heads, silently offered up prayers to Him on high, who alone could give the solution of this mystery.

Glancing up, I met the gaze of my wife, and with one accord my old hat was overturned and the corners of her apron were dropped and the berries spilled on the ground. For we both knew without further questioning, what had caused the berries to be so big and red.

Then we made a thorough search thereabout for the bones of the unknown dead, faithfully gathering the bones as they lay, endeavoring to give each skull its own and full complement of bones. Finally we felt that this duty had been performed, and the result was

twelve skeletons, which we judged were a party of emigrants, men, women and children.

After considerable labor, a grave was dug and the bones placed within, and filled up with earth and stones covering the top to mark and protect the grave. Thoroughly tired by our toil, we wended our way homeward, conscious that we had fulfilled our duty to those poor unfortunate beings by giving them at least a burial. After the supper meal was partaken and we had gathered on the doorstep in the twilight of the evening, we began to feel content and at peace with all fellow-beings; then there came an uncanny, weird moan or cry, like that of woman or child in the depth of anguish or despair. Listening in awe, I awaited the repetition of that mournful sound. Soon it came, now in the fringe of trees about the cabin, then in the waist-high corn. Swiftly recalling the incidents of the day, I tried to assure myself that it was not real, that this was but the result of a befuddled mind, just imagination; but the children were now questioning us as to the cry, and upon receiving non-committal answers, and perhaps reading our faces, they grew frightened and began to cry.

To assert myself and to allay their fears I arose and said to the wife, "Hand me my rifle and I will go down there and shoot that old owl, tree-toad, or whatever it may be." Leaving the wife and children on the porch, I proceeded to search about in the growing corn, around the barn and all through the near-by underbrush, but without result, although I seemed to be following the voice from point to point. Finally it

seemed to be at the cabin. Hastening there, I found that my family had fled within and had barred the door. Undaunted, I continued the search, following the clues from whence I heard the voice. After vain attempts which led me to the roof, around and underneath the cabin, I contracted the same feelings of the rest of the family, and called for admittance. There was not much sleep for us that night, for we could hear the cries of our unearthly visitor at frequent intervals, till the early dawn of the morning. Night after night we had much the same experience until we grew accustomed to it and were but little disturbed. Our neighbors joined with us on several occasions to find the mysterious visitor, but despite the most exacting vigils and search, we gave it up, for not one single object or reason could be found that might be suspected of making the nightly occurring sounds, which the neighbors dubbed "The Lost Woman Ghost."

The summer wore on, succeeded by the bountiful autumn harvests. We should have been happy and content, but the "nightly visitor" had worn on our nerves, so after the harvest had been gathered, I was only too glad to sanction the wife's suggestion that we go and live with my father down on the Little Blue river, for the winter, as it was too lonesome away up here by ourselves.

We spent the long winter down there, hunting and trapping, returning occasionally to see if everything was all right at our homestead, but never staying overnight, so we did not know if our unwelcome guest had departed or not. With the opening days of spring, we

moved back, for our crops must be planted and tended, and the first night of our return was celebrated by the usual performance of the unseen voice.

Of course this was annoying, but what could we do? Then there was no harm resulting, so we settled down, accepting the situation as best we could. Strawberry-time came again, and we started out once more to search the hillsides and ravines for the big red berries. Our wanderings brought us to the burial-place of the unknown party of people that we had found just one year ago. Here we stood for a moment with bared heads in reverence, swiftly recalling the incidents of their past as we knew of them, praying that we might in some way learn who they were, so that their relatives might know of their fate, and as we realized the improbability of this, we turned away with dimmed eyes, and continued to ascend the hill.

Upon reaching the top, we sat down upon a large flat boulder to rest. The whole panorama lay spread out at our feet, and across the ravine to our right was a hillside almost mountainous in appearance, cut and intersticed by irregular, rock-filled canyons or gorges, down which trickling spring-fed streams flowed, the rock-strewn hillside being covered with straggling growths of dwarfed oaks and hackberry trees, with the hill itself rising high to the blue sky-line, capped with a heavy ledge of brown sandstone, irregularly set, cracked and fissured deeply with dark recesses underneath the many overhanging shelves, which suggested ideal retreats for wild animal life. As we searched with our eyes every part of its face for some new wonder of formation, a ghastly sight came to our vision—the

skeleton of a human being. On closer investigation we found it to be that of a woman, huddled in a crouched, squatting position, back against the wall of a cavern-like place, seemingly as though she had taken refuge here, only to be found, and had raised her arms to ward off the blow that had stilled her life. Tenderly we gathered up the bones and carried them down to the burial-place, and interred them with the rest, whom we judged to have been her companions. The afternoon was spent in the search for others that might be lying unburied on the hillsides, but the search proved fruitless; our only other find being a few piles of fire-warped wagon-irons and charred wood-work, near which lay bones of oxen, many having the wooden yokes still around their necks. A few arrows were found scattered about in these piles of bones, so we knew that this was the work of Indians.

In the twilight of that evening I sat upon the broad doorstep of our cabin, thinking of all these things, the part that we had played and who these people might be; then came the thought, could there be any connection between them and the ghostly visitor? If so, perhaps it would give me answer tonight. Though I waited and meditated long into the night I was in one way disappointed, for the voice came not—not alone that night, but never afterwards. So to me the mystery has deepened as the years have gone by. Was this the spirit of the murdered woman beseeching me to bury her bones beside those we had previously buried, who no doubt had met a similar fate? I hope so, and if this gave rest to the Soul, let it be the end.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

For many years there stood near the banks of Big Sandy, above the old mail station, a big log house that was reputed to be haunted. No one would venture to go through the woods near by or to approach it after the shades of the evening had fallen. Many were the tales of the apparitions or ghostly sounds heard by some belated wayfarer. The story *de resistance* was of the headless man, who would emerge from the house at about sundown, carrying a basket on his shoulder. No one ever ventured to stay long enough to see where he went or what he did with the basket, so the belief in specters deepened. Finally, Jake Dein, who had bought the house and premises, decided to move it up to his place of abode on the old stage station, which was accomplished with the aid of the neighbors. This brought a quietus of the alleged acts of the ghostly visitors.

The history of the house and its former occupant reveals the following: James Conway, a sort of wild Irishman, who was connected with the life along the Oregon Trail, and who was an inveterate drinker, married a comely-looking woman, and decided to settle down to the simple life. Building himself what was termed at that time one of the finest houses in the settlement, the next few years promised to bring about the realization of their dreams. Like many who attempt to go back to the soil and live down the follies of their early days, Conway gradually resumed his

old ways, to the displeasure of his wife. One day when returning from Meridian after a drunken debauch, his team became unmanageable and ran away. When found, the tongue of the wagon was protruding through his body, and he was buried near by the house. In a few months the body of his wife was found alongside the railroad tracks, just above Powell. How she had met her death was only conjecture, as there were no marks on her body, nor any witnesses. As they did not have any children, the place fell into a bad state of repair. Weeds and underbrush grew up, and it became ideal in every respect for the haunts of superstitious creations.

One solution for the headless man was that Jake Dein annually cribbed his corn in the deserted house, and he would often go over and get a basket of corn therefrom late in the evening or early in the morning to feed his live-stock. Perhaps some excited person mistook Dein for the ghost. So the story, like the house, passes away, becoming but a dimly marked incident in the pioneer history of Jefferson county.

EARLY LIMESTONE KILNS, AND GOVERNMENT FORT.

Jefferson county, from a geological standpoint, is rich in diversities of earth formations, being the shore line of the primeval inland sea and the end of the glacial deluge, as is evidenced by the limestone hills of the southern and western part of the county, which were then the cliffs of the seashore, and by the piled-up hills of sandstone and clay that line the banks of the Blue and its tributaries. Such formations are the alluvial and débris deposits from the melting of the great glaciers along the shore line.

Deposits and specimens of the following have been found in Jefferson county: Fire-clay, moulding-clay, silica, moulding-sand, gravel, building-sand, limestone and cement rock, with building sandstone, white sand banks, and scattering specimens of gold, lead, mica, iron, copper, etc. Many of the springs and wells have salty, oily or mineral tastes, and nearly all the little streams have the oil scum or yellow oil deposits, and many banks of clay have small outcroppings of coal or carbon-like material.

Lime for plastering, etc., was one of the early necessities. The Government built the first lime kiln in Jefferson county, in 1848, on a little knoll about fifteen rods north of the south line of the northeast of the northwest quarter of Section 29, Richland Precinct. Two companies of mounted soldiers were stationed here to burn the lime and convey it to New

Fort Kearney, which was then being constructed. Quarters were erected on Lime Kiln creek about one half-mile to the south and east, near the middle of the west side of the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of Section 29. Log buildings with high wooden stockades were erected to shelter and quarter the soldiers. Barns and sheds for the horses were erected under a near-by sheltering bank of stone, and a blacksmith shop put up near by, whereat to shoe their many horses and mules and fashion needful implements.

About 150 soldiers in all were stationed here for the greater part of 1848. Most of these were engaged in hauling lime and goods up and down the Trail from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Kearney. The Indians were very troublesome, committing their usual thefts and depredations, which finally culminated in serious trouble between them and the soldiers, and resulted in the killing of several Indians. Finally, along in July, the soldiers were attacked in their quarters by several hundred Sioux and Cheyennes, who sought to avenge their stricken fellow-tribesmen. The soldiers, being armed with heavy-bore guns, were successful in repelling the attack of the redskins, who were armed only with their primitive weapons. The soldiers then moved out into the open, and drove the Indians westward across the big bottoms up the Blue river. Some thirty or forty Indians were killed in this long-distance running fight, which lasted most of the afternoon. Five soldiers were killed outright and several were wounded. They were buried on top of the west point of the big lime hill, about a fourth of a mile east

and north of their fort on Lime Kiln creek. Wooden and stone markers were placed over each grave, but these have long since disappeared, leaving but raised mounds of dirt to mark the last resting-places of about twenty soldiers and civilians. Several Indians are also buried close by. The location of these graves is about 18 rods from both the west and south line, in the southwest corner of the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of Section 29, Richland Precinct.

Tim Taylor, John Moke and Thompson Staggs were members of the soldier companies stationed here. Tim Taylor came with the Helveys to Little Sandy in 1859. Moke and Staggs afterward worked for the Helveys, and from them the story and location of the building, graves, etc., was learned. At this time the inscriptions on the headstones were perfectly legible, and Frank used the buildings of the old fort for his homestead there in the early 60's. They also burned lime in the old kiln, selling it up and down the Trail. When the Helveys first located on Lime Kiln creek they found many evidences of the soldiers' occupancy. Old guns, bullets, and other military accoutrements were strewn about.

Nothing now remains of the old lime kiln excepting a few piled-up rocks and a scarred place in the side-hill. The site of the old fort has grown up with a dense growth of timber, leaving nothing to mark its former location.

The next lime kiln to be erected was that by W. C. Smith, who built a modern kiln a few hundred yards down the creek from the old fort, on the edge of the

steep rock hillside, the ruins of which yet stand by the roadside, alongside of the railway. From the date of its erection in 1871 until far along in the 80's, Smith did quite a business, and stripped most of the neighboring hills of their deposits of lime.

OLD NAMES CARVED ON ROCKS.

While there is an old saying that "Fools' names appear in public places," we must waive this in the instance of the early travelers of the Trail. In fact, it is to be regretted that there was not some enduring record kept of every early traveler. How grand it would be now if we could travel the old Oregon Trail from one end to the other and find at intervals names cut deep on enduring rocks, giving the date and State of nativity.

The soft sandstone at Rock Creek Station and at Dripping Springs on Whisky Run offered an opportunity for the trailers to register at the last outposts of civilization. Many availed themselves, but the stone is of such texture that it soon weathers, and in a decade or so becomes washed and worn until the names are hardly legible.

Perhaps over 1000 names, all told, were carved on these stones, and 500 or more could have been deciphered in 1880, but in 1910 hardly a hundred were in shape to be copied for publication. Indeed, it makes lovers of pioneer antiquities sad and feel the full sense of pity that these rocks and these names could not have been preserved in some manner for all time to come,—and more so when they realize that in a few years the last of the names will be effaced.

So it is by the markers and monuments that are being placed that we of the future will recognize the passing of many people along the old Oregon Trail.

On the sandrocks lining the sides of Coyote creek one-half mile south of Rock Creek Station the following names are still in a fair state of legibility. Many hundreds of names were carved here in the 40's and 50's, but weather has faded the major portion, and quite a cave-off took many of them. Many of these are incomplete or so mixed up with other names, with missing letters, etc., that the author was forced to conjecture strongly in several instances. In case of doubt the space is left blank. However, the following is as nearly correct as possible to secure at this date:

M. Nevin, ——.
A. H. Smith, 1852.
E. Teague, 1850.
A. Sprague, 1852, Paw Paw Grove, Ill.
T. L. Miller, 1852.
T. E. Wise, ——.
B. C. ——, 1860.
N. Sprague, 1852, Paw Paw Grove, Ill.
A. H. Lee, 1852, Paw Paw Grove, Ill.
R. Batkin, 1859.
S. S. Snyder, 1859.
William Stevenson, 1853.
J. Speer, 1853.
David Crow, 1854.
J. E. Smoot, 1860.
Oliver Call, 1854.
W. A. Lawhead, 1858.
E. W. Tarelton, 1865, Ritchie, W. Va.
O. W. Wood, 1865.
J. L. Moore, 1865.
M. H. Parks, ——, Kirby, Va.

James A. Humphrey, Dodson, Ind.
Jed. Eoss, ——.
Sarah Bonham, ——.
J. B. McChartte, May, 1861.
John Wines, ——, 1861.
Emma McArtny, ——.
Nathaniel Banks, ——.
R. Dunham, ——.
W. A. Flowers, 1865.
J. Fuller, 1865, Ohio.
H. Woodard, 1865.
Leroy Saxon Atkinson, Ky., May 10, 1859.
Abel J. Harrington, Paw Paw Grove, Ill., 1852.
C. Harrison, Sept. 29, 1859.
M. C. B——, 1857.
N. Foster, 1853.
G. Kinder Austin, Va., 1859.
J. P. Mosely, 1859.
J. L. Watson, 1860.
W. Bryant Brown, 1837, Ritchie, Mo.
P. Hammicks, 1859.
M. C. Bamm, July 26, 1867.
John Lea, 1860.
W. H. Reim Hart, 1860.
W. H. Clamson, ——.
A. J. Call, 1864.
J. S. Marle, 1864.
J. W. Bilyich, Albany, N. Y.
Horice ——, 1860.
F. B. Findlay, May, 1861.
C. Tuggle, Nov. 1, 1863.
Charles I——.

Tom, Sam John Brown, ——.
W. T. Chapman, Mar. 1860.
W. H. Smith, 1862.
J. Graham, 1864.
Philip Brooks May, 1861.
J. Camp ——.
J. B. McM——, ——.
Jchn Leod, 186–.
J. M. Wilson, ——.
S. A. Filkins, 1861.
J. A. Ready, Ky., 1865.
T. Davis, Sept. 1863.
A. J. Farley, E. G., 1864.
Fred Hagensten, Jack ——, N. J. 1861.
J. Fitch, —64.
Ausker Burr, 1863; 17th ——, Mess No. 2.
S. J. Don, ——.
W. D. Jenkins, Mar. 11, 1861.
F. M. Stevenson, 1841–1861.
J. H. Wilson, ——.
Rowley was borned Jan. 17, 1844.
—— ——, Oct. 1863.
H. F. ——, May 17, 1863. Post this Pon——
William R. Moth.
Major McMasters, May 19, 1864.
M. S. Baker, Oct. 1863.
Jos. Underwood, June 25, 1865.
W. D. Burt, 1865.
D. Lipstine, 1866.
N. H. Fulkerson, F. Brook.
Commanding —— Co., Mo., 1865.
Alfred Clifford, Midway, Mass., 1865.

D. W. Peters, 1865.
S. Graham, ——.
William Hill, 1865.
W. B. Call, ——.
Monroe McCanles, 1859.
Geo. Darby, ——.
S. W. Hardy, May, 1864.
P. H. Reddy, M. H., 1865.
Park Co. Ill.
J. M. Cooper, 186–.
M. C. Anbry, Va.

On the sandstone crowning Rock creek, one mile below Rock Creek Station, the following names are legible at this date. Many names of the 40's and 50's have been obliterated by the weathering of the rock, and quite a portion of the rock has slabbed and fallen off. The writer was at this place in 1885, and has the word of many old settlers that hundreds of names were here during the 60's and 70's, with dates of 1840 to 1850 and later; one date being 1832.

John C. Frémont, 1842.*
Kris Carson.*
—— Mosely, 185–.
J. S. Griffen, Aug. 1859.
D. H. McLaughlin, Bundicht, 1860.
—— Dawson, 1859.
I. Doyle Leonard Mills, ——.
F. C. Kinzie, ——.
T. Pat——n, Ill., ——.

*Frémont's and Carson's names were almost faded out, many letters missing, and to take a picture the author recarved the letters and to his best belief they were reproduced, letter for letter.
"Kris" Carson was the noted "Kit" Carson of later years.

M. Reynolds, Ohio, 184–.
W. E. W——, 1864.
R. J. Stull, ——.
F. Dean, 1863.
T. B. ——, 1–5–.

The Burlington Railroad cuts through the middle of this hill, and the banks, 50 feet high in the middle and 300 to 400 feet long, are covered with names carved since 1881.

DERIVATION OF NAMES.

Nebraska is taken from the Omaha or Otoe words Ne-broth or Ne-proth-ke, meaning broad or shallow water. The Pawnees say it is a Pawnee word meaning Weeping Water.

The county was named after President Thomas Jefferson. The Little Blue river, from the blue tint of its waters in the early days before the silt from plowed fields changed it to its present murky color. Big and Little Sandy so called from the abundance of sand in the beds of these streams. Rose creek was so called, it is alleged, from the wonderful gardens of flowers on its banks in the early day, such as Buffalo Roses, Wild Roses, etc. This stream was also called Crooked creek and Mud creek by many early settlers. Whisky Run was so called from the fact that U. S. soldiers seized several barrels of whisky from a freighting outfit who were selling it to whites and Indians along the Trail. The barrel-heads were broken in and the whisky poured into this little stream.

Buckley Branch, in honor of William Buckley, a pioneer frontiersman, and buffalo-hunter, who lived near to its mouth.

Silver creek, from the legend that an early prospector found silver ore on its banks. The hills of this stream and Dry Branch contain many different geological formations, and perhaps some that possess value will be found and worked in the near future.

Dry Branch, from the fact of its being dry most of

the year, the spring-waters at the head soon sinking under the sands.

Coal creek, from the presence of a small outcropping of coal.

Coon creek, from the presence of numerous coons in the many big hollow trees lining its banks.

Indian creek, from its being in the Otoe Indian Reservation. Rock creek, from the rocky nature of its bed and hillsides. Brawner's, Brandy, Babcock and Smith creeks received their names from pioneer settlers on their banks.

Towns.

Fairbury was named after Fairbury, Illinois, the former home of the McDowell and other pioneer Fairbury people, who platted the town in the fall of 1869.

Diller received its name from a family named Diller, who were old settlers of this vicinity.

Endicott received its name from the illustrious Massachusetts family of Endicotts, who were heavy stockholders in the Burlington Railroad.

Kesterson was named after John C. Kesterson, a pioneer owning land near this station.

Thompson, for I. N. Thompson, a pioneer settler owning the townsite.

Powell was so named by the Powells, who laid out the town in 1871–72, with the coming of the Grand Island Railroad.

Helvey, for the pioneer Helvey family.

Jansen was named in honor of Hon. Peter Jansen, the leading spirit of the Russian emigration to Jefferson county.

Shea was so called, honoring a pioneer settler, John Shea.

Bower P. O. was named after the pioneer family of Bowers. Meridian, from the fact of its being located on the 6th principal meridian. Jenkins's Mill, for D. C. Jenkins's grist and saw mills. Marks's Mills, for Ives Marks's grist and saw mills.

OUTLAWS AND THEIR DENS.

The hills and canyons south and west of the Oregon Trail offered ideal places of retreat, from which outlaws, robbers and desperadoes based their operations. Nature aided largely in the preparation of their rendezvous, as the outlaws selected certain rocky gorges, hidden in the recesses of the hills, that could be easily made into habitations, and hiding-places for their plunder, and still remain practically undiscernible at a distance of a few hundred feet to unsuspecting travelers.

Evidences of usage are found of several such places, rock-inclosed springs, remnants of rock walls, with a remaining position of certain rocks and soil indicating man's habitation many years ago. The observer can readily picture how impregnable such a place could be made in case of attack, with the dwelling-places of man and beast nestling underneath the shelving rocks that crown the brow of the hill and between the huge blocks of rocks that have fallen from above. These uncovered recesses between rock walls were covered with poles, brush, and long grasses, and the ends blocked up with loose stones, leaving openings for doors and windows.

Several bands of outlaws infested southern Jefferson county and northern Washington county, Kansas, during the early days of the greatest travel over the Trail. Their depredations were confined largely to running off the horses, oxen and mules of the freighters

and emigrants, often using the tactics of the Indians. These outlaws would occasionally descend on some straggling or unprotected traveler and rob him of goods and chattels, but never molested the heavily guarded stages or caravans.

Mill creek, just across the Kansas line, harbored the strongest and most active gang of outlaws, and they continued to ply their trade long after the cessation of travel over the Trail. That same region is accredited with being the headquarters of an organized band of bank robbers and burglars who have plied their calling all over the Middle West for the past twenty years. Although often apprehended, tried and sentenced, seemingly through their many underground connections they continue their work.

THE OLD CAVE.

There still remains considerable evidence of an ingeniously arranged log cabin, with a cave and passageway in connection, about one-half mile northeast of the old Jenkins Mill. It is alleged that the log cabin was built by outlaws or squaw-men, sometime during the fifties, as a place for habitation and use for storing goods from the inquisitive eyes of the law, and perhaps for secretly distilling firewater, which was an article of commerce in the Otoe Indian reservation, a few miles to the east, and to many travelers and stations of the Trail. Legend also tells of a makeshift water grist-mill, operated many years before, near the natural mill-site of the Jenkins Mills. However, be it as it may, a description of the cabin and cave is given as it formerly existed.

Located near the point of a hill between two spring-fed streams leading to the Little Blue river was a log cabin, typical of the earlier types. It was of round logs, chinked with mud and sticks, covered with a roof of logs, brush, and a thick layer of dirt, and set back in the ground to the eaves in the hillside. A stone chimney and fireplace arose at one end, with a door and window appearing in the front. There was nothing suspicious from outside appearances, but passing into the cabin, those of an inquisitive mind might observe a frame door opening apparently into the hillside, which, when opened, revealed a timbered passageway, leading down and back to a higher timbered room of about ten by twelve in dimension, with an opening, much like a badger-hole, to the top of the hill, emerging into a dense clump of underbrush. Farther on, the passageway from the room finally emerged from the hill in the bed of the stream, a hundred and ten feet from the cabin. Here was a cunningly arranged, walled-up spring, with overhanging boughs and vines which concealed its real purpose, it being no doubt the secret entrance or exit of the cave and cabin.

Early History of Jefferson County

EARLY HISTORY OF JEFFERSON COUNTY.

The first counties of the State lined the Missouri river, and as the western boundary of Nebraska was in the unknown wilds of the mountains, the present Jefferson county was perhaps included in the domain of Richardson county, which lay directly east on the river and which claimed the right to levy and collect taxes in all territory west of it.

Prior to the formation of Gage and Jefferson counties, a strip of territory twenty-four miles wide, lying north of the 40th parallel, west of the Big Blue to the west line of the present Thayer county, was called Jones county on the territorial maps of that time. However, this had no legal existence, but caused considerable confusion for many years afterward.

Pawnee and Gage counties were created in 1854 and 1855. Gage county claimed the right of jurisdiction and taxation upon all lands to the Rocky Mountains. Finally the Territorial Legislature in 1856 created the county of Jones under the articles of the Constitution, and fixed its boundaries. Jones county under this act was defined as follows: From the southeast corner Town. One, Range Four, east, to the northeast corner of Town. Four, Range Four, east; west to northwest corner of Town. Four, Range One, east; thence to the place of beginning—which is the present county of Jefferson.

Jefferson county was defined under this same act, beginning at the southeast corner of Town. One, north,

Range One, west; thence north to Town. One, Range Four, west; thence south to the southwest corner of Town. One, Range Four; thence to the place of beginning. This is the present county of Thayer.

Jones county did not effect an organization until 1862, there being but a few settlers within its domains until 1860, practically none at the time of its creation in 1856.

The first election was held in the spring of 1861, to determine the wishes of its inhabitants as to its organization, and if they had enough voters and residents.

EARLY DESCRIPTION OF JEFFERSON COUNTY, ITS PIONEERS AND THEIR ENVIRONMENTS.

Old surveys and frontiersmen mentioning the territory known as Jones or Jefferson county, during this time, generally defined it as an elastic strip of territory twenty-four miles in width, lying on the Big and Little Blue rivers, north of the Nebraska and Kansas division line, pierced through the center diagonally from the southeast to northwest by the Oregon Trail.

The surface is rough and almost mountainous in the southern part, through which flow the Little and Big Blue rivers and their tributaries; the northern part is comprised mostly of high rolling and level prairie lands. The soil of the bottom land is a light and sandy loam, while that of the high prairie is a dark loam.

The hillsides and valleys produced annually rank growths of tall jointed grass, with buffalo-grass covering the high level prairies. The valley lands are fertile, and with the first attempts of cattle-ranching on the

prairies and hog-ranching in the bottoms, promising, this county bid fair to agriculturists.

The animal life was in process of rapid evolution from great herds of buffalo, deer and antelope into herds of horses, cattle and mules. The wild animals of the low and wooded lands into domesticated animals of the farm.

At this time the county was peopled mostly by Otoe Indians, who lived on their reservation in the eastern part, and by wandering tribes of Pawnees and other Indians returning to or from their hunting-grounds, lying to the west and southwest. The few white men that were alleged to have resided in this territory prior to the fifties were mostly squaw-men, generally of a French-Canadian-Indian descent, and as they joined the tribes in their nomadic migrations they can hardly be credited as settlers.

The white men that settled during the later fifties and sixties may be termed as the true original pioneer settlers, and to whom credit is due for shaping this territory into a condition wherein it could be developed by the people who would come later into a country second to none from an agricultural standpoint.

The fruits of our present-day successes and prosperity were made possible by the many trials and privations of the pioneers who through many sacrifices have bought and paid for with many a heart's throb and life's blood the present and future era of peace, happiness and prosperity.

No picture can illustrate nor pen portray the full sense of what pioneering means in an Indian-infested

country, which was supposedly a part of the Great American Desert, and it is only those who have tasted this life somewhere on the fringes of the frontier who can realize the full meaning of pioneering. These sturdy, fearless men and women, moved by some certain power that had become inherent through the process of settlement westward, ever westward, found themselves guiding their teams of oxen across the great rivers of the valley, seeking for homes close beside the Overland Trail as it crossed the Great Plains country, allured there by the tales of the wooded and valley lands, seen *en route* by the travelers of the Trail.

These pioneers knew what such a life meant and the greater part were prepared to meet and contend with all its problems, which required men, women and children of almost heroic stamp, for beset as they were on practically every side with dangers, trials, privation, only the strongest and bravest could stand the test. In fact, life of the pioneer west was but the survival of the fittest, and the pioneer prevailed.

FIRST SETTLERS' HOUSES AND STATIONS.

The first house built and occupied in Jefferson county was either the one built by Daniel Patterson, at Big Sandy, or the station house built by Newton Glenn, at Rock creek, during the year 1856. Patterson and Glenn were ranchers and traders, who located on the Trail about the same time. Which one built the first house is not known, but early travelers on the Trail make mention of station houses being at Rock creek and Big Sandy in 1856, and there is some evidence to show there was a ramshackle house occupied during the summer at Rock creek as early as 1849, but as such

occupancy was only transient, real habitation probably did not commence until 1856.

Moncreve, the squaw-man, built and occupied a hut near the junction of the Big Sandy and Little Blue river perhaps twenty years before the first settlers came, but as Moncreve roamed about with the Indians, this can hardly be called a permanent settlement.

Then the old Cave Cabin, east of the old Jenkins Mill, was perhaps occupied sometime during the early fifties, although the greater part of its construction was apparently of a later date.

Many of the early trappers and hunters built "shake"* huts along the streams, living in them for a few months at a time, but these cannot be correctly called houses any more than the huts and wigwams of the Indians.

Jack Nye, according to several early travelers, located on the Little Blue near the Big Sandy stations in the year 1854, but did not stay long, as the Indians proved too hostile. It is also asserted that he lost his life on a return trip.

Several temporary places of habitation were erected in '55, '56, '57, '58 and '59. Of them all, only Patterson and Glenn survived. Quite a sprinkling of permanent settlers came in 1859–60. This was the real commencement of the settlement of Jefferson county.

FIRST CULTIVATED LAND.

The first settlers were perhaps the first men to attempt agriculture. Patterson and Glenn both had garden-spots, and several of the early traders and

*"Shakes," of which these structures were built, were rough clapboards, split from logs with a tool known as a frow.

trappers mention planting small plots with corn, potatoes, etc., tending and living upon it largely during their stay; but the first real attempts were made at Big Sandy by Patterson and McCanles near the mouth of Rock creek, in 1859, both of them reaping bountiful harvests. This gave encouragement to the settlers coming here with the intent to develop the great agricultural resources that were thought at that time to lie only in the valleys of the creeks and rivers.

The plowing was accomplished by an old-fashioned plow with iron share, wooden mouldboard and wooden beam, pulled by a yoke of oxen. McCanles bought his plow at Leavenworth, paying a fancy price for it, and with the freight charges added its total cost would buy at the present time the best gang plow on the market. McCanles lent his plow to neighboring ranchers up and down Rock creek, and in consequence most of the early breaking was done with this plow.

Patterson secured his plow about the same time, and it was used by himself and neighbors around Big Sandy Station. For cultivation of crops the old double-shovels and single-shovels, with one horse guided by a "gee" line, were used. Wheat, rye, and oats were sown broadcast and brushed in with log-spiked harrows or bushy treetops, dragged across the fields. All farming implements were of the most primitive patterns.

THE FIRST LAND WARRANTS AND HOMESTEADS.

The first land warrant placed on Jefferson county land was by Dennis Myers the 16th of January, 1860, on the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of Section Three, Township Three north, Range Four

east, or the "Wood tract land" on Cub creek, directly north of the present town of Harbine. May 26th, 1860, Benjamin Ogden filed a land warrant on the east half of the northeast quarter and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of Section Eight, Township Three north, Range Four, east of the 6th P. M.; and James Shepherd filed on the northeast quarter of Section Nine, Township Three north, Range Four east, the same day.

Next was James L. McCanles, brother of D. C. McCanles, on the 2d of August, 1860, who filed a warrant on the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the south half of the southwest quarter of Section Three, Township One north, Range Three, east of the 6th P. M., or close to the mouth of Rock creek. Allen Erwin, a stock-tender in the employ of D. C. McCanles, placed a warrant in the interest of McCanles on the lands joining the stations at Rock creek. Asa M. Latham filed August 20th, 1860, on land around Big Sandy Station. Ed Farrell filed a land warrant on land about his station on Section Seventeen, Township Three north, Range One east; Amelia Powell filed on land in Section Twenty-three, Township Three north, Range One east; and R. B. and J. D. Powell filed on land in Section Twenty-three, Township Three north, Range One east, the following day.

Agricultural college and various state scrip were also used freely during the sixties to secure land, and during the seventies many sections were bought by eastern speculators at $1.25 per acre.

The Homestead Act of May 20, 1862, was taken advantage of by many sturdy pioneers, who afterwards

became the backbone of the county by staying through the lean years—mainly from the fact that they were too poor to leave—until the wave of prosperity landed them as independent owners and tillers of the soil.

Jacob Tenesh, whose homestead number was 32, filed January 2nd, 1863, was the first homesteader in Jefferson county, his land being the southwest quarter of Section Twenty-two, Township Three north, Range One, east of the 6th P. M., south and west of the present town of Powell, on Big Sandy. The land office was at this time at Brownville, afterwards moving to Beatrice, then to its present quarters at Lincoln.

FIRST STORES, TOWNS AND OTHER BUSINESSES.

Station houses along the Oregon Trail kept sundry articles for sale, mainly flour, whisky, tobacco, meat, etc., and did quite a business in this line, especially in the sixties.

Patterson and Glenn were the pioneers at Big Sandy and Rock creek, commencing in the year 1856. Patterson was succeeded by Asa M. Latham at his death in 1858–9, who ran Big Sandy Station until 1863.

D. C. Jenkins came back from Pike's Peak in the fall of 1859 with a wheelbarrow, and built a cabin three-quarters of a mile below Big Sandy Station, and opened a small store. Next year he built a toll-bridge across Big Sandy and did a regular station business until about 1864, when he bought the west ranch at Rock Creek, which he operated until the winter of 1866–67.

Joel Helvey came in the spring of 1859 to Little Sandy, about four miles east of Big Sandy, and built

a ranch on the west side, and, with his sons, did a general ranching and station-house business until 1869.

George Weisel opened up a ranch and store just above Big Sandy in 1859, and continued to do business until the passing of the Trail.

In 1860 Ed Farrell built a station for the Overland Mail one and one-fourth miles above Big Sandy, and like others, did a general ranch business until 1869.

Jeff Holt, a cousin of the notorious James boys, built a ranch between Farrell's and Big Sandy in 1864, which he operated until 1870. He was frequently visited by his cousins and other noted characters of that time.

D. C. McCanles succeeded Glenn at Rock creek in the spring of 1859, and built a new station on the east side, continuing to do a general ranch business until the spring of 1861, just prior to his death. McCanles also built a ranch house on the east side of Little Sandy across from Joel Helvey in 1860. Charles Stockwater ran this ranch for McCanles.

While all these ranch houses might be termed stores, probably the first that could really be designated as stores were those located in the first towns, Marks's Mill, Jenkins's Mill, and Meridian. Meridian was the first real town of Jefferson county, its date of birth being about 1868.

People at this early date recognized the value of water-power and the probability that the coming railroads would use the river valleys as their road-beds; in consequence, many of the early settlers of Big Sandy planned to build a city for the railroad to eventually come to. So the town of Meridian was platted out,

a few miles southwest of Powell, on the Little Blue river. For several years there was considerable building of business houses and residences, until Meridian became one of the important towns of this section. But with the coming of the St. Jo. & Western Railroad in 1871 up the valley of the Big Sandy, with the placing of Powell and Fairbury on the railroad to the north and east, Meridian was soon absorbed piece by piece, until there remains nothing of material evidence of its former existence.

Meridian was founded by the following persons: Tobias Broder, Fred Rubler, Charles Clinheart, Judge McDowell, J. B. Weston, John Dawson, F. Thompson, S. Hannington, M. Hannington, N. G. Cricks, Ford Rubler, Lassel, Lassel and Buchanan of Beatrice, George Weisel, Jeff Holt, Dave Nodlinger, Emil Lange, P. Moll. Hiram Cornell and H. Ross were the first real storekeepers of Meridian and of Jefferson county.

FIRST SAW-MILLS.

Jefferson county was primevally ideal hunting- and camping-grounds for the Indians. For with the many streams threading through hills and valleys, clothed with verdant and luxurious growths of vegetation, and the general contour of the country in the southern part very rough, almost mountainous in appearance, with its rock-browed hills and deep rock-walled canyons cutting far back into the tablelands, with numerous springs appearing at almost every angle, the trees of the plains country found foothold and natural agencies of protection against the ravages of killing elements, the burning sun, the hot winds of the drought

season and the fires that were annually set by the Indians to renew the grasses of the plains. Here in the canyons and close beside the streams grew for hundreds of years, oaks, walnuts, elms, and a few scattered clumps of cottonwood and plum.

The timber of Jefferson county in 1840 was mostly of large oaks, many being from three to four feet in diameter. These were not in groves, but were scattered along the creeks in protected places, for the fires kept the now beautiful groves of oaks, walnut, ash and elm from materializing, and for the most part all the timber in Jefferson county has been grown since the fifties, for the early settler soon realized the value of the big oaks, and soon the axe depleted the valleys of Rose creek, Dry branch, Rock creek, Coal creek, Whisky Run, the Blue, and all other tributaries having trees accessible to man and team.

Saw-mills were of necessity to work the trees into commercial form, so Rev. Ives Marks built a saw-mill on Rose creek in 1864; D. C. Jenkins built his mill on the Little Blue in 1867; and J. B. Mattingly built a steam saw-mill on the Blue at Fairbury, hauling the boiler and saw by oxen from Leavenworth in 1869. Thousands of feet of oak, cottonwood, elm and walnut were sawn into dimension and board-stuff to erect the first houses of Jefferson county, and many thousand of ties were hewn for the St. Jo. & Grand Island Railroad that was completed through the county in 1872.

Little now remains of the primitive timber, excepting the stumps occasionally seen along the hillsides, with an occasional group of trees saved from the axe, one place being four miles south of Fairbury on the

old Christman homestead, and the big cottonwood tree near the old limestone kiln northwest of Fairbury. This tree is perhaps the largest tree in Nebraska, being 29 feet in circumference at base, and about 100 feet in height.

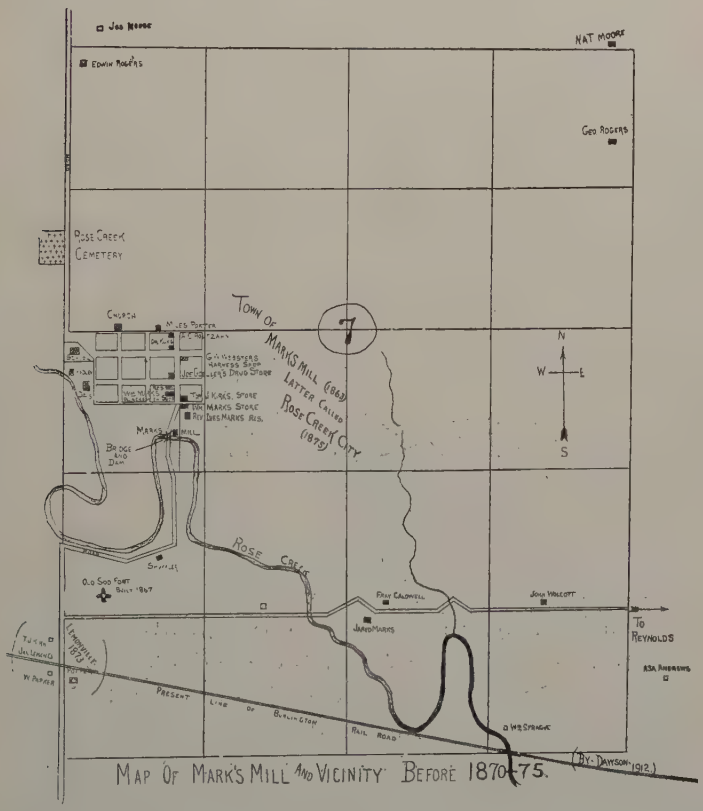
Marks's Mills.

Marks's Mills grew from the establishment of a grist- and saw-mill by Rev. Ives Marks, in 1862, on the banks of Rose creek, almost on the 6th principal meridian line. Blockhouses were constructed for defense against Indians, and in a short time besides the mills there were three general merchandise stores, two blacksmith shops, one harness shop, one hotel, one livery, and a small pottery works, which comprised a busy little center of trade, with the Marks family leading spirits.

These were the first grist- and saw-mills of Jefferson county, and in consequence people came long distances with their grists. Marks's Mills prospered until the coming of the B. & M. Railway. Rose Creek City was platted over the site of Marks's Mill, to intercept its coming, but the railroad located the town at the present village of Reynolds, so Marks's Mills or Rose Creek City by degrees became absorbed by the railroad town, until but little remains to mark its once populous and busy center of business.

Rev. Mr. Marks established his store at Marks's Mills in the year 1867, and this was soon followed with another general merchandise store by T. J. Kirk and a drug store by Joseph Goeller. In 1872 a blacksmith shop was established by John Elliot and a harness shop by G. W. Webster. W. Parker and Moses Porter

established a pottery across the creek in 1870. Other early settlers near Marks's Mills were Asa and Chas. Andrews, John Wolcott and his sons, Pearl and Fred. Edwin and George Rogers bought the grist-mill dur-



ing the early 80's from Mr. Marks. Moses Porter had five sons, Alvin, Fabe, Willis, Sam and Manley, aiding him in his pottery business. But very little

remains to mark the spot of this pioneer town, which at one time was the queen city of Rose creek.

Lemonville was started across Rose creek from Marks's Mills in 1873, by Jas. Lemon and T. J. Kirk, who conducted stores there for a few years. Near by was the pottery plant. When Rose Creek City succeeded Marks's Mills, in 1875, it became absorbed by the newer town.

East Meridian, Plymouth, Rock Creek, Cub Creek, Jefferson and Little Sandy were postoffices and centers of settlement during the early day, but all have passed out of existence, being supplanted by contiguous towns.

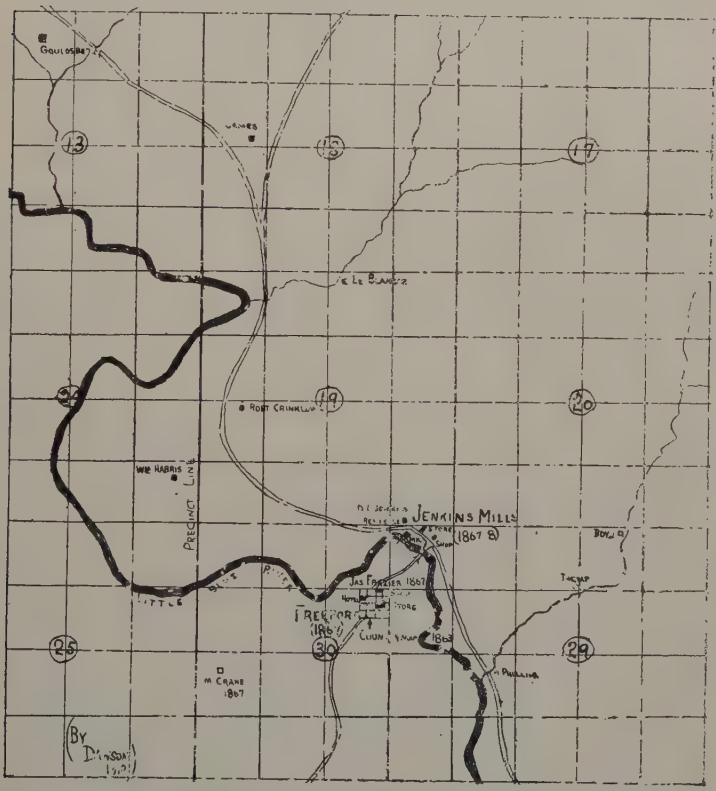
Jenkins's Mills and Freeport.

Jenkins's Mills was founded by D. C. Jenkins in 1867, when he built a saw-mill on the Blue at this point; he installed a grist-mill the year following. A store, hotel, postoffice and blacksmith shop were among the first houses of business.

Jas. Frazier and others started the town of Freeport, on the west side of the river, in 1868. In all, about ten houses were built, comprising a hotel, blacksmith and carpenter shop, and the printing-office of the "Western Sun." When the flood of 1869 inundated Freeport, most of the remaining building were moved to Jenkins's Mills, and with the coming of the St. Joseph & Denver City Railroad, in 1871, the bulk of Jenkins's Mills moved up to Steele City.

D. C. Jenkins owned the saw- and grist-mill at Jenkins's Mills; H. D. Merrill conducted a general merchandise store, and there was also a blacksmith shop. The school-house was on the east side of the

river, near the mills. Fraziers ran the Freeport Hotel at Freeport, and did a general live-stock trading business. Nate Baker was editor of the "Western Sun,"



and Andy Stephenson conducted the only general merchandise and implement store.

FIRST DRUG STORE, POSTMASTERS, MILLER.

The first drug store of Jefferson county was the one conducted by Scott Lewis, at Meridian, from 1868

until 1871, when he moved his stock to Fairbury. Hugh Ross was postmaster at Meridian and P. Price conducted the first hotel. George Weisel was the miller, building a brush dam across the Little Blue at Meridian in 1867, and erecting a saw- and grist-mill, which did quite a business until the early seventies, when the mills at Fairbury, Hebron and Alexandria, together with the influence of railroads, caused its abandonment in the eighties.

Big Sandy Station, Rock Creek Station, Marks's Mills, Meridian and Jenkins's Mills were in order the first postoffices in Jefferson county, with the station-keepers of the ranches, Marks at Marks's Mills, Hugh Ross at Meridian, and D. C. Jenkins at Jenkins's Mills as postmasters.

FIRST BLACKSMITH.

John Mattes opened up the first blacksmith shop in Jefferson county, in the spring of 1861, in a building near the Big Sandy Station. Mattes did quite a thriving business, shoeing oxen, mules and horses for the stage and mail. Thomas Watson succeeded Mattes, and in 1865 M. Y. Hess succeeded Watson.

THE FIRST LAND SURVEY.

The first survey of Jefferson county was made by the Government during the year 1857. (T. 1–4; R. 1–4.) Lines were fairly well established and a general description of the country was given. Particular mention was made of the sandstone banks and limestone hills and the Government pointed to the fact that the valleys were rich and fertile, giving but little encouragement of agricultural use for the broad, level up-

land prairies, except for grazing purposes. How surprising it must be to witness these same prairies as the richest and most valuable agricultural land in the county at the present time.

FIRST MARRIAGES.

While there no doubt were several marriages prior to the following, but search of the county records fails to show them. As in all new countries, the regular form of marriage was very inconvenient, as it necessitated a long journey to some court or person qualified to sanction and perform the ceremony; so during the late 50's and early 60's several couples adopted the custom of common-law marriages until it was convenient for them to journey to the marrying man or he come to them.

Ed. Farrell, station master at the Big Sandy Mail Station, was Probate Judge of Jones county in 1864. From his records the following marriages are taken:

June 11, 1864: Wm. Nightingale and Mary Alexander; Sept. 21, 1864: Frank Helvey and Eleanor Plummer.

Jan. 22, 1865: David L. Marks and Martha Kling.

In the year 1866: Ray Greason and Catherine Annics; Geo. Hobbs and Almira Spragues; Louis Spragues and Lorie Sebeck; Harry Bean and Eliza Sprague; —— Berryman and Mary Comstock; John Nightingale and Anne Alexander.

In the year 1867: Leonard P. Luce and Mary A. Castell; D. Alexander and Elizabeth Clemmons; Ansel Comstock and Mary McClunn.

In the year 1868: Albert Zwiefel and Margaret Boyd.

During the time of John R. Brown as County Judge:

In the year 1868: Samuel Watts and Mary A. Case; Michael Connelly and Evansa Powell.

In the year 1869: Frank Rhodes and Hannah Trotter; N. C. Pierson and Precilla Puckett; James W. Snook and Mary Foss.

And during the time of B. T. Ryburn as County Judge, and in the year 1870, were: Wm. Rhodes and Martha Layton; Spence Parkhurst and Rachel Layton.

The Rev. Ives Marks, John R. Brown and Ed. Farrell seemed to be the leading heart specialists of the early days; and Sant Greason, station-keeper at Virginia Station, was also quite a practitioner in this line. Some say it was afterward ascertained that Greason was without authority to perform such rites and ceremonies.

THE FIRST SERMON, CHURCH, AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Rev. J. B. Maxfield, of the M. E. Church, preached the first sermon sometime during 1862, in a log house used for school purposes at Big Sandy. Rev. Ives Marks, of Rose creek, organized a Sunday-school in the same building during the summer of 1864. Both old and young attended, guided by Rev. Mr. Marks, who acted as superintendent, teacher and chorister combined. Bibles were used in work as were also old readers, primers, etc., but the Indian raid of August, 1864, sent the settlers scurrying back to civilization; so the school did not open again until the following summer.

Rev. Ives Marks built a church near his mill on Rose creek during 1863 or 1864, and held regular church services and Sunday-school therein for many

years. Mr. Marks was of the Baptist faith, and had been preaching at various places in the country since his coming in 1862, organizing churches and Sunday-schools at every cluster of settlers. Perhaps no other man exerted more influence for good and betterment of early settlers than did Rev. Mr. Marks, who continued this work up until the last days of his presence.

The church at old Plymouth was organized November 28, 1872, and a church of the same denomination had been holding forth at Jenkins's Mill since 1867 or 1868. The Baptist Church of Fairbury was organized May 13, 1873, by Rev. J. N. Webb, a missionary; the name of James Ireland appears as one of its first deacons. The Presbyterian Church of Fairbury was organized the following year, and the Methodist at about the time Fairbury was being platted out.

FIRST BORN.

The first white child born of a permanent settler was Orlando W. Helvey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Helvey, at their ranch on Little Sandy, July 4, 1860. Other early births were: William R. Babcock was born in 1863; George Jenkin, in 1864; Mrs. Virgil Campbell, née Baker, near Fairbury, in 1867.

FIRST DEATH.

Not counting the death of many travelers of the Trail during the 40's and 50's, the death of Dan Patterson at Big Sandy in 1859 was perhaps the first death of a white resident in Jefferson county. Each station was a burying-ground for those who succumbed from one cause or another in traveling the Trail, and it may be safe to assert that Rock creek had 50 graves,

Big and Little Sandy 100, and perhaps over a hundred scattered along by the side of the Trail through the county before Patterson died. Very few graves were marked by letter or stone. The only marked one now existing on the entire Trail from river to coast is that of George Winslow, who was buried near Whisky Run in 1849.

THE FIRST FOURTH OF JULY.

A company of Government soldiers encamped at Big Sandy during part of the summer of 1856 for the purpose of protecting this station against the Indians, who were at that time in a threatening mood. The soldiers proceeded to hold a 4th of July celebration, firing their cannon for the morning salute and observing the flag-raising ceremony.

The next celebration of record was in 1861, held at Big Sandy, at which D. C. McCanles was the principal orator of the day. The third celebration of importance was at Fairbury, in 1869, at which the first flag made by ladies of Fairbury was displayed.

Fairbury held annual celebrations for many years afterward, and it was from the effects of too much indulgence in firewater during the celebration of 1871 that caused Whitewater (Indian) to murder two white men on Elm creek late that evening.

It is alleged that soldiers stationed at Limestone Kiln on Little Sandy, during 1848, held a 4th of July celebration, and wound up the performance by lifting a few red men's scalps.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPERS.

The "Western Sun," printed at Freeport in 1869 by Nathan L. Baker, son of Abner Baker, assisted by

Rev. Irve Mitcham, was Jefferson county's first newspaper, and had about five hundred subscribers.

D. Kelley succeeded to proprietorship in 1869, and with D. C. Jenkins established "The Little Blue" at Jenkins's Mills, which struggled along until about 1871 or 1872, when it was moved to Steele City and published by W. D. Jenkins, M. D.

The "Fairbury Gazette" was established in Fairbury by George Cross, in 1870, and continued to record the history of Jefferson without missing an issue until 1911, when it was merged with the "Fairbury News." The next paper outside of Fairbury was the "Endicott Calliope," edited by Tait, in 1882.

THE FIRST JEFFERSON COUNTY FAIR.

The first annual fair of the Jefferson County Agricultural Society was held in Fairbury, in September, 1874, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, about the 15th of that month. Wednesday and Thursday were marred considerably by rain, while Friday proved ideal, and in consequence the fair became a complete succeess with a good attendance.

Total number of live-stock entries was 290. W. H. Coatney won first premium on a five-year-old bay mare in the speed ring. H. C. Dawson won many premiums in thoroughbred cattle and hogs. The display of farm products, fruits and flowers showed but very little evidence of the grasshoppers. Creditable exhibition of fine arts and fancy work were made by Mesdames J. R. Nelson, S. C. Champlain, G. H. Turner, Carrie Kennedy, Cora Kennedy, W. H. Letton, and Miss Anna Gage and others.

Governor Robert Furnas delivered an address Thursday afternoon. H. C. Dawson was President; H. F. Hole, Secretary; H. O. Showalter, Treasurer; Byron T. Clark, Superintendent.

THE FIRST REGULAR TRAVELING-MAN OR DRUMMER.

The first railroad in Nebraska was the Union Pacific from Omaha up the Platte river, in 1867. This was of but little use to residents of the southern part of the State. This section still continued to depend upon team freighting from the Missouri river towns that were on the steamboat lines, or at the end of some railroad arm stretching westward. Thus St. Joseph, Missouri, became quite an outfitting point for the early merchants and residents of Jefferson county. As the country grew and towns with stores established, wholesale mercantile houses soon realized the necessity of having personal representatives to visit the merchants of the new country, thus safeguarding and promoting their business interests.

Men of pleasing address and manners, with business ability, good health and physical endurance were required, as the trips of the early drummer were almost entirely by team, from town to town by stage, livery, wagon, and often horseback or on foot. Month after month, summer and winter, these men, the pioneers of merchandising, through storm and sunshine, carried their samples and business all over the plains country, even into the mining towns of the Rockies.

Geo. W. Jenkins, of Fairbury, Nebraska, enjoys the distinction of being one of the first regular drummers to Jefferson county, his visit being in the year 1869.

These trips were annually repeated until he established a dry-goods store at Fairbury during the late 70's, which he has personally managed up to the present date.

THE FIRST OLD SETTLERS' PICNIC.

The first picnic held by the old settlers of Jefferson county was in Ed Hawkes's grove near Endicott, in September, 1893. An organization of the Jefferson County Old Settlers' Society was effected the first day; Jasper Helvey being elected President; Mrs. Mary McCanles, First Vice-President; Ed. Hawkes, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Frank Helvey, Librarian; G. L. Fowler, Secretary; J. R. Nelson, Treasurer; W. H. Beardsley, F. T. Pearce, W. H. Chamberlain, Executive Committee.

A constitution was drawn, setting forth the object and purpose of the society, duties of the officials and requirements of membership. Any person coming to Jefferson county prior to 1876 and paying a membership fee of 25c. could become a member.

The second day was spent in listening to the experiences of old-timers; the most interesting being that told by Mrs. Mary McCanles, I. N. Thompson, J. O. Cramb, W. H. Crane, Peter Gill, James A. Wells, Wilson Armstrong, and H. C. Dawson. People came from far and near by rail and wagon, filling the 90-acre grove full of teams and people, who continued to come for four days, holding Sabbath service in the woods on Sunday, the fifth day. The author and two others were appointed to count the attendance on Thursday, the big day; they counted nearly 5000

people. Over three hundred old settlers registered and became members of the society.

The picnic was held in this grove annually for several years afterward, being transferred in turn to Fairbury, Steele City, back to Endicott, finally being permanently located in Fairbury, in 1911, where a well-attended and successful picnic was held in the city park. The present officers are Peter Gill, Vice-President; Charles Dawson, Secretary; J. W. Carmony, Treasurer; Wilson Armstrong, M. Banahan, J. H. Ellermeier, Marcia Babcock, and Luther Davis, Executive Committee.

A FEW OF THOSE WHO REGISTERED.

A. V. Pease	Fairbury	1873
L. W. Eldridge	"	1871
A. J. Sheldon	"	1869
L. Higgins	"	1869
Geo. Higgins	"	1869
Thomas Higgins	"	1869
Wm. Higgins	"	1870
D. Bennet	"	1870
Wilson Armstrong	"	1872
Perry Cross	"	1870
Mike Cross	"	1869
John Lott	"	1869
Robert Brock	"	1870
C. C. Calloway, Geo. Axtell	"	1869
M. Higgins	"	1869
J. R. Nelson	"	1870
W. A. Pease	"	1873
Sid Mackay	"	1870
N. D. T. Willey	Steele City	1871
Geo. Harris	" "	1868
J. W. Clark	" "	1871
Benj. Beach	" "	1869
E. C. Case	" "	1873
P. O. Partlow	" "	1869

J. H. Friday	Steele City	1869
Ned Hamley	" "	1873
W. R. Turner	" "	1869
F. W. Fahrenweld	" "	1871
Isaac Wagoner	" "	1869
Geo. Fisher	Endicott	1869
Steven Shepherd	"	1876
J. Z. Schell	"	1876
J. A. McCreight	"	1869
G. W. Rise	"	1872
H. Martin	Diller	1868
J. B. Wright	"	1874
A. Friday	"	1876
A. Blauser	"	1876
J. C. Butler	Powell	1870
L. Grandy	Jansen	1875

FIRST COUNTY SEAT AND COURT-HOUSE.

The first principal place of doing business seems to have been at Big Sandy, generally in George Weisel's store or Big Sandy Station. Then the hotel at Meridian succeeded as the seat of county business in 1867–68, until Fairbury was duly organized and the counties of Jefferson and Thayer definitely fixed in 1871.

From now on Fairbury became the county seat, and a building was erected at the southwest corner of the square for county business. This building is still standing, having passed through several fires.

As the county grew, larger quarters were necessary, so rooms were rented in the First National Bank Building, at the northeast corner of the square. These were occupied until 1890, when the new court-house, costing $60,000, was completed in the center of the square.

PRAIRIE-FIRES.

All during the early days and up to the 80's all travelers and settlers had to be on guard against the great prairie-fires that annually swept over the whole face of the country.

Indians were in the habit of firing the prairies early in the spring or fall, to burn the dead grass and make fresh new pasturage for their ponies and also for their herds of buffaloes, deer and antelope. These fires would start on the Platte river or foothills of Colorado and swept eastward with an extending front, gathering impetus until the whole western world seemed to be on fire. The first noticeable signs would be the odor of burning grass. Then a smoky haze along the horizon north and west would make its appearance. It soon became a dense smoke, like clouds, and would soon overspread the sky, dimming the sun, stifling and choking animals, which fled in a mad race for life before it, seeking the protection of streams, ponds or rocky hillsides. Many of the wildest animals were apparently tamed by this grim spectre, and would travel or seek shelter unafraid alongside with man.

A big prairie-fire during the night was a spectacle never to be forgotten. The ink-black rolling cloud, the line of leaping fire hanging underneath, rushing by at the speed of an express train, with a roar above all other sounds. Then behind would appear, under a hanging wall of smoke, a great black waste stretching far as eye could see, lighted here and there with twinkling embers of slowly burning substances. The morning would reveal the scorched bodies of many animals, unable to outrun the flames.

Man learned to back-fire, and plow fire-guards, so but very few settlers lost their lives from prairie-fires. With the coming of many settlers in the 60's and 70's, the country was broken up and cultivated, and these fires were confined to very small areas, and at the present day the burning of a pasture is called a "big fire."

Prairie-fires of the early day had the tall bluestem grass to feed on; in consequence the flames reached great heights, and with a fierce wind would jump wide streams of water and roadways, and doing great damage to wooded tracts. The early settlers feared these fires almost as much as they did the Indians, and they often proved more disastrous.

STORMS.

The big rain-storms of pioneer days generally came from the northwest. Their coming was heralded by a great bank of black clouds stretching across the horizon, with a murky dust-bank rolling in the foreground, which was a miniature wind-storm in itself, giving warning of the real storm in its wake. After the passing of the dust and wind came a slight lull, broken by the patter of a few drops of rain. Then came the deluge, with deafening volleys of electrical disturbances, coupled with the roar of storm-winds and descending torrents of water and hail, which made even the hearts of the bravest timid and awe-stricken.

Agriculture has worked out a change in climatic conditions on the Great Plains country, and these storms, which were also termed "drought-busters" have long ago ceased to visit Jefferson county. In-

stead come the south and east drizzling rains, with an occasional violent wind and electrical storm to vary the monotony.

The hail-storm of 1881 was one of the last northwesters to visit Jefferson county, and the most destructive. In its pathway all crops were beaten into the ground; trees stripped of limbs and foliage; livestock killed and injured; houses riddled like sieves; all glass windows facing the storm were as paper before it. For many years afterwards its path could be traced by the scars on houses, trees, etc. Jefferson county has experienced many severe wind- and rainstorms, but never a real cyclone, or rather tornado. The nearest approach was a small "twister" passing along to the south in Washington county, Kansas, in 1888, and a few minor "twisters" or big whirlwinds of only local note, and a few hard straight winds that overturned barns, and unroofed buildings. Perhaps the property damage never exceeded ten thousand dollars in any one storm. Jefferson county owes much of its immunity from tornadoes to the rough contour of the land in the southern and western part, which serves to divert or break up gathering storms.

Winter storms embrace big snows and "blizzards." Pioneer trappers relate that in the 50's Nebraska had her biggest blizzard, and that snow was piled the deepest in the memory of man; that travel was impossible until the breaking-up of winter. The winter of 1866–7 was almost as bad. The next blizzard in rank was that of April, 1873, when for three days blinding snows, driven by a northwest wind, kept man and beast imprisoned excepting short dashes for fuel or food. It

required the full exertions of the strongest men to face the storm one hundred yards and return alive. Several settlers lost their lives. Many hundreds of cattle and other live-stock, huddled in ravines or draws, trampling the weaker and failing ones until the melting of the drifted snows uncovered dead animals in heaps. Another remarkable feature of this storm was that spring had come. Fields and gardens were sending up their tender sprouts. All seemed to promise that summer had come to stay, but instead came the worst winter storm ever known.

The severest winter and deepest prolonged snow was that of 1880–1881. Winter came in November, with deep snows and zero weather, gathering intensity with raging snow-storms and real blizzards during January and February. By this time all roads and railroads were abandoned; all draws and ravines were filled level, and with sleet packing and freezing so that settlers drove their teams on top of the snow in direct courses, regardless of fences, streams, or contour of the ground beneath them. Practically little of the corn was husked that fall, and it was not an uncommon sight to see husking, plowing and planting of corn taking place in the same field in the spring of 1881. The snow melted in April, and caused a big rise of waters.

The last blizzard of note in Jefferson county was in January, 1888. Its full violence lasted only part of one day, but it caught many people unprepared, and several lost their lives; also, much live-stock died. Several minor blizzards and big snows have visited the county of late years, but, like the great north-

westers, they seem to be diminishing in violence and frequency.

FLOODS.

The first big flood recorded by early settlers was in 1869, when continued rains caused the overflowing of the Little Blue and all its tributaries. The flood lines then reached the highest points in the memory of man. The river and creek valleys to the edges of the bluffs were inundated. The town of Freeport across from Jenkins's Mill was flood-swept, and practically in the center of the river. This caused its residents to abandon the townsite and move the remaining houses to Jenkins's Mill and Steele City. This flood caused great damage and loss of live-stock and grains, as practically all of agriculture was carried on in the valley lands.

The spring of 1881 brought a freshet and ice gorges that swept away many bridges, inundating much of the valleys, leaving great floes of ice and débris stranded in the fields.

October, 1891, was the next flood of consequence, and in the years 1902 and 1906 the Blue and tributaries established highwater marks second to that of 1869.

Agriculture has caused the filling up of the beds of streams with sand and silt until water at normal stages runs perhaps eight to ten feet higher than in the early times. In consequence, heavy rains soon fill the streams and flood the plains and valleys. This evolution has caused the disappearance of the grass-lined banks, rock and sand-bedded streams, bringing in

their places mud banks, mud and débris bottoms, with entangling growths of weeds in the bottom-lands.

DROUGHTS.

The Great Plains country is undergoing an evolution from a dry and unpromising country of long drought to a reliable agricultural country.

The early settlers experienced many trials and disappointments from droughts and hot winds, and confined their operations largely to river and creek bottoms. Still they were not always rewarded with bountiful crops. Several dry years are recorded in the 60's. Perhaps the worst year was that of 1874, when crop-failure was accredited to the grasshoppers, but in fact the drought had already done irreparable damage.

The next period of droughts occurred in the early 90's, with the year 1894 long to be remembered by every resident of the county and entire West as well.

Agriculturists have been very wasteful of the virgin fertility of the soil. The newly turned sod produced many fold as compared to the washed and humus-robbed fields of today. Men of foresight are working out the problems of conservation of soil fertility, and are restoring and improving the power of the soil's production through the agencies of scientific farming, alfalfa crops, rotations and live-stock, until little is now feared of Nature's delay in the provision of moisture.

SMALLPOX.

Jefferson county was visited with a frightful epidemic of smallpox during the winter of 1878–79; dur-

ing the months of January, February and March, many people were swept away before the measures adopted could check and finally stamp out the disease. Vaccination was practiced for the first time, and the passing of the winter gave final relief from the plague.

The first case was that of a child which died of an unknown disease, and as there was a large attendance at the funeral, soon afterwards quite a number came down with the dread disease, which quickly spread to all parts of the county, and in a short time there were over a hundred well-developed cases.

To Doctor A. M. Kinnamon much credit is due for his correct diagnosis and treatment, whereby its virulence was finally abated and many lives saved.

Three cases of the deadly black smallpox developed, and the victims of this, the most terrible form of contagious diseases known to man, died after horrible sufferings, their names being M. D. Goca, Mrs. C. Harschner and Frank Palmer.

In all there were 37 deaths in about two months, or nearly one every day, fifteen of these being in Fairbury.

GRASSHOPPERS.

With the crops and all vegetation burning up under the long-continued drought, and with hot winds sweeping across the country in 1874, the settlers were thrown further into gloom and despair by the coming of millions of grasshoppers flying in a cloud that covered the whole sky, darkening the light of the sun. Alighting, they attacked every sign of vegetation, and soon consumed the last vestages of crops in fields and gardens. Some of the old settlers assert that their

alighting on the roofs and sides of buildings sounded like the roar of a hailstorm; they were so ravenous that they even dug the vegetables out of the ground, ate holes in leather, cloth, and window screens, and dug the lime out of the chimney sand foundations, presumably to whet their teeth and appetites.

Chickens, geese, ducks and turkeys attacked them ravenously, but soon gave up the impossible task of devouring them, and mistaking the semi-darkness for night, went to their roosting-places. Several old settlers affirm that these fowls were so disgusted ever afterwards that they would not look a "hopper" directly in the face, and that "hoppers" were apparently very nauseating to them.

The grasshoppers lingered for a few days, and when a favorable wind came they arose and continued their flight to the south and east. Their eggs hatched out in due time, and the following year witnessed considerable ravages by them. Most of the settlers replanted their fields after the "hopper raids," and harvested fairly good crops.

The grasshoppers may be termed a plague of the early settlers, but through some agency not fully known, Nebraska has not been bothered with their presence since the 70's.

Grasshoppers came usually from the northwest, generally during the last of July or the first of August, and after alighting would remain until they secured a favorable wind on a fair day to carry them to greener fields. Often hoppers passed over at a great height, in great clouds that dimmed the sun, but they only alighted to do harm a few times: '67, '70, '74, '76, '77,

while countless millions of them annually beclouded the skies in their migratory journeys.

What became of these great flights of hoppers is but conjecture. Perhaps they perished in the Gulf of Mexico or the Atlantic Ocean.

During the later 70's they seemed to be afflicted with a parasitic disease. A small red mite preyed upon the bodies and eggs of the hoppers, and little grubs and worms preyed upon their vital organs. These no doubt were contributing causes of their final disappearance.

The grasshoppers were perhaps the worst bane that the early settler had to contend with, as he was utterly defenseless against their ravages. It tried the patience and endurance of the bravest to plant and cultivate their crops in defiance of these pests.

The hoppers would seek stones and irons heated by the sun for their nightly repose; thus the rails of the early railways were nightly covered many inches by hoppers whose oily bodies crushing under the wheels of the locomotives brought traffic to a standstill.

FIRST ELECTIONS IN JEFFERSON COUNTY.

The county records are not very clear in data of the first elections, nor of the first county officers. The only way to determine such is to go over the old records, getting their names appearing in official acts. The early elections were of very primitive order, more on the order of a mass meeting, and no official records exist of them. Much of this history is legendary. However, after all sources of information were exhausted, a probably true outline has been secured.

The first election to be held in what is now known as Jefferson county was at Big Sandy Station, in the spring of 1861. A mass meeting was called for the purpose of determining the ideas of the settlers as to effecting a county organization. There was quite a settlement along the Little Blue river and its tributaries by this time, without any government except that of the Territory.

The meeting was called for a certain day in April. Couriers were sent to notify all of the settlers known to reside in the limits of the now known counties of Jefferson and Thayer. They responded almost unanimously by noon of the appointed day. Like most early gatherings, it was turned into a gala-day affair. Contests of marksmanship, horsemanship, foot-racing, boxing and wrestling filled the afternoon program, after D. C. McCanles had outlined the proposition in his usual oratorical style. The settlers balloted by writing either "Yes" or "No" on slips of paper. Many of

the settlers were engaged in duties that took them up and down the Trail, away from home, for a few days at a time, so the ballot box was held open for a few days that they might have a voice in the matter. The final result of this election was announced to be 75 votes in favor of the proposition, and not a dissenting vote. Old settlers say that there were not to exceed 40 *bona fide* voters in the district at this time, so we can only draw our own inferences as to where the other votes came from.

Geo. Weisel states that the first county election for county officers was held in his store on the Big Sandy, in the spring of 1862. According to his recollection the following officers were elected: James Slaughter, County Clerk; Thomas Helvey, County Treasurer; Peter Hanna, Sheriff; Ed. Farrell, Probate Judge. I is also stated that Wm. Brawner served as County Physician, and that he used but one medicine for all ills,—August Flower Bitters,—whether it be coughs, colds, mumps, measles, or fever. George Weisel, George W. Ross and Sant Grayson served as County Commissioners, but there is neither legend nor record as to who served as County Superintendent, Coroner, or Surveyor.

This was called Jones county at that time. Annual elections were held to elect county officials, and transact other business, until 1867, when the Legislature passed an act to enlarge Jones county by adding to it the county on the west, and calling it Jefferson county. This was carried out, and for nearly five years, or until 1871, the present counties of Thayer and Jefferson were mapped and governed as Jefferson county. This

proved very unsatisfactory, and the Legislature passed an act that provided for a division into two counties. This was consummated the fall of 1871, and two complete sets of county officers were elected, with the establishment of Jefferson county to the east of the sixth principal meridian and of Thayer county to the west side of this line. The territory now within the confines of Jefferson county was attached to the county of Richardson for judicial purposes from 1854 to 1857; then by legislative act it was attached to Gage county. Several notable or criminal cases were tried at Beatrice during this time at "Pap's Cabin." In 1867, Gage, Pawnee, Richardson, Johnson, Saline, Thayer, Nuckolls, Fillmore, Clay and Jefferson counties were combined into a judicial district. Mr. Miller, Elmer S. Dunbar, Daniel Gantt and Oliver P. Mason were the first judges of this district.

Gage and Jefferson county became a Senatorial district by an act of the Legislature of 1867, with one member. Each county was entitled to one member in the House of Representatives. C. H. Gere was elected Senator in 1868, Andrew J. Cropsey in 1870, N. K. Griggs in 1872–4.

Hugh M. Ross, of Big Sandy, represented Jones county in 1867, and Oliver Townsend represented Gage county. This session was for the enactment of laws for the newly created commonwealth. This was the first session to be held at the new capital, Lincoln. Nathan Blakely was the first Representative of the newly created Jefferson county, sitting in the Legislatures of 1867–8–9, resigning to accept the appointment of Receiver at the Land Office at Beatrice, Ne-

braska. Fordyce Roper was elected to fill the vacancy in 1870, and D. C. Jenkins was elected to this office in 1871. This was the Legislature that impeached Governor Butler, and passed the act to separate Jefferson county into Thayer and Jefferson.

The following were the county officers from 1862 to 1870:

1862—Thos. Helvey, County Treasurer; James Slaughter, County Clerk; Peter Hanna, Sheriff; Ed. Farrell, County Judge; D. Alexander, Coroner.

1864—T. J. Holt, County Treasurer; D. L. Marks, County Clerk; Frank Helvey, Sheriff; Ed. Farrell, County Judge; D. Alexander, Coroner.

1865—Thomas Helvey, County Treasurer; D. L. Marks, County Clerk; Frank Helvey, Sheriff; Ed. Farrell, County Judge; D. Alexander, Coroner.

1866—Thomas Helvey, County Treasurer; D. L. Marks, County Clerk; Frank Helvey, Sheriff; Ed. Farrell, County Judge; D. Alexander, Coroner; J. D. Powell, County Superintendent; N. E. Davis, County Surveyor.

1867—Jasper Helvey, County Clerk; Thomas Helvey, County Treasurer; Frank Helvey, Sheriff; Ed. Farrell, County Judge; D. Alexander, Coroner; J. D. Powell, County Superintendent; N. E. Davis, County Surveyor.

1868—Thomas Helvey, County Treasurer; Jasper Helvey, County Clerk; Frank Helvey, Sheriff; Joseph Lamm, County Judge; D. C. Jenkins, County Superintendent; D. Alexander, Coroner; N. E. Davis, County Surveyor.

1869—Ives Marks, County Treasurer; I. N. Thomp-

son, County Clerk; S. Alexander, Sheriff; John R. Brown, County Judge; D. C. Jenkins, County Superintendent; Emil Lange, Coroner; A. R. Buttolphs, County Surveyor.

1870—M. Ross, County Treasurer; I. N. Thompson, County Clerk; S. Alexander, Sheriff; John R. Brown, County Judge; D. C. Jenkins, County Superintendent; Emil Lange, Coroner; A. R. Buttolphs, County Surveyor.

No record is found of County Attorney, nor of deputies of any of the county officers. The following were the County Commissioners for the years given.

1864—Asa Andrews, W. P. Hess, and R. B. Powell.

1865—Asa Andrews, W. P. Hess, and R. B. Powell.

1866—Asa Andrews, W. P. Hess, and Ed. Farrell.

1867—Asa Andrews, F. Ellwood, and R. B. Powell.

1868—Asa Andrews, W. T. Brawner and R. B. Powell.

1869—A. T. Hobbs, D. C. Jenkins, and W. H. Avery.

1870—A. T. Hobbs, D. C. Jenkins, and George Weisel.

THE EARLY SCHOOL HISTORY.

The early settlers scarcely finished their cabins before they made some kind of arrangement for the establishment of schools for their children, education being the first matter to receive attention after the general welfare of the families had been attended to.

These schools were taught by teachers paid by subscription, and were held in private houses, which at that time were old ranch buildings, log cabins, dugouts and sod shanties, which were sometimes vacant or occupied as the case might be. Having no permanent location, these early-day schools were changed about from place to place according to circumstances. Schools were generally held during the winter, beginning about the first of December, and lasting through January and February. In later years the term was lengthened and the school sessions were sometimes held out of doors under some foliaged shelter. In the early day it was not an uncommon sight to witness big strapping boys and long-dressed girls reciting in the same classes with little knee-high boys and girls.

The boys of this time had a habit of bringing their guns to school with them, with which they hunted game to and from school, and for protection against the Indians. The male teachers also generally carried guns in their holsters or boots, for the same purposes.

It is asserted that the boys of Big Sandy grew somewhat arrogant in 1865, and that this caused their

teacher to whip several of the big boys who revolted against his orders commanding them to leave their guns at home. The matter was finally compromised by giving the guns into the possession of the teacher during school hours.

Early school teachers received from $50 to $75 per month for their services. Later it decreased annually, until but $20 to $25 per month. Of late years this has increased until the school teachers are the best paid of the State, receiving from $40 per month and upward for eight- and nine-months terms.

The first school of Jefferson county was held in a log cabin close to Big Sandy, during the fall and winter of 1860 and '61, being taught by Valentine Kyle, who was returning from the Pike's Peak gold rush of '59. He was employed by Joel Helvey and others to teach their children the rudiments of education. Here the Helvey children, Jasper, Frank, George, Albert, Sarah and Johannah and several children of other early settlers gathered daily to receive their schooling. Not having text-books, the teacher used the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and other such books on down to almanacs; and, strange to relate, these proved to be just as instructive as if they had been of the most approved text-books.

Later, the schools were divided into classes of big and little folks; then the A B C or Primer, First, Second, Third and Fourth Reader, gradually evolving into the grade system of the present day.

Mr. Kyle, being a strong Union man, responded to the first call for soldiers in the spring of '61, enlisting in the Federal Army at St. Louis. The last word

concerning Mr. Kyle was that he had been badly wounded in one of the first battles of the war.

Miss Anna Alexander succeeded Kyle as teacher, and Miss Emily Marks became the next school mistress at Big Sandy and Rose Creek. Next in order was a Miss Powell, who wielded the birch over the children of Helvey, Powell, Jenkins, Babcock and other families living near Big Sandy.

The first school taught on Rock creek was in a log house which stood near the present Burlington depot at Endicott, in 1866. Miss Emma Thompson, mother of Mr. W. E. Lea, of the Fairbury Mill, was the teacher. She boarded at the Rock creek ranch and rode a distance of three miles to her school each day. The children of D. C. Jenkins and the McCanleses attended this school. The first schoolhouse erected was at Big Sandy, with Miss Alexander as teacher.

The first record of a regularly organized school board was that formed by an election held at Big Sandy in 1863, Geo. Weisel, D. C. Jenkins and Mr. Fannell to serve as Director, Clerk, and Treasurer. They were instructed to organize a school, hire a teacher, and collect by subscription sufficient funds to defray expenses of same. Miss Alexander was hired at a salary of $75 per month, and taught a three-months term during the ensuing year.

District No. 1, or Jenkins's Mill, was organized in 1867. Its boundary included the west one-third of Newton Precinct and extended four miles into Kansas. This gives some idea of the vast territory included in each of the early districts.

From an old record in the Register of Deeds' office the following report is taken:

"To Jasper Helvey, County Clerk—I have examined Miss S. A. Pike as to her qualifications for a teacher, and have given her a certificate in accordance with the requirements in law. Dated this Jan. 27, 1868.

W. D. JENKINS,
County School Examiner for Jefferson County, Nebraska."

Soon a semblance of order began to materialize. Meridian, Marks's Mill, Jenkins's Mill and Rock Creek established regular schools in order named, and with the creation of the State in 1867, districts were organized. During the following year other districts were organized as follows: No. 10, at Meridian; No. 4, called Hobbs school, at Marks's Mill; No. 8, Mattinglys (now Fairbury); No. 7, called Friends (now Endicott); No. 9, Cub Creek; No. 1, Jenkins's Mill (now Steele City); No. 13, Avery (now Buckley).

The State apportionment for 1870 showed the schools of Jefferson county had the following amounts due them:

No. 1.....$82.41	No. 6.....$40.28	No. 13.....$46.77
No. 2..... 76.46	No. 7..... 58.61	No. 14..... 32.43
No. 3..... 13.20	No. 10..... 88.36	No. 15..... 31.42
No. 4..... 25.29	No. 11..... 37.19	
No. 5..... 29.09	No. 12..... 24.81	Total.....$729.21

(Signed) D. C. JENKINS, County Supt.

A notation in these records shows that Harrison Eaton sends to the County Treasurer 75 cents chestnuts and plum seeds, and that Dan and Henry Baker send 40 cents. Just what these transactions were is hard to determine, but it illustrates the manner and methods of keeping the early county affairs and records.

THE COMING OF THE RUSSIANS.

About four hundred and fifty years ago, Menno Simon organized a religious sect in Holland, whose main difference of belief from other Protestant religions was, that they did not sanction the baptism of infants, nor of warfare between mankind, and further believed that oaths should be affirmed instead of being sworn. From the name Menno they were called Mennonites, and were persecuted for their religious beliefs and practices in Holland. Many of them migrated to Germany during the reign of Frederick the Great, but they soon tired of the restrictions of the "Iron-Fisted King," and under certain promises and a contract made with Catherine, then the ruler of Russia, most of them emigrated to southern Russia. Here they were allowed to practice their religious belief and were free from military draft or army service for all time.

The Mennonites prospered greatly in worldly matters and numbers until the government, foreseeing they were becoming too powerful, arbitrarily annulled Catherine's contract with them in 1871, and gave them their choice of either becoming subjects of the Czar or leaving Russia inside of ten years. The Mennonites were very loyal to their religion, and about twenty-five hundred families immediately embarked for America, the greater number going to Canada, while the others scattered in the west plains States. The Russian government, alarmed at their seemingly

wholesale departure, modified the law so that the Mennonites would not be compelled to serve in the army as fighting soldiers; assigned to them the duty of planting and preserving forests of southern Russia, which now stand as monuments of their service to their adopted country.

The Russians (or, correctly speaking, Mennonites) of Jefferson county came direct from southern Russia, bordering the Sea of Azov during the year of 1874, arriving at their destination during the month of August. The party consisted of thirty-five families, or about one hundred and eighty persons in all. Peter Jansen, son of Cornelius Jansen, a young Mennonite, who had previously emigrated to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, was chosen by officials who were directing this movement, to locate and look after the interest of this band of Mennonites. Land was bought of the Burlington Railroad Company at prices ranging from $3.50 to $6 per acre. Most prominent of the pioneer Mennonites were the families of Peter Heidelbrecht, Jacob Ehs, Jacob Friesen, A. L. Friesen, C. Friesen, Peter Friesen, Johann Thiessen, Jno. P. Thiessen, P. Krause, Jacob Klassen, Peter Brandt, and Jacob Fast.

The Mennonites have proven to be frugal, industrious, law-abiding citizens, and have built themselves comfortable and modern homes and buildings, lining both sides of the highway that divides their settlement, giving it the name of the "Russian Lane." With the coming of the Rock Island the town of Jansen was plotted out near the center of the lane, which was soon populated by the Mennonites, who proceeded to direct its affairs so well that it has become one of

the most industrious and wealthiest business towns in the county. Civil actions are of rare occurrence among the Mennonites; only one divorce case is recorded among them in nearly forty years.

THE FIRST RAILROADS.

The first authentic account of a projected railroad through Jefferson county was in a meeting held in Saint Joseph, Mo., on the 17th day of February, 1857, where a paper railroad was organized called Marysville, Palmetto & Roseport Railroad. The purport was to map out a route and construct a railroad from Marysville, Kansas, to the north and west, and connect with the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, which intended building westward through the valleys of Nebraska and Kansas.

The Northern Kansas Railroad and the Denver City & Saint Joseph Railroads were similar paper organizations to secure rights-of-way, etc., for a line running from St. Joseph to some western point, presumably Denver, each covering certain portions of the proposed route. The Marysville, Palmetto & Roseport is perhaps the first to enter Jefferson county's history, when the following facts are considered.

The Hannibal-Saint Joseph System (the Burlington) did build a railroad in after years westward through Rose creek valley in Jefferson county and up the Republican valley to Denver. River and creek valleys were about the only feasible routes for railroads in the early days, so it is perhaps possible that the junction of Rose creek and the Little Blue river was the objective point of the Marysville, Palmetto & Roseport Railroad in 1857. Of course following events changed their intents, and the following organized paper railroads

embodied the new-born intentions as is witnessed in the meeting of stockholders of all the above railroads at Elwood, Kas., August 11, 1866, where all companies were merged into one, called the Saint Joseph & Denver City Railroad Company, with Samuel Lappin as President and E. H. Saville as Secretary, under the Kansas charter passed in 1862.

Real railroads were now built, and eventually the rails crept from Elwood to Wathena, on westward to Hiawatha, Sabetha, Marysville, Hanover, Fairbury, Hastings, and here for some reason the railroad built directly north to Grand Island instead of following the original survey to Kearney. However, at this date work has been started to build a cut-off line as originally intended, to Kearney.

A charter was secured to build through Nebraska, Aug. 11, 1866, with Fort Kearney the objective point, and a grant of 1,700,000 acres of land secured from the Government. Thus, with their capital increased to $10,000,000 and over $1,000,000 secured by subscription, the road was completed to Hastings by 1872, and in 1879 the road passed to the ownership of the Union Pacific and was completed to Grand Island instead of Kearney, as originally intended.

Another fact well to note is that the present St. Joseph & Grand Island Railroad, with its new cutoff from Marysville to Topeka, connecting with the Kansas Pacific, and its Hastings-Kearney cutoff practically follows the old Oregon Trail from Independence, Mo., (Kansas City,) to Kearney, Nebr., and there the Union Pacific takes it up by paralleling on the opposite bank of the Platte river far out into Wyoming with its new

North Platte cutoff. This goes far to prove the wisdom and foresight of our forefathers in road-building, for the early railroads used the routes of this Trail for great distances, and where it is advisable to change their present road-beds to save distance, steep grades, etc., as shown, they return to the old Oregon Trail and follow the course marked out nearly a century ago. No doubt the whole Trail will be paralleled with bands of steel in a few years; in fact, it is practically so at the present time, excepting for a short distance in Wyoming.

The Saint Joseph & Denver City Railroad reached Jefferson in the fall of 1870, and completed its tracks through the county during the years 1871 and 1872, following the Blue river closely on its north bank to the Big Sandy. The town of Steeleburg or Steele City was located about one-half mile west of Jenkins's Mills, on a sloping side-hill and stretch of river-bottom. Jenkins's Mills was crowded by the hills on the back and by the Blue river in front, so with the coming of the railroad through the middle there was little room left to build a town—hence Steele City. The next town was ten miles north and west of Fairbury; and the last town in the county was Powell, so called after the Powell family, on whose land the town was platted near Big Sandy. The completion of this railroad practically caused the abandonment of travel over the old Oregon Trail.

DAMAGES FOR FIRST RAILROADS.

It may be interesting to read the report of the findings of a committee appointed by the county to award

damages to parties owning land that the St. Joseph & Denver City Railroad crossed:

FAIRBURY, NEBR., Oct. 23, 1871.

We find damages, etc., for the following amounts to the said persons:

Richland Wilson, Sec. 32–1–4	$200.00
Michael Carmony, Sec. 29–1–4	300.00
W. D. Jenkins, Sec. 30–1–4	150.00
D. C. Jenkins, Sec. 30–1–4	300.00
Benton Gouldsberry, Sec. 13–1–3	200.00
A. H. Phelps, Sec. 11–1–3	20.00
—— Gleason, Sec. 10–1–3	25.00
Wm. Smith, Sec. 5–1–3	200.00
H. O. Showalter, Sec. 23–2–2	275.00
Wm. T. Brawner, Sec. 23–3–2	200.00
H. E. Olney, Sec. 9–2–2	150.00
B. F. Helvey, Sec. 29–3–2	200.00
Mary Helvey, Sec. 29–3–2	35.00
Jasper Helvey, Sec. 19–3–2	20.00
J. D. Powell, Sec. 25–3–2	100.00
John Baker, Sec. 15–3–2	20.00
Dan Baker, Sec. 15–3–2	10.00

(Signed) L. C. CHAMPLIN,
MORG CRANE,
MARVIN WARREN,
GEO. WEISEL,
JEFF HOLT,
JOHN R. BROWN,
Committee.

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC.

Following other railroads in mode and method of promoting and building new lines, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, under a charter secured as the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska Railway Company, built a line from St. Joseph, Mo., via Horton and Sa-

betha, Kans., to Beatrice, Nebr., westward through Jefferson and Thayer counties, to Nelson, in Nuckolls county, during the years 1886 and 1887.

This company received aid by the voting of bonds in various counties and precincts along its routes. At the same time a line was surveyed from Omaha southwest through Lincoln to Belleville, Kansas. This line was completed through Jefferson county, connecting with the branch line at Jansen and diverging south and west at Fairbury. Fairbury was made a division point for both main and branch lines, and in consequence a large round-house, yards, etc., were installed at this point. The month's pay-roll of the Rock Island at Fairbury runs from $35,000 to $40,000, thus being an important factor in the commercial welfare of Fairbury.

The branch line, running almost direct across the middle of the county, has the town of Harbine near the east line, with Jansen intervening between it and Fairbury; Gladstone being the town west of Fairbury in the county. The main line runs almost diagonally from the northeast corner to the southwest corner, with the following towns in line of order: Plymouth, in the northeast corner; Jansen, at the junction with Thompson near the point where it leaves the county.

THE BURLINGTON.

The Burlington, like other railroads, was made up of many different organizations in the early constructive periods. The Atchison & Nebraska was its first line in Nebraska, connecting by bridge at Atchison with the main line on the east bank between St. Joseph and Kansas City. This line entered the State south of

Rulo, and, passing westward through Falls City and Humboldt, it turned to the north and west at Table Rock, with its terminus at the State capitol, Lincoln, where it connected with the Burlington lines to Nebraska City, Plattsmouth, and the main line running westward through Hastings to Denver.

All railroads of the plains country practically run east and west, and as there were rich valleys extending all along the southern border of Nebraska from Table Rock to Oxford, without a railroad, the Burlington, under the charter of the Omaha & Republican Valley Railroad Company, proceeded to construct a line to Wymore during the year 1879, and in 1880 and 1881 finished their tracks up to the head of Indian creek, down Rock creek, crossing the Blue at its junction with Rose creek, and up this valley to its head-waters in Thayer county, and over the watershed down into the valley of the Republican.

This route eventually caused a very bitter county-seat fight between Fairbury and Endicott, the latter town being located at the crossing of this railroad and the St. Joseph & Denver City line, six miles below Fairbury. Endicott was of mushroom growth, and in 1884 had 700 inhabitants, or more than Fairbury, and conceded to be the best town in the county; but in the election for county seat it lost by a very small margin, and in a few years buildings became vacant or were removed, the decline finally stopping with practically a small country town, having but a handful of business places.

Many reasons are given for the Burlington not building through Fairbury, which would have been the

shortest and cheapest route on account of the endless cuts, fills and steep grades of the present road-bed. Perhaps the best reason was the prevalent belief of that time, that only valley lands were productive; hence the policy of railroads following the streams, where they also found long stretches of level ground for trackage. Another being the railroads' policy of being in close touch with a townsite company, which built up towns along the new railroad. Fairbury was over ten years old, so there was no opportunity for the town-builders; hence Endicott. Other towns on the Burlington were as follows: Diller, on Indian creek, close to the east line of the county, in the Otoe Indian Reservation; Kesterson, about four miles due south of Fairbury, on Rose creek; and Reynolds, about one mile east of the west county line. The village of Thompson, located near the crossing of the Burlington and the Rock Island, was of the latter railroad's building.

EARLY RAILROAD PROJECTS.

The following is given to show the status of the railroad situation during the early 70's, giving rumors of intended railroad-building that rarely materialized: "The Brownville & Pacific will be extended via Beatrice to Fairbury on the St. Joe and Denver City Railroad. This will form an important outlet for the Blue and Republic Valleys to the east."—"The completion of the St. Joseph bridge now makes the completion of the Denver City Railroad imperative to a junction with the Union Pacific from Hastings."—"The Omaha & Southwestern has surveyed a line from Beatrice down the valley of the Big Blue to Marysville, connecting with

the St. Joe & Denver City Railroad; here it will connect with a road running via Manhattan to the Gulf of Mexico. The most important survey of this company is the one running from Beatrice to Meridian, in Jefferson, and Hebron, in Thayer county, to the Republican river and Denver City, Colorado."—"The Nebraska City and Southwestern will be built to Beatrice, and probably unite with the Brownville & Pacific to Fairbury, a distance in all of about 100 miles."—"The Atchison & Nebraska have surveyed and will soon commence work on a line from Table Rock via Pawnee City and Otoe Agency to Fairbury, a distance of 60 miles. This route will afford to the Big and Little Blue valleys competition with the other lines to the east and southeast."

Numerous other roads were projected through other parts of the State, giving people confidence in their early completion, but, like those of Jefferson county, they were slow in materializing, and were built on different routes from those previously planned.

FIRST SETTLERS.

While thousands of people had been traveling over the Trail during the late 40's and early 50's and quite a few traders and trappers camping along the streams during both summer and winter, there does not exist any definite record of a permanent residence until 1856, when Newton Glenn settled at Rock Creek and Dan Patterson at Big Sandy. There do exist statements that certain men whose names are now unknown did live or keep stations at Big Sandy and Rock Creek several years prior to 1856.

It is alleged that William or "Old Man" Thomas, a "squaw-man," who lived near the old Jenkins Mill, built the cabin, dug the cave and secret entrance way of what was known for many years as "Robbers' cave" in the 50's. The story runs that Thomas married an Otoe squaw and was very free in furnishing fire-water to his copper-hued brother-in-law until the Government requested his residence elsewhere, which he established a few miles west of the Reservation line, arranging its construction especially to carry on the illicit storage and sale of liquor, and perhaps be the hiding-place for other goods which were stored here later on, by an organized gang of outlaws. Anyway, "Old Man Thomas" was an eccentric genius of that time and period for seeing and doing things far in advance of his time. Two instances are given: The building of the Brush Dam across the Little Blue for a saw- and grist-mill, which was afterwards completed by D. C. Jenkins, Thomas

having left the country before its completion. Thomas also rigged up a vehicle or wagon with sails and launched it in the spring of 1859, on the Old Trail for Pike's Peak, making a fairly successful voyage to Denver with the occasional aid of mule power. His wind wagon was wrecked in a terrible storm near Julesburg on his return trip. However, this is likely somewhat traditional, and is not given as conclusive; still there was such a wagon going over the Trail.

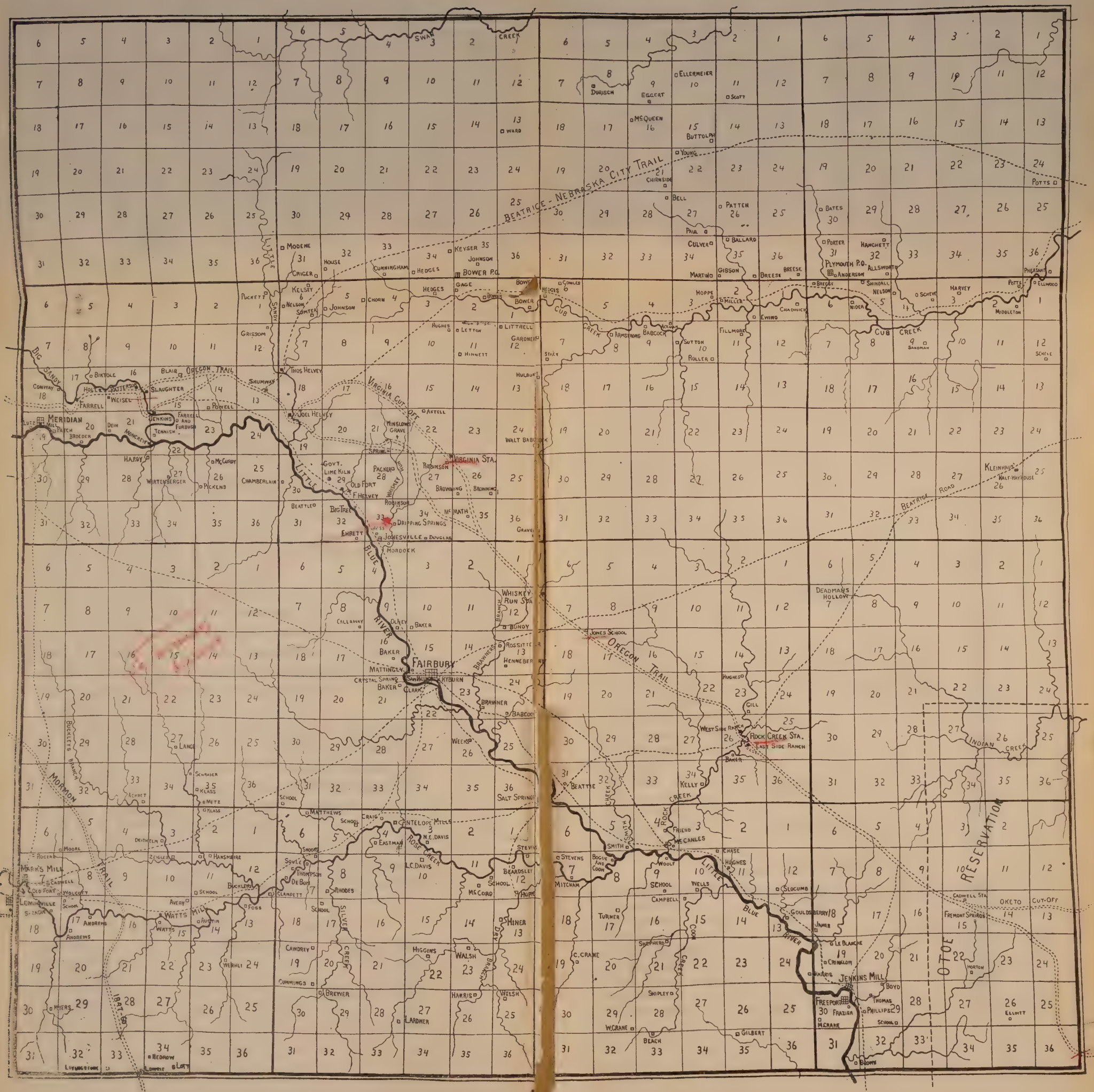
Thomas and his "flying Dutchman" created much wonder and consternation with the other travelers of the Trail, who gazed from hilltop and protected vantages of vision at the white-winged boat that ran on wheels, which was perhaps a greater sensation to all men and animal life at that period than the aeroplane of today.

From the land records and memory of old settlers the following list is given, with the full realization that it is incomplete and incorrect in many instances, but perhaps it is the best that can be secured at this date, as every means was taken to secure a complete list.

Only the heads of families are given, as it would be an impossible task to give the names of all the children. The settler's name, place of residence, and year of arrival are given, grouping them together by locality or settlement.

ROCK CREEK AND ENDICOTT.

Unknown man	Rock Creek Station	before 1856
Newton Glenn	" " "	1856
D. C. McCanles	" " "	April, 1859
J. L. McCanles	" " "	November, 1859
James Woods	" " "	1859
James Gordon	" " "	1859



Swan Creek
Beatrice - Nebraska City Trail
Little Sandy
Big Sandy
Oregon Trail
Virginia Cut-Off
Cub Creek
Little Blue River
Beatrice Road
Indian Creek
Rock Creek
Mormon Trail
Silver Creek
Rose Creek
Dry Branch
Coon Creek
Smith Creek
Oketo Cut-Off
Otoe Reservation
Meridian
Fairbury
Virginia Sta.
Rock Creek Sta.
Jenkins Mill
Freeport
Mark's Mill
Watts Mill
Bower P.O.
Plymouth P.O.
Kleinhaus
Deadmans Hollow
Whiskey Run Sta.
Salt Springs
Jones School
Dripping Springs
Jonesville
Mordock
Old Fort
Lime Kiln
Big Tree
Ehrett
Mattingly
Crystal Spring
Baker
Clark
Kyburn
Brawner
Babcock
Rossitter
Henneberry
Hughes
Gill
West Side Ranch
East Side Ranch
Kelly
Beattie
Smith
Mitcham
Turner
Shepherd
Shipley
Beach
Gilbert
Brown
Frazier
Phillips
Boyd
Thomas
Horton
Ellwood
Potts
Middleton
Harvey
Scheve
Sandman
Nelson
Shindall
Allsworth
Hanchett
Porter
Bates
Pattern
Bell
Young
Chirnside
Ellermeier
Scott
Durisch
Eggert
McQueen
Ward
Keyser
Johnson
Hedges
Gage
Cunningham
House
Modene
Criger
Kelsey
Nelson
Sumter
Johnson
Chorn
Puckett
Grissom
Thos Helvey
Shumway
Joel Helvey
Hughes
Letton
Littrell
Gardner
Hinnett
Hulburt
Stacy
Armstrong
Babcock
Sutton
Roller
Fillmore
Ewing
Chadwick
Hoppe
Miller
Martin
Gibson
Breese
Paul
Culver
Ballard
Bower
Cowles
Hedges
Biktole
Blair
Slaughter
Weisel
Farrell
Powell
Jenkins
Farrell and Furbush
Tennish
Dein
Patch
Broeder
Lutz
Mill
Hardy
Wirtenberger
McCurdy
Pickens
Chamberlain
Govt. Lime Kiln
Packer
Old Fort
F. Helvey
Minslows Grave
Axtell
Walt Babcock
Robinson
Browning
McMath
Beattle
Callaway
Olney
Baker
Brawner
Weeks
Lange
Schrader
Klass
Metz
Achret
Deithelm
Moore
Rogers
Zeigler
Hansmeire
Cadwell
Old Fort
Wolcott
Lemonville
Sprague
Andrews
Avery
Austin
Foss
Buckley
Clampett
Thompson
De Bon
Rhodes
Soule
Snoors
Matthews
Craig
Antelope Mills
N.E. Davis
Eastman
L.C. Davis
Beardsley
McCord
Stevens
Bogue and Coon
Woolf
Wells
Campbell
Chase
Hughes
Slocumb
Gouldsberry
James
Le Blanche
Crinklow
Harris
Boyd
Thomas
Phillips
School
Cadwell Sta.
Fremont Springs
Hiner
Higgins
Walsh
Harris
Welsh
Cawdrey
Cummings
Brewer
Lardner
Werhli
Myers
Nedrow
Lowrie
Lott
Livingstone
Hunter
Dry Branch
Silver Creek
Rose Creek
Smith Creek
Rock Creek
Little Blue River
Coon Creek
Indian Creek
Buckleys Branch
Mormon Trail
1847-60

Allen Erwin	Rock Creek Station	1859
A. L. Heard	" " "	1861
D. Hagenstein	" " "	1861
Fred Hagenstein	" " "	1860
George Hulbert	" " "	1860
Doc. Brink	" " "	1860
Irish John Hughes	" " "	1860
Joe Baker	" " "	1860
Kate Schell	" " "	1860
William Hickok (Wild Bill)	" " "	1861
William Friend	Mouth of Rock Creek	1865
John Wolfe	" " "	1865
Oliver Kelley	On Rock Creek	1867
M. Osborne	" "	1867
Daniel Gill	" "	1866
Peter Gill	" "	1866
Ed Hughes	" "	1869
William Smith	On Smith Creek	1862
Ed Hawkes	" "	1862
Donald Campbell	South Endicott on Coon Creek	1868
James Wells	" " " "	1869
Aaron Wells	" " " "	1869
I. R. Gilbert	" " " "	1867
John Shepherd	" " " "	1869
Mr. Tulford	" " " "	1866
Mr. Chase	East Endicott on Blue River	1863
Welsh John Hughes	" " " "	1862
James Hughes	" " " "	1862
Ben Crites	Near Endicott on Rock Creek	1867
Sylvester Johnson		1868

BIG AND LITTLE SANDY.

Moncreave and Mike Conley, squaw-men; had grown children in		1856
Dan Patterson	Big Sandy Station	1856
Joel Helvey	Little " "	1859
D. C. Jenkins	Big " "	1859
William Babcock	" " "	1860
Thomas Helvey	Little " "	1860
Frank Helvey	" " "	1859
Jasper Helvey	" " "	1859
Thomas Broder	Big " "	1863

R. B. and J. D. Powell	Big	Sandy	Station	1864 or 5
Ed Farrell	"	"	"	1860
Asa M. Latham	"	"	"	1859
George Weisel	"	"	"	1860
Samuel Fryer	Little	"	"	1860
George Whetback	"	"	"	1860
Jeff. Holt	Big	"	"	1864
Jacob Tenesh	"	"	"	1862
Jacob Dein	"	"	"	1866
William Blakely	"	"	"	1862
"Old Man" Ferry (hermit)	"	"	"	1865
Nightingales				1860
Jas. Slaughter	Big	Sandy	Station	1860
Jas. Blair	"	"	"	1860
James Shumway	"	"	"	1860
B. Pixley	"	"	"	1860
I. Alexander	"	"	"	1860
S. J. Alexander	"	"	"	1860
John Biktole	"	"	"	1860
Joseph Walker	"	"	"	1860
J. Reed	"	"	"	1860
Hugh M. Ross	"	"	"	1860
George Ross	"	"	"	1860
Harry Groff	"	"	"	1860
Fred Hagenstein	"	"	"	1860
—— Wolfe				1860
Wes Pickens	Big	Sandy	Station	1869
John S. Grissom	"	"	"	1869
—— Krump				1862
F. R. Grayson				1860

JENKINS'S MILL AND STEELE CITY.

"Old Man" Thomas	Robbers' Cave			about 1860
Jacob Countryman	Jenkins's Mill			1863
James Frazier	"	"		1868
John James	North Steele City			1863
Wm. Battle	Near Jenkins's Mill			1863
Mac La Blanche	"	"	"	
Abner Baker	"	"	"	to
Nathan Baker	"	"	"	
Morg. Crane	"	"	"	1867

J. I. Mitcham	Near Jenkins's Mill	1863
Caleb Frazier	" " "	
Jas. Campbell	" " "	to
Robt. Crinklow	" " "	
Finley Jenkins	" " "	
Dr. W. Jenkins	" " "	1867
Wm. Harris	Near Steele City	1867
Wm. Crane	" " "	1869

ROSE CREEK AND MARKS'S MILL.

Loyal Stephens	Near mouth Dry Branch	about 1864
Rev. Ives Marks	Marks's Mill, near Reynolds	1862
Jared Marks	" " "	1862
D. L. Marks	" " "	1862
Herman Hoppe	On Dry Branch	1866
Fritz Hoppe	" "	1866
Matilda Ball	On Rose Creek	1868
Harriet Christman	" "	1869
N. E. Davis	" "	1865
W. Beardsley	" "	1866
Fred Deithelm	" "	1868
John Bogue, at	Mouth of Rose Creek	1866
D. Bennett		1868
Thos. Brewer		1868
John Craig		1865
Jas. Lardner		1869
Thos. Walsh		1868
J. B. Welsh		1870
Jos. Hiner		1872
John Mitcham		1867
Geo. Meyers		1869
Dan. Livingstone		1869
Wm. Lourie		1869
Sim Nedrow		1868
Rance Lott		1868
Joe Austin		1869
A. Zeigler		1868
John Ackret		1868
Frank Lange		1868
John Schrader		1868
Aug. Metz		1868

John Campbell		1869
Frank Rhodes		1865
Sam Cummings		1867
Preston Hess		1869
D. Klase		1868
James Jolly		——
James and John Quinn		1874
William and Isaac and Sam Snooks		1865
Wm. Foss		1866
D. Soule, deer-hunter		1868
A. C. Wheeler		1867
Dan De Bon		——
Alfred and Wm. Cawdrey		1870
Godfred Caldwell		1868
William Coon	At mouth of Rose Creek	1866
A. T. Hobbs	On Rose Creek	1870
John Hansmire	" "	1869
Henry Hansmire	" "	1869
William Buckley	" "	1866
Wes Mitchan	" "	1867
L. C. Davis	" "	1870
James H. Harris	On Dry Branch	1869
William Lamm	On Rose Creek	1867
I. N. Thompson	" "	1868
Michael Higgins	" "	1867
G. A. Rodgers (miller)	Marks's Mill, Rose Creek	1868
Edward Rodgers	" " " "	1868
Pearl Wolcott	On Rose Creek	1868
Hugh Avery	" "	1866
Andrew Dennis		1867
James T. Snooks		1865
M. D. Gocas		1870
William Sprague	On Rose Creek	1864
Sam Watts	" "	1866
John Ball	" "	1869
Joe McCord	" "	1869
Asa Andrews	" "	1863
John Wolcott	" "	1870

CUB CREEK.

Daniel Myers	North of Harbine	1860
Benjamin Ogden	" "	1860

James Shepherd	North of Harbine	1860
Adam Heileger	" "	1860
John Nider	" "	1866
Bartholime Nider	" "	1866
Louie Nider	" "	1869
James Ireland	North of Fairbury	1869
M. C. Hulbert	" "	1869
George White	" "	1869
A. M. Atkins	" "	1869
Joe Roper	North of Harbine	1869
Fred Ellwood	Cub Creek	1860
The Breese Family	Near old Plymouth	1860
John and Tom McCline	" "	1860
Joe Graff	" "	1860
Ed Pheasant	" "	1860

FAIRBURY AND VICINITY.

James B. Mattingly	Near Fairbury	1865–6
William Brawner	" "	1862
Andy Baker	" "	1863
William Baker	" "	1865
Joe Baker	" "	1865
John Baker	" "	1865
Henry Baker	" "	1865
E. D. Gage	Cub Creek	1869
Robinson Boys	" "	1869
C. C. Calloway	" "	1869
Thomas Axtell	" "	1869
William Bodtke	" "	1868
George and Harry Hansen	" "	1868
Isaac Packer	" "	1868
A. W. Showalter	" "	1870
Dr. Showalter	" "	1869
Sidney Mason	" "	1869
John Dailey	" "	1869
F. C. Bower	" "	1869
I. S. Gardner	" "	1869
Michael Cross	" "	1869
D. L. Littrell	" "	1868
F. M. Browning	" "	1869
Judge C. B. Letton	" "	1869
J. F. Gooding	" "	1866

Col. Thomas Harbine	Cub Creek	1872
Henry Shoebottom	" "	1869
J. B. McDowell	" "	1869
John Gibson	" "	1869
Clark Champlin	" "	1869
George H. Bailey	Near Fairbury	1869
George G. Axtell	" "	1869
C. C. Boyle	" "	1869
Henry Nelson	Cub Creek	1867
Henry Bower	" "	1869
Howard Ryburn	" "	1867
Jos. Goeller	" "	1867
Peter McCurdy	" "	1869
George D. Lloyd	" "	1869
E. Martin	" "	1868
John C. Kesterson	" "	1873
A. W. Mathews	" "	1868
J. J. Shindall	Jefferson Precinct	1865
H. D. Merrill	Antelope Precinct	1869
P. H. Hanchett	Gibson Precinct	1868
Henry Paul	" "	1868
F. S. Durisch	" "	1868
J. P. Shaw	Washington Precinct	1869
Henry Jones	" "	1869
W. H. Chamberlain	Richland Precinct	1869
J. S. Moles	" "	1869
John Edward		1869
Hughes Boys	Richland Precinct	1869

SWAN CREEK AND NORTH OF CUB CREEK FROM 1860 TO 1870.

E. L. Ellemeier	On Swan Creek	1869
John Chirnside	" "	1868
——— Krutchmer	" "	
——— Witt	" "	

Dave Jamerson.
—— Finney.
Jas. Isabel.
—— Wall.
—— Crane.
—— Thrasher.
John Gilbert.
Barney Thornell.
Rev. Caldwell.
Rev. Alkane.
—— Lamb.
W. E. Martin.

Steve Ross.
Jason Plumber.
Bill Remington.
Dave Dunbar.
John Dunbar.
Abe Cox.
John Cox.
—— Stevens.
James Ewing.
Edgar Buttoff.
William Eggert.
Conrad Paul.
George Filmore.
John M. Sutton.
John Armstrong.

History of Fairbury

THE HISTORY OF FAIRBURY.

It is said that a Mr. Dunnick was the first man to live on the present site of Fairbury. His cabin was near the mill-dam. He left before B. T. Ryburn came and homesteaded a little south of the Grand Island and Rock Island Railway crossing, in 1868. Horace D. Clark built a cabin near the Rock Island pump-house in the winter of 1868–9. Then Joel B. Mattingly, who had previously homesteaded the quarter-section just west of the city park, moved his cabin to a spot a little east of the planing-mills, that same winter. None of these men had yet dreamed of the future Fairbury, and it was left for Woodford G. McDowell, a capitalist formerly of Fairbury, Illinois, who was financially interested in the town of Meridian, to foresee and plan the destinies of the county seat to be, the metropolis of the county. There was considerable agitation at this time for the division of the then Jones county into the present counties of Jefferson and Thayer.

The St. Joseph & Denver City Railway was now practically assured to pass through the county, ascending the Little Blue river. McDowell foresaw that the county seat should be centrally located, and that the railroad would diverge up the Big Sandy, leaving Meridian off the line. He planned to get in on the ground floor and plat out the new county-seat town. He decided that the present site of Fairbury was ideal for all purposes. Accordingly, in the spring of 1869

he filed on the land which comprises the east half of Fairbury, and formed a partnership with Mattingly, who filed on the west half. The town was surveyed and platted, given the name of Fairbury, and its promotion started. Inducements such as gifts of lots were given to all those who would erect a building upon them. Residents of Meridian and other inland towns accepted these propositions one by one, which resulted in their final abandonment and the creation of a really live business town, waiting for the coming of the railroad in 1872. Prior to the birth of Fairbury it is alleged that Hess, who lived at the mouth of Whisky Run, platted out a town which he planned to call Jonesville, in the southwest of the southeast of section 33, Richland Precinct. But before any building was done McDowell had given Fairbury its initial start. Mattingly built a sawmill on the present site of the planing-mills in the summer of 1869, and conducted the first postoffice of Fairbury in his residence. For his services he received $1 per month. He was succeeded by Capt. John R. Brown, in 1870. Next was J. C. Houghton, who was soon succeeded by Geo. Cross in the latter part of that year, who with his deputies held this position until 1883. Brown was the first storekeeper, opening up a little store in the present Fred Carpenter's fruit-stand in 1870. Bailey Brothers put in a small stock of drugs on one side, the latter part of that year.

Fairbury's first mail service was a tri-weekly stage mail, established in 1866, via the Overland Trail from Seneca, Kans. Wm. Brawner officiated as postmaster till the building of the town of Fairbury, in 1869.

Stage mail service from Beatrice was established, and continued until the completion of the Grand Island Railroad into Fairbury, March 7, 1872. Sidney Mason built the first hotel on the present site of the new post-office building, in the spring of 1870. A hotel was afterwards built on the present site of Conerus building, on the west side. John R. Brown also kept his store in this building in 1870. Purdy built a hotel

HOTEL, FAIRBURY, 1873.

about three blocks east of the square in 1871, and the Star Hotel was erected by Hansen & Allen on the east side, opposite the northeast corner of the square, in the fall of 1871. George Cross established the first newspaper September 3, 1870, calling it "The Fairbury Gazette." He sold a half-interest to Harry B. Hansen in 1871, which afterwards passed to Loyal Stevens, M. A. Brown and others, back to Cross in the 80's. He then continued as its sole owner and

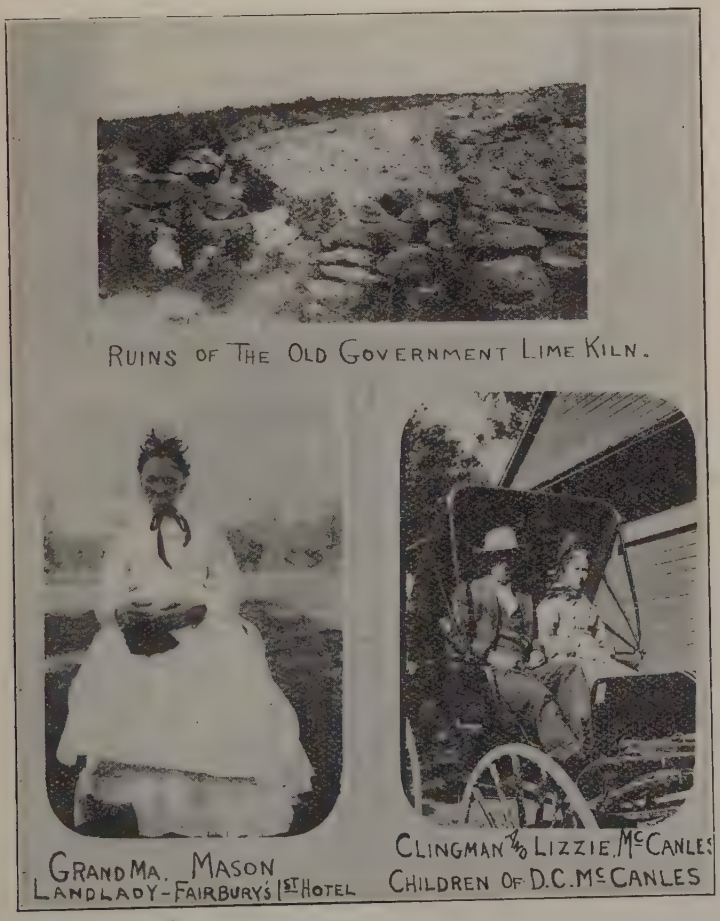
editor until his retirement in the early 1900's, selling the plant to Daniel Cropsey, who soon afterwards sold it to be incorporated with "The Fairbury News" in 1911. Fairbury had several other early-day short-lived newspapers, which have passed the way of all material things, most prominent of which were "The Southern Nebraska Advocate," "Fairbury Times," "The Independent," "The Clipper," "The Telegraph," "The New West Index," and "The Field Notes."

Cropsey and Champlin built and operated a flouring-mill on the present site in 1874. Joseph McDowell and Houghtelin afterwards became the owners of this mill, which has continued to run with but few intermissions ever since, under different managements, with McDowell as partner up to the present date. The building was destroyed by fire in January, 1912. A new company was organized and the mill rebuilt on a much larger scale, making it one of the best and most up-to-date flouring-mills in the State of Nebraska.

Fairbury's first school building still stands, now being known as The Lincoln Hotel. P. L. Chapman taught the first school, in an old log house near Mattingly's saw-mill, in the winter of 1870–71. Geo. W. Hansen taught during the winter of 1871–72. Miss Sue Purdy taught in 1872–3. Judge Chas. B. Letton and W. O. Hambel were later teachers of Fairbury's early-day schools.

The Methodists started a church in October, 1870, with a membership of five. Rev. G. H. Wehn was its first pastor, and a building was erected in 1871 on Fifth street, in Block 16.

The Baptist Church was organized by Rev. Mark Noble, in 1870. Their church was dedicated early in


RUINS OF THE OLD GOVERNMENT LIME KILN.
GRAND MA. MASON
LANDLADY - FAIRBURY'S 1ST HOTEL
CLINGMAN & LIZZIE McCANLES
CHILDREN OF D.C. McCANLES

1873 by Elder J. N. Webb. Rev. Mr. Noble continued to be its pastor for many years afterwards.

The Christian Church was organized by Elder T. Johnson, in 1871, and their church building dedicated by Elder McGuyer, in 1874.

The Presbyterian Church was organized in 1871, through the efforts of Revs. Cunningham and Robinson. In 1878 the church building was erected by Rev. Mr. Miron.

The Harbine Bank was the first in Fairbury and of Jefferson county. It was established by Colonel Thos. Harbine, a capitalist of St. Joseph, Mo., who took up his residence in Fairbury soon afterwards, in the early part of 1874. Its first location was on the east side, just north of Jenkins's store. Later a building was erected in the middle of the south side, which burned in the fire of 1903. From a comparatively small institution this bank has grown to be the largest country-town bank in the State of Nebraska, having a deposit of nearly $1,000,000.

Thomas and Champlin opened up the Farmers' store on the east side. Struthers and Wallace succeeded them in 1873. W. H. Weeks started the first lumber yard in Fairbury in 1870. He hauled most of the lumber from Marysville and Waterville, Kas. His location was on the corner diagonally across from the northeast corner of the square. J. V. Switzer opened up a yard on the southeast corner of the block south of the square, in 1872; Burnside and McGregor started a yard in the southwest corner of this block in 1875, C. F. Stull in 1873 established the first hardware store on the north side, now occupied by the west part of the First National Bank. Mrs. Hinett operated the first bakery, baking her bread on a common cook-stove in

the back part of Fred Carpenter's fruit-stand, in 1871–72. Price Brothers opened the first hardware store, next door to the Farmers' store, on the east side, in 1872.

The first meeting to form incorporation was held on the 28th day of April, 1872. The names of L. C.

Champlin, Tom J. Kirk, F. A. Morey, C. F. Steele, Jas. Ireland, G. O. Bailey, Joseph Nelson, Jas. Price and C. F. Letsinger appear at the head of the articles of incorporation.

Mrs. Hinnett conducted the first bakery in Fairbury, using the family cook-stove for the baking oven. This

establishment was on the west side of the square, in a part of Mattingly's building.

W. W. Allen opened the first real bakeshop on the south side during the year 1871 or '72, which was conducted by the family for many years afterwards.

Other businesses came one by one into Fairbury, until the following directory appeared in Fairbury in 1874. The map presented on p. 337 shows their locations.

FAIRBURY DIRECTORY IN 1874.

Allen, Wm.—Bakery.
Anderson & Edwards—Billiard Hall.
Armstrong Bros.—General Store.
Buchanan & Smith—Grain.
Boyle, C. C.—Probate Judge and Attorney at Law.
Bailey, W. W.—Drugs.
Butler, A. B.—Physician.
Boyle & Hansen—Real Estate.
Cropsey & Champlin—Fairbury Mills and Elevator.
Cross & Hansen—Fairbury Gazette.
Christian, Robert—Boots and Shoes.
Crane & Brock—Meat Market.
Case & Kirk—Livery Stable.
Dawson, H. C.—Live Stock Dealer.
Eaton, H. H. (Tip)—Tremont House.
Hole, H. F.—Grain.
Houghton, J. C.—Hardware.
Kennedy & Turner—General Store.
Letsinger, C. F.—Heard House.
Landkammer & Scheinder—Wagonmakers and blacksmiths.
Letton, W. H.—Merchant Tailor.

Morey & Eldridge—General Store.
Merrell, H. D.—General Store.
Mooney, H.—Wagon Shop.
Mattingly, J. B.—Steam Sawmill.
Purdy, B. L.—Purdy House.
Pease Bros.—Drug Store.
Price Bros.—Hardware.
Parker, B. H.—Blacksmith.
Riley, Wm.—Blacksmith.
Razie, S. R.—Groceries and Produce.
Saxon, John—Attorney.
Slocumb & Hambel—Attorneys.
Struthers & Wallace—General Store.
Steele, C. F.—Furniture.
Switzer, J. V.—Lumber.
Sheldon, A. J.—Harness.
Stuge, H.—Saloon.
Stephenson, W. H.—Meat Market.
Showalter, A. W.—Physician.
Turner, B.—Blacksmith.
Warren, M.—Attorney.
Work, D. C.—County Clerk.
Watson, W. W.—Real Estate.

The official county directory of 1874 was: W. R. Craig, J. D. Brawning and A. W. Matthews, County Commissioners: C. C. Boyle, Probate Judge; C. F. Steele, Sheriff; D. C. Work, Clerk; A. W. Showalter, Treasurer; M. Crane, Surveyor; E. J. Fulford, Supt. of Schools; Dr. A. B. Butler, Coroner. Fairbury Town Trustees were F. A. Morey, Wm. Allen, H. D. Merrill, W. W. Watson, and T. J. Kirk.

Fairbury shipped 255 cars of grain, 75,000 bushels of

wheat and 25,000 bushels of barley, during the last six months of 1873. They received 143 cars of lumber and a total of $42,300 was spent in buildings during this year. Lumber sold from $50 to $70 per thousand.

Fairbury has been visited by several disastrous fires in its nearly forty years of existence. The first one occurred in 1879, and destroyed nearly one-half of the business part of the town. The second fire occurred in 1889. This fire, while serious at that time, was small compared with the third and most disastrous fire, which burned the whole block south of the square except the old county court-house, the 23d of April, 1903.

Fairbury's greatest storm was the hail-storm of June 20th, 1881. Nothing of its like had occurred before, nor has since, in Jefferson county. Houses were riddled; all glass on the storm side were broken; shingles, sidings and shutters were beaten into kindling-wood. Houses were flooded and the streets turned into raging torrents; trees were stripped of their foliage, and for years carried the scars of the storm.

Fairbury has always been a healthy, steady-growing town, free from booms or any undesirable impetus. Year by year the population has steadily increased, until the census shows that Fairbury has nearly 6,000 inhabitants, and is recognized as the best business town in southern Nebraska.

Remembrances of Early Pioneers

REMEMBRANCES OF EARLY PIONEERS.

MISS MARCIA BABCOCK.

Miss Babcock, one of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Babcock's daughters, pioneer settler of Big Sandy and Cub creek, gave the following relation of early pioneer days. She was born in Hillsdale, Mich., in 1856. In her babyhood she accompanied the family in their migration through Missouri, Kansas, and arrived in Nebraska in 1859. The Babcocks settled on the Big Sandy May 1st, 1861. They lived at several different places in eastern Kansas and Nebraska for short periods of time, but their ventures had proved failures, so when they arrived in Jefferson county they were practically at the end of their tether. Having but little means or property, work of any honest nature was acceptable to them. They took up residence in Moncreve's cabin, at the mouth of Big Sandy. This was a long, six-roomed, rough log-built structure, with a slab clapboard roof, a mud-and-stick chimney, with blankets hung in the openings for doors and windows. Around the house was a high log stockade. Moncreve, the squaw-man, spent most of his time traveling up and down the stream, trapping, and trading with the Indians. In appearance he was small of stature, apparently of French origin; his complexion was not unlike that of an Indian, his skin withered and wrinkled. His two squaws were not much more attractive, the Otoe squaw being about as black as a negro. Their children

were of fair-sized stature, and comely of looks. Most of them drifted away to other parts at an early age, leaving the old folks to shift for themselves. Moncreve and his squaws usually lived in his cabin every winter, so Babcock built a log house on the east side of Big Sandy just below Jenkins, during that summer and fall. This was a two-roomed or double house of hewn logs, with a clapboard roof and a split puncheon floor. The fireplace and chimney were of stone. The windows were of single- and double-paned sashes. Babcock made frequent trips freighting to the river, and brought the first cook-stove into Jefferson county. It was of the old-fashioned type, called the "step stove." Mrs. Babcock and her daughters baked many thousand loaves of bread in this stove for the travelers of the Trail. The furniture of the house was of a crude, home-built nature for the most part; the bedsteads were fashioned from peeled and dressed hardwood poles, the rails pierced with auger-holes through which ropes were woven and laced across, and upon these straw- and feather-beds were placed. The tables and stools were made from native lumber, hewn and dressed into shape. Babcock brought two factory-made chairs home one day in 1863, and the children thought this the greatest event of their lives; many neighbors came in to see Babcock's "swell furniture." Before the Babcocks got their new stove they baked their bread in iron skillets (sometimes called "Dutch ovens"), provided with lids; these were placed in the glowing embers of the fireplace, and red coals were banked over the top till the act of baking was complete. The cooking of meats and vegetables was done in

huge three-legged iron pots, which were suspended by chains in the fireplace or set in the midst of the fire. The tableware of well-to-do people was of heavy iron-stone china,—dishes, plates, cups, etc., together with wooden-handled steel knives and forks, and pewter spoons. Nearly every fireplace had an iron teakettle suspended from a crane, upon which it was moved in and out of the fire. Most floors of the early settlers' places of habitation were bare and carpetless, many being of dirt, but they were fairly clean. The doors of pioneer houses were generally made of broad, heavy boards nailed and cleated together and swung on wood-en boards nailed and cleated together, and swung on wooden hinges, fastened with a wooden latch or bar, which was pulled up and opened from the outside by a leather string, run through a hole above the latch. When this string was pulled within, the door could not be opened from the outside; thus the old saying, "The latch-string hangs out." The first door-knobs the Babcock children saw was when at Marysville, during the Indian raid of 1864. The possession of some for their own home was now the children's greatest desire, which happily was realized a few months later for their front door. Brooms were generally made by binding a bundle of willow withes together on the end of a stick. The first straw brooms came from towns on the Missouri river, but their cost was prohibitive to many. Mops were usually home-made affairs, of rags sewed on the ends of stocks. Soap for all purposes was generally made from fats, greases, and wood ashes Washings were done in wooden tubs, on wooden and zinc washboards. It was not uncommon for neighbors

to "take turn about" using the tubs and washboards. Babcocks for several years possessed the only flatiron in the neighborhood, and it was continually *en route* from one settler's house to another's. There was no such thing as "store" starch; those who used it made it from potatoes. Sewing-machines were unknown. All sewing was done by hand. Men's, women's and children's clothing was cut and fashioned according to the operator's fancy and adeptness. Babcocks made their living at Big Sandy by caring for worn-out oxen and horses, and trading fresh ones to the travelers of the Trail; also selling them bread, butter, eggs and other produce, supplying feed, and caring for their beasts of burden. When the Indian raid of 1864 came, Babcock had quite a herd of cattle and a large flock of chickens, which had to be left behind. The Indians got a few of them, and the Kansas militia got all the rest excepting an old white hen which the children called "Dove," which luckily was sitting on a nest of eggs out in the bushes. When the Babcocks were returning from Marysville to their home they met the militia returning to Kansas with their wagons piled high with plunder of every description which they had taken from the deserted homes of the settlers.

Marcia tells of her remembrances of the family's memorable flight from the Indians to Marysville. "About dusk, the evening of August 6th, 1864, mother came back from Jenkins's store very much excited, and told us that word had come down the Trail that the Indians had killed all the settlers up the Blue river valley and burned all the ranches and buildings, and that they would soon be upon us. When she left,

Jenkins had already started to load up two wagons with his most valuable property, and he invited us folks to go with him, which we accepted. Mother rode in the wagon drawn by horses, in which was Mrs. Jenkins, who was expected to become a mother. The children of both families rode in the ox-wagon. Father and William Blakely stayed at the store and at our place to guard the property. When we arrived at the Rock Creek Ranch that night with our slow-traveling ox-team away behind the older folks, who went much faster with the horses, we learned that a little boy had been born *en route*. This was George Jenkins.

"I shall never forget the scene round about the station that night of the fleeing settlers. Far up and down the creek their camp-fires glimmered. The confusion and babel of voice and sound were indescribable, as were the contents of their wagons and property that they were taking with them. The station-houses were given over to the women and children for sleeping-quarters, while the men and boys slept in the wagons and around the camp-fires.

"Early next morning we resumed our flight, and by noon the whole roadway seemed to be filled with an endless, unbroken mob of men, animals and vehicles of every description, straining to their utmost going eastward. In the excitement the grub-box for our wagon was overlooked, and all that us load of children had to eat that long day was raw sugar from a sack we found in the wagon. We could have asked other refugees for eatables, but being children we stayed by the sugar-and-water diet.

"Late that night we reached Moyte's ranch, where

we encamped for the night, and crossed the Blue river into Marysville the next morning. Mother with Jenkins and their horse team of course out-traveled us all the way, and D. C. Jenkins returned and met us at the river crossing, where we were having difficulty in forcing the oxen to ford the stream. We finally accomplished this by getting out into the stream on each side, and with whips and sticks drove them directly across. We got our first square meal at Frazier's Hotel that morning. Marysville was filled full to overflowing with people, and live-stock of all descriptions. Stage-coaches, freight trains, settlers and their belongings continued to pile up in the valley close to Marysville for many days. We were fortunate enough to secure a house in which we lived till the Indian scare was over, about three weeks later. Then father came and took us and our belongings back home.

"This Indian raid and scare broke up our first Sunday-school at Big Sandy, which Rev. Ives Marks had started that summer. This was held in an old log house at Big Sandy Station. Annie Alexander taught school in this same building in 1863–64. At first we used almost any kind of text-books; later we secured a few copies of McGuffey's and Hilliard's readers.

"Another time the Indians attacked Dan Baker's house, down below us on the Little Blue. The Baker boys were in the habit of going well armed and together, so we were prepared for the attack. The Indians were quite persistent in shooting from their places of concealment, but were finally repulsed after several of their party had been wounded. Mrs. Wm. Baker loaded the guns for her husband and his brothers,

thus enabling the boys to keep up a continual fire on the Indians.

"We moved down the Little Blue on the spring branch below where Fairbury now is, in 1865, living here until the spring of 1870, selling this to Showalter. Father then bought land on Cub creek, four miles north and one mile west of the present town of Jansen. Here father and mother lived the rest of their lives.

"In conclusion, I finish the narrative of my own life, that of my father and mother and brothers being told elsewhere. After attending country schools till I passed through the highest classes, I secured a teacher's certificate in 1875. My first school was at Richland Center. My contract called for $22 per month, but in those times school orders and warrants were discounted for cash, so I really received from $17 to $18 per month. I continued to teach schools at different places in the county until 1900. During this time I improved my education by attending summer schools and normal institutes, and finally graduated from Peru with a life certificate to teach anywhere in the State.

"The settlers along Cub creek in Jefferson county prior to 1870 according to my best remembrance were as follows: starting at the east and going westward was Potts, in Sec. 24; Kilpatrick and Pheasent, in Sec. 36, in Plymouth precinct; Elwood, in Sec. 1; Scheve, in Sec. 12; Middleton, in Sec. 2; Harvey, in Sec. 3; Nelson, in Sec. 4; Nider, in Sec. 5; Breese, in Sec. 6; Jefferson and Shindall, in Sec. 33; Alsworth and Hanchet, in Sec. 32; Porter and Anderson, in Sec. 31, of Plymouth precinct; Breeses, in Sec. 36; Ballard and Gibson, in Sec. 35; Culver and Martin, in Sec. 34, of

Gibson precinct; Chadwick, in Sec. 1; Ewing and Miller, in Sec. 2; Hoppe, in Sec. 3; Fillmore, in Sec. 2; Sutton and Roller, in Sec. 10; Hole and Babcock, in Sec. 9 and Armstrong in Sec. 8, of Cub creek Precinct; Gardner and Littrell, in Sec. 12; Bowers, in Sec. 1; Gage and Hulburt, in Sec. 2, Richland Precinct. Preacher Johnson lived in Sec. 35; Keyser and Hedges, in Sec. 34; and Cunningham, in Sec. 33 of Washington Precinct."

W. H. AVERY.

Mr. Avery was born in Summit county, Ohio, the year 1837. Worked on his father's farm while a young man, and moved to Illinois when he was 18 years of age. Here he married Miss Clarissa Waggaman, in 1859. He joined the One Hundred and Fifteenth Illinois Infantry at the outbreak of the Civil War, serving through to the end. Emigrated to the State of Nebraska in the spring of 1866, filing on a homestead in the valley of Rose creek, upon which he resided for many years.

Mr. Avery became one of the leading figures in the affairs of the county. He was one of the first County Commissioners, and contributed much in other ways to the betterment and upbuilding of the county.

He retired from the farm a few years ago, and is now living with his wife and family in the city of Fairbury.

Edward, Frank, Roy, Mrs. Florence Dunham and Mrs. May Weeks are the children of this pioneer couple.

From the fact that Mr. Avery was a public officer and traveled about over the country frequently in the pioneer times, he is well fitted to tell of the people and

their locations at that time, especially those of Rose creek valley.

The following is given as he remembers the people, their dates of coming and their locations:

Rev. Ives Marks and others of his family were the first settlers on Rose creek; they came in 1862 and 1863. Rev. Mr. Marks built a sawmill on the banks of Rose creek, using the water of the stream for power. Later on he put in burrs to grind grain. Jared Marks was his brother, and he had a son William and Jared had one called David. The two Andrewses and the Spragues came shortly after the Markses, settling near by on Rose creek. The first settler on the lower end of Rose creek valley was old Loyal Stevens, who must have come there during the last days of the Civil War, if not before. During the years of 1865 and 1866 many old soldiers filed on the rich bottom-land along the valley, which, coupled with the other new-comers, dotted the whole valley with the cabins and dugouts of settlers. The years 1867–8–9 brought in the biggest number of settlers. This practically took up most of the available land for settlement, and the future work was for the development of the farmsteads.

Starting at the mouth of the creek going westward to the county line, the early settlers of Rose creek valley and its tributaries were: Bogue and Coon at the mouth, in Sec. 8, 1866; Loyal Stevens and John Mitcham in Sec. 7 of Endicott Precinct, 1865 and '67; the Hoppes and Wm. Beardsley, in Sec. 12 of Antelope Precinct, in 1866; Joseph McCord, Sec. 11, in 1869; Joseph Hiner, Sec. 13, in 1872; John B. Welsh, Sec. 25, in 1870; James Harris, Sec. 26, in 1866; Thos. Walsh,

Sec. 23, in 1868; Mike Higgins, Sec. 22, in 1867; Jas. Lardner, Sec. 28, in 1869; N. E. Davis and L. C. Davis in Sections 3 and 10, 1865 and 1870; Craig and Eastman in Sec. 4, in 1865–6; the Snookses and Frank Rhodes in Sec. 8, in 1865; D. Soule, the deer hunter, Sec. 7, in 1868. A Mrs. Johnson lived on I. N. Thompson's place in 1866, then went to California. Thompson came in 1867, on Sec. 7; Dan De Bon, present site of Thompson, 1869; Clampett and Buffalo Hunter Buckley came in 1866, Sec. 12, Buckley Precinct; Wm. Foss, Sec. 13, in 1866; Cawdreys, Cummings and Brewer, Sec. 19, in 1870, 1867, 1868; Joe Austin, Sec. 14, in 1869; myself and the Wattses in 1866; the Andrewses in Sec. 17, in 1863; Spragues on Sec. 18, in 1864; Marks in Sec. 7, in 1862–3. Jas. Ball and Joe Geoller lived up the creek, in Thayer county. Down south, near the State line, was Livingston, Lowrie, Nedrow, and Lott, who came in 1868 and 1869. On Buckley Branch were Old Man Hansmire and the boys, in Sec. 11, in 1869; Adam Zeigler, Sec. 10, in 1868; Fred Diethelm, Sec. 3, in 1868; John Schrader and John Ackert, Sec. 34 of Lincoln Precinct, in 1868; Aug. Metz and Klass in Sec. 35, in 1868; Frank Lange, Sec. 27, 1868. Caldwell, Wolcott, Andy Dennis, D. Bennet, George Meyers, John Campbell, George and Ed Rodgers were also settlers prior to 1870, in the Rose creek valley.

Sam Watts and his son William built their grist-mill on the north side of Rose creek, in Sec. 15, Buckley Precinct, in the fall of 1866. The burrs were only 16 inches in diameter, but they did pretty good work cracking up corn into meal. Marks Mills were better

equipped, and he had a horizontal saw rigged up, which did lots of service converting the tough and knotty logs into rough lumber for the early settlers' needs in building their first homes and buildings. George and Ed Rogers succeeded Marks as the miller in the 80's, and moved the mill to Reynolds when the railroad killed the old town. They continued to operate it with improvements till fire destroyed it in the early 1900's.

Rev. Mr. Marks wanted to call his town the high-sounding name of New York City, but somehow the people persisted in calling it after its founder till the citizens incorporated it as Rose Creek City, in 1875 or thereabouts. Lewis Sprague was one of the first carriers of the mail to Marks Mill, and Chas. Andrews carried it from Beatrice later in 1869 to 1873. James Lemon started a town across the creek from Marks's mill in 1873, called Lemonville. He and Tom Kirk conducted general merchandise stores, and W. Parker built a pottery near by. The Porters aided him, and afterwards took it over from him. The ruins of the old kiln can still be seen close beside the present railroad tracks. Between Marks Mill and Lemonville was the old sod fort built by the settlers in 1867. This was about twenty rods east of the county line and a few rods north of the section line between Sections 7 and 18. Fortunately, the Indians never committed much depredation to the settlers of Rose creek valley. The only serious trouble was the stealing of horses. The Markses were always on the watchout for any signs of trouble from them, and it was not an uncommon occurrence to see one of the Marks boys flying down the valley on horseback, warning the settlers of the

proximity of Indians. The only settlers to be killed by Indians were the two Adkins boys and a man named Rossenberger, who in company with Wash and Alden Luce, and Old Man Hess, were out on a buffalo hunt on the Republican river, near Hardy, in 1867. The party found themselves suddenly surrounded with hostile Indians, who immediately attacked them. They held their own, retreating towards the river, hoping to ford it and reach a small settlement over on White Rock. The Indians in close pursuit succeeded in taking advantage of the difficult task in fording, and killed the aforenamed persons. The survivors on reaching the other shore succeeded by good use of their heavy carbines in keeping off their pursuers till they reached a place of refuge. They came home in a few days, and a company of men went back to avenge the death of their fellow-settlers. Jos. Goeller, Jonas Goeller, I. N. Thompson, Capt. Matthews, N. E. Davis, Wm. Watts, Wm. Buckley, myself and some others were in this party, but the Indians of course had left the scene of the killing long before we got there. Then, lucky for us, we turned back just in time to miss the big band of hostile Indians who would have certainly made mincemeat of us, had they found us. Our trip and search were unavailing. The bodies of the murdered men were not found until the next year, and then accidentally by some hunter who gave them a burial, and sent us word which confirmed that they were the missing dead men.

The experiences of the early settlers of Rose creek valley were much the same as that of others in the pioneer times of the West. We had plenty of hard-

ships and privations, but after all we enjoyed life, and there was always the feeling that we were glad to live and be doing something. We were, of necessity, sociable and generous-minded. Our work was of common interest, and we would often turn in and help the weak or the unfortunate neighbor. When our small acreage of crops was cared for, we would organize a party to go out on the level prairies to the north and west to secure buffalo and antelope meats for the family larders.

Many of us worked at odd jobs round about the neighborhood, breaking prairie, hauling freight from the river, anything to earn money so that we could hold body and soul together on our claims till we could get a clear title for them. It is not necessary to tell in detail all that we did to accomplish this, for that is an old story, often told in every tale of pioneerism, and when such are read it is only the repetition of what we went through. Our present generation can scarcely realize the meaning of the actualities of this, and perhaps the coming generation will not believe; so we will let it rest as it is, a memory sacred to us old-timers.

REMEMBRANCES OF WASHINGTON, GIBSON AND PLYMOUTH PRECINCTS, BY JOHN CHIRNSIDE.

There was a settlement of Germans who came in 1860, settling over north of us, along Swan creek, in Saline county. A few of them lived along the line in Jefferson county, on the tributaries of the creek, but they cannot be said to be the pioneer settlement of this county. These Germans went through many hardships and privations during the first few years of

their stay with us, but the most of them stuck it out and reaped goodly compensations for so doing. The precincts that I am telling about are in between Swan and Cub creeks. The land is high, open prairie, which people at that time thought unfit for settlement. While the creek valleys were fairly well taken up by the last of the 60's, the high prairies were practically untouched. So those who went out on the uplands and took up residence there in 1868–9 and 70's were really pioneers,—as much so as those who settled in the creek valleys in the early 60's. Being a Scotchman from the Highland country, I was naturally attracted to the uplands of Jefferson county; so I got land in Secs. 21–22, of Gibson Precinct, upon which I have continued to reside and rear my family. Even now, at the ripe old age of retirement for most people, I find it hard to content myself elsewhere, for this has grown to be my home not only in actuality, but of the kindest and most sacred of memories. To tell the story of each individual's hardships and privations during the first few years of the stay here, would be but a repetition of others; so I will pass it by, and give the dates of arrival and location of a few nearest neighbors, and a few incidents happening close by.

John McQueen was in Sec. 16, just north of me; Young in Sec. 22, to the east; Bell in Sec. 28, to the south; Paul in Sec. 27, Patten in Sec. 26, Culver in Sec. 34, Ballard in Sec. 35, with Gibson and Martin on the south side of these last two sections, to the south and east of me. To the north towards Swan creek was Buttolph, in Sec. 15, Egert in Sec. 9, Eller-

meier in Sec. 10, Durisch in Sec. 8, and Evans in Sec. 7—all in Gibson Precinct.

Over in Plymouth Precinct, near the old town of Plymouth, which was afterwards promoted by the B. & M. R. R. when they were figuring on building a railroad through Jefferson county in the early 70's, were the families of Bates, Porter, Anderson, Hanchet, Allworth, and Shindall. Along the winding Cub creek, in the north end of Cub creek and Jefferson Precincts, were the families of Nelson, Nider, Breese, Chadwick, Ewing, Hoope, Fillmore, Sutton, Babcock, Armstrong, Gardner, Bower, and several others. Washington Precinct did not have many early settlers; all that I can remember of coming by the time I did was a man named Ward, in Sec. 13, and Preacher Johnson over north of Bower. There were some others over that way, but I cannot recall their names. We went to Beatrice for our groceries and supplies and to the grist-mills at Swan creek for flour, etc. This was also our first place to get mail. E. Martin soon afterwards got the appointment of postmaster for Cub Creek P. O., which he established in his house. This was moved to old Plymouth in 1870. Plymouth was but a store and church. Anderson first ran the store, and was succeeded by N. N. Porter, who in turn was succeeded by a man named Chase. A graveyard was established near the town, and many of the old settlers of Cub creek lie within it at the present time. I believe the first man to be buried there was George Kissel, who was killed by a cave-in of sand about the time that I came to the country.

With the coming of railroads to the north, east and south of us, but at considerable distance, we commenced to trade at the new towns that were built up along the different lines. Thus we went to De Witt, Swanton and Fairbury generally, till the coming of the Rock Island along in 1887; then, with the establishment of the town of Plymouth to succeed old Plymouth, and the making of Jansen a little farther down the line, we naturally turned to these towns with the greater part of our business, and the old postoffices and inland towns fell by the wayside. Everybody knows what happened since that time, so I will desist.

HORACE D. CLARK.

Mr. Clark was born in Essex county, N. Y., in the year 1841. Came to the State of Iowa in 1847, living with his parents and learning the blacksmith's trade. Served through the greater part of the Civil War in Co. I, of the 24th Ohio Infantry. Returned to Iowa, after the war, residing there until he came to Nebraska, in 1868. He married Miss Charlotte A. Culver, at Hopkinton, Iowa, in 1867. She was a daughter of Franklin and Hannah Culver, of New York. She was born in the year 1848. Mr. and Mrs. Clark have no children to bless their union. They are now living in the city of Fairbury, the town that they have seen grow from the surveyor's stakes to the best little city in the State of Nebraska, and mighty proud are they of this fact.

Mr. Clark was the homesteader of the southern part of the city, and was its first blacksmith. His pioneer residency qualifies him more than any other old settler

to tell of the early history of Fairbury and immediate vicinity. The following sets forth his story:

We came first to Beatrice in 1868, staying there until in December of that year. Then I came over on the Little Blue and filed on the N.E.¼ of Section 22–2–2. This is now known as the mill property, the mill being near the northeast corner of it. We built a small log cabin close to the river near where the Rock Island pump-house now stands, and moved into it in the following January. For several years I did quite a bit of blacksmithing for the early settlers, using the lean-to of my house for a shop.

When we came, the Mattinglys lived in a log house, near the present site of the planing mill, where he was erecting a steam sawmill. He got the boiler and machinery from Judge McDowell, in Fairbury, Ill., hauling it from the Missouri river with ox-teams, and had it set up and running in the fall of 1869. Mattingly came to Beatrice in the early fifties. He and his son followed the business of freighting across the plains for many years before coming to Jefferson county. He settled first in a log cabin on the northeast corner of Section 32–3–2, Richland Precinct. After he moved out, Dave Bennett and family lived in it one winter, and the following summer Mattingly moved it down near his sawmill. In this old cabin the first Sunday schools and church of Fairbury were held, in 1869–70. Rev. Mark Noble preached several sermons therein during the early part of 1870, till he could secure a better place. The Sunday-school was eventually moved to rooms above the newly built store build-

ings around the public square. Tom Warden, Mrs. Clark and Sidney Mason were the leading spirits of the Sunday-school and church work.

The first Fourth of July celebration was held in J. B. Mattingly's sawmill, in 1869. The building was about completed, and the machinery was not yet in place; so we staged our celebration within. Nearly all of the settlers up and down the river from Rose creek and Cub creek attended. We had a regular old-fashioned "good time," and all enjoyed themselves. The ladies of Fairbury made a flag for the occasion. Mattingly made them a proposition to buy the material if they would make the flag. Mrs. Clark, Mrs. B. T. Ryburn, Mrs. John R. Brown and Mrs. Wm. Brawner accepted, and in a few days completed the first stars and stripes to float to the breezes of Jefferson county by the settlers themselves. The ladies presented this flag to the Otoe Indians, who brought Whitewater back into custody in 1871. What they did with the flag is not known, but when presented with it they swore to keep and cherish it forever and ever.

The summer of 1869 was one of big floods, and the Blue river was the highest that I ever knew. Old Indians told me that it was higher only once before in their memory. We were living then down next to the river, and as the spring floods came and went without touching us, we began to feel secure. One day I had to go to Meridian for Dr. Thomas to get him to come and see my brother who was lying ill in my house. I had a hard trip crossing the swollen streams, especially the bottoms of Big Sandy. When I started to leave Meridian, George Weisel told me that the river had

risen rapidly that afternoon, being about four feet higher than at any time that summer. I could hardly believe him, for I knew if this was so my home was in danger. Hurrying home, I found the river overflowing its banks, but there did not seem to be much danger of it getting up to the house. So we retired without keeping guard, but about midnight we were awakened by unusual sounds, and on getting out of bed surprisedly stepped into water; investigation showed that it was from the river. While my wife busied herself in getting goods and things off the floor above the water, I went out to save our horses, cattle, pigs and chickens. The latter I threw up in the trees and tore down the pens to let the rest shift for themselves, which the most did. Returning to the house, I found my wife wading about among the floating furniture and goods, that she was attempting to save. Seeing that it was useless to stay, I told her to come on and I would swim with her out to the shore to the north and east and save her anyhow. My brother would not consent to leave the house till my wife was safe, but he came soon after we left, with my wife's two brothers, who secured our big horse, and with his aid all three reached the shore in safety. The trip wife and I made alone in the midnight hour, through waters we knew not the depth or nature of, will ever be remembered, and it seems to be sort of miraculous that we survived the trying ordeals of the tugging currents upon our physical power and endurance. We landed close to B. T. Ryburn's cabin, which stood near the crossing of the Rock Island and Grand Island railways. Here we stayed that Saturday night and Sunday of June, 1869, while the biggest flood of

the Little Blue river rolled by. The cause of this unprecedented flood was the fact of a great cloud-burst occurring up above, the waters of which, on top of the already swollen stream, put the river out all over the bottoms. This flood caused much damage to the early settlers along the streams, who, like us, were unprepared and unsuspecting.

After the flood went down we straightened things up best we could, and resided there for the next year or so; but fearing another flood, we concluded to move across the river and build on higher ground. Our house was erected near the southwest corner of the homestead, on the west line. Here we resided until we sold the land to the mill company, having sold the northeast six acres to them several years previously, upon which to build the flouring-mill. Fairbury in 1869 might be said to be but a survey for a town. Mattingly and McDowell platted it out during that summer, and along that fall John R. Brown came and built a store building on the west side, where Conerus's shoe store stands today, and Mattingly opened up a postoffice down at his house. He kept the mail in an old soap-box, and when anybody wanted his mail his wife would sort it over, and oftentimes if the inquirer was well known to her, she would tell him to look for himself.

Geo. Hulbert, the old stage-driver, had the contract of bringing the mail to Fairbury from Beatrice once a week. He also had several other contracts to other near-by points, employing several men to drive for him. Who drove the Fairbury route I cannot recall, as there were several. Tom Kirk opened up a store on the north side, near where the First National Bank

stands, in 1870, and Dr. A. W. Showalter was the first physician to come to Fairbury, in the fall of 1869. Thomas and Champlin opened up the old "Farmers Store" on the east side, just north of Jenkins, in 1871. Several other small stores came during 1870 and 1871. By 1873 and 1874 the square was fairly well fringed with business buildings.

After the town commenced to build, I fixed up a blacksmith shop just south of the old court-house. This I continued to run for several years, being the first blacksmith in the county to do general farm-tool work. I give a list as well as I can remember of the early settlers, with the place where they located and the date that they came,—commencing with the original quarter-sections from which the present city of Fairbury grew.

First would be the east half of Section 15, which lies west of the public square. This was entered at $1.25 per acre, by J. B. Mattingly, just before I came. The west half of Section 14, which lies east of the square, was entered by Judge McDowell, about the same time. B. T. Ryburn homesteaded the northwest of Section 23–2–2, about a year before I came. This lies south of the Rock Island depot. I homesteaded the quarter lying west of that, and south and west of the square. This makes up the land from which Fairbury was created. Other early settlers close to Fairbury were as follows: Wm. Brawner, Section 23–2–2; Sam Rossiter, Sec. 13–2–2; Mike Henneberry, Sec. 13–2–2; Wm. Babcock, Sec. 25–2–2; M. H. Weeks, Sec. 26–2–2; Wm. Beattie, 31–2–3; Joe Baker, Sec. 21–2–2; Wm Baker, Sec. 16–2–2; C. C. Callaway, 9–2–2; Dan

Baker, Sec. 10–2–2; John Ehrett, 32–3–2; Mr. Chamberlain, 30–3–2; Peter McCurdy, 26–3–1; Mr. Onley, 9–2–2; Dave Mordock, 4–2–2; Chas. Douglas, 34–3–2; Isaac Packer, 28–3–2. Above them were the Helveys, on the Little Sandy, and up on Whisky Run were the Robinson boys, on Section 26–7 3–2. J. C. McMath was on Sec. 35–3–2. Frank Browning on 26–3–2. His father was also on Sec. 26–3–2. Mr. Bundy was on Sec. 12–2–2. E. S. Jones, over by the present Jones school-house, in Rock Creek Precinct. Horace Graves was living on Sec. 3–2–2, just north of Fairbury. Of course there were several other settlers living at different places round about the ones I have enumerated, but I cannot recall them to mind at this date. I have omitted no one intentionally. My greatest endeavor has been to give a true narrative of the early history of Fairbury, and the names of the people living near there before the year 1870.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WM. CRANE.

Mr. Crane is one of the old settlers of Jefferson county, whose experiences as a pioneer are still green in his memory. He takes keen delight and interest in recalling the pioneer incidents. Much of the history of the southeast corner, appearing in this volume, was secured from Mr. Crane. In addition to this is given his remembrance of the early settlers' locations, and dates of their coming into Endicott and Newton Precincts. Commencing on the east side, in the Otoe Reservation, and going westward up the Little Blue and its tribuatries, they are as follows: John Elliot, Section 26–1–4, 1865. Charlie Horton, Sec. 22–1–4,

1866. Cadwell, the ranchman, at the junction of the Oketo Cutoff with the Oregon Trail, in Sec. 15–1–4, 1862. Tom Brown, on the east side of the river, Sec. 31–1–4, 1865. Chas. Phillips, up the river in Sec. 29; and on up the little spring-fed stream to the north and east was Old Man Thomas, who came in about 1860; a quarter of a mile above him was James Boyd, who came in 1865; next was the Jenkins Mills, near the northeast corner of Sec. 30; D. C. Jenkins came here in 1867. Across the river was Freeport, where Jacob Countryman settled in 1863, and was succeeded by James and Caleb Frazier in 1867. Morg. Crane, my brother, homesteaded a little west of them, in the same section, in 1866. Where Steele City is now, William Harris and Robert Crinklow homesteaded in 1867. On the little branch above town was LeBlanche, who used to work in Jenkins's sawmill. Above him on the river was a man named James, who came in about 1867. On the next creek was Milt. Goulds-berry, in Sec. 13–1–3. Above him, in Sec. 12, was James Slocumb, who lived far back in the canyon in an ideal retreat for such a business as some people suspected his being identified with. Above him, in Sec. 11, near the mouth of a big canyon, lived the Hughes boys, who came before 1866. Under the big sandstone cliff in Sec. 10 lived a Mrs. Case, who afterwards married Sam Watts, of Rose creek. At the mouth of Rock creek lived the D. C. McCanles family and Billy Friend; the former coming in 1859, the latter in 1866. Across the river was John Wolff, who came in 1867. On Coon creek, in Section 10, was James Wells, who came in 1869. Up the creek, in Sec. 15, was Donald

Campbell, and in Sec. 21 was John Shepherd, both coming in 1869. Farther up in Sec. 28 was William H. Shipley, and Ben Beach in Sec. 33, and I was in the adjoining Sec. 27. Between us and Steele City, in Sec. 35, was I. R. Gilbert; all of us came the same year, 1869. J. B. Turner was on the creek in Sec. 17, and my father, Collins Crane, was on Coal creek; above him, in Sec. 30, was James Hornell. 1869 was the date for all these. Billy Smith and Ed. Hawkes were at the mouth of Smith creek, in Sec. 5. Bogue and Coon at the mouth of Rose creek, in Sec. 8. John Mitcham and his boys across from the mouth of Dry Branch, in Sec. 7. This is a complete list of all settlers prior to 1870, in Newton and Endicott Precincts.

Two of these early settlers, Phillips and James Boyd, lost their lives in a big blizzard during the winter of 1866–7. This was the memorable winter of the deep snows and blinding snow-storms. Not suspecting that there would be extreme frigid changes from the usual heretofore "open" winter seasons, many of the settlers were illy prepared for fuel and provisions when the early deep snows closed up the usual avenues of travel. These conditions forced Phillips and Boyd to go to Marysville to secure enough provisions to tide them through the long dreary winter. Jacob Countryman accompanied them in a sleigh, one open day in February, to secure a load of provisions for themselves and neighbors. Following up the divide north and eastward to the Oregon Trail in Sec. 15, which they followed to their destination, they finally succeeded in making the trip, and returned without serious incident, until they met a howling blizzard from the north and west,

about the time they were crossing the State line. By heroic efforts they managed to keep the trail for four miles, in the teeth of the gale, finally reaching their turning-off place. Here the men disagreed which was the proper course, and after proceeding some distance found themselves lost. Countryman insisted that they should keep to the westward, in order to reach the creek upon which they lived; while Phillips and Boyd firmly believed the creek which they were on was the one they sought for. Countryman, finding that he could not prevent them from going down this creek, put a few things in his pack, and started across the divide, to where he knew lay the homes they sought to reach. After several hours of struggle he reached Boyd's home, in a completely exhausted condition. Searching parties dared not venture out that night. The next day D. C. Jenkins and Chas. Horton found Phillips's body on a little pond in the southwest quarter of Sec. 27. Boyd's body was found in a ravine in the southwest quarter of Sec. 28. The horses were found unharnessed, standing in a rock-sheltered refuge, and the sled with its contents in the creek-bed half a mile above. The men were carrying packs with provisions in them. This, coupled with other evidence, showed that the two men had unhitched the horses and set out separately, in their last desperate effort to reach home and safety.

John C. Frémont, in the diary of his trip across the plains in 1842, mentions camping on a small creek on the night of June 21st. His description is as follows: The surface rock is an erosive deposit of sand and gravel, on a bed of yellow and gray friable sandstone. This

was twenty-two miles from their last camping-place, on a limestone creek north of Hanover, Kansas. After diligent search and investigation I have decided that this camping-place was in the southeast quarter of Sec. 15–1–4, at the head of a small ravine running to the south, being fed by springs which emerge from beneath sandstone, with surrounding features such as described by Frémont in 1842. These springs and rock formations lie about one-fourth of a mile south of the main-traveled trail, and this the only place to fill the description accurately at this probable distance from their last camping-place and to Rock creek crossing about noon the following day.

Biographical Sketches of the Early Pioneers

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE EARLY PIONEERS.

JOEL HELVEY.

Joel Helvey and wife, with their family of children, Thomas, Frank, Jasper, George, Johanna and Sarah, treked across the prairies of Illinois and Iowa from Indiana with an ox-team and linch-pin wagon in the year 1846. There was hardly room for this big family to ride in the wagon, so the children took turns in hanging on the rear axle with the tar bucket.

Across Iowa the Helveys traveled much of the journey in company with the Mormons, who were en route to Florence and Kanesville. The Helveys were mistaken for Mormons, and received harsh treatment on several occasions. Finally they parted company with them and reached the Missouri river, across from Brownville, later residing across from Nebraska City, moving into Nebraska in 1854. They resided there until the spring of 1859, when, influenced by the stories told by Tim Taylor, a soldier who had previously been stationed at the Limestone fort on the Little Blue, they resumed their western trek, landing at the Old Lime Kiln Fort May 25, 1859. They proceeded to repair and construct habitable buildings, and opened up a ranch station on the Little Sandy, at the crossing of the Oregon Trail.

Joel Helvey died in 1864, at Marysville, Kansas, the boys succeeding him in conducting the ranching busi-

ness. Thomas built a ranch about one mile north on the Little Sandy, which, like the home ranch, was run until the early 70's. Frank and Jasper conducted the latter.

The Helvey boys figured in nearly all the important events of the pioneer history of Jefferson county, being engaged in a general ranching and freighting business. Holding county, precinct and school offices, they by degrees grew with the country in importance and prosperity.

The Helveys were always safe and sound business men, and had much to do in guiding the destiny of this little commonwealth from a savage-infested wilderness of the 60's to the garden-spot of southern Nebraska of 1900.

Jasper Helvey died in 1911. Frank Helvey resides at present in Fairbury. Numerous Helvey families of the younger generation are living upon the broad acres that their forefathers carved out in the days of their youth.

THOMAS HELVEY.

Thomas Helvey, son of Joel Helvey, was born in Huntington county, Indiana, in 1834; migrated with his father across Iowa in 1846, following the Mormon Trail, crossing the river at Nebraska City in the spring of 1854. He voted when 19 years of age, in 1853, for Johnson, Delegate to Congress at the first Territorial election.

Joel Helvey was one of the election board at this first Territorial election, at which only 6 votes were cast. He came to Jefferson county May 25, 1859, in company with his father and brothers, erecting ranch

buildings about one mile north of his father's, on Little Sandy, which became the junction of the Beatrice-Nebraska City Trail with the Oregon Trail when the latter was deflected northward from Virginia Station.

THOS. HELVEY.

Helvey did a general ranching business until the closing days of the Trail; was one of the first county officials, and took quite a prominent part in the early affairs of the county.

Helvey was married to Miss Anna Fisher in 1857. His son Orlando, born July 4, 1860, was the first white child born in Jefferson county. The other children were as follows: Hattie, Charles, Oak, Victor, Ross, Don, and Vina. Mrs. Helvey died Dec. 13, 1907.

FRANK HELVEY.

Mr. Helvey was born in Huntington county, Indiana, in 1841. The full life of Mr. Helvey appears under an article devoted to his personal experiences. Mr. Helvey married Miss Eleanor Plummer in 1866, daughter of an old settler on Cub creek. They jour-

neyed over to Beatrice and were married by "Pap Towle" in his cabin. The following are the children: Watson, who was killed by accident with a buzz-saw; Auta, a daughter; Delmer, Lillian, Arthur, Eva, Archie, Myrtle, and Ernest, who are living in homes of their own and on parts of the old homesteads. Mr. Helvey has retired to spend his remaining days in the city of Fairbury. Mrs. Helvey died in March, 1910.

JASPER HELVEY.

Mr. Helvey was a brother of Thomas and Frank, being sons of Joel Helvey. What is written of one of these men may be taken as much of the history of all, as they were always closely identified in all matters throughout their lives. It is to be regretted that Thomas and Jasper were not alive at the time that this history was written, for no doubt they could have given much that will never be written.

JASPER HELVEY AND WIFE

Mr. Helvey married Miss Sarah Jane Powell, a daughter of John Powell, in the year 1861. To them only two children were born, Hannibal and Ida. The husband died in June, 1911; his wife is living in the village of Powell, near by the old homestead and the many-acred farmstead.

REVEREND IVES MARKS.

Rev. Ives Marks was the pioneer preacher of Jefferson county, a very eccentric and most remarkable

character, being noted for his sincerity, honesty, and indomitable energy.

Marks was born in Connecticut, in the year 1812; emigrated westward through New York, Michigan and Indiana to Iowa. Here he built a United Brethren College, in 1860, and in 1862 he emigrated to Nebraska, locating on Rose creek, where he built a log cabin, being the first one on Rose creek. When his cabin was nearly completed, several Indians appeared and drew their bows as if to shoot. Mr. Marks, speechless with terror, fell upon his knees, with his hands in supplication, and looking up to heaven, called his God to save his life. The Indians, nonplussed at his actions, slowly lowered their bows, and silently went away, leaving him unharmed.

Mrs. Ives Marks.

Marks built a dam across the creek and erected a saw and grist mill the following year, organized a church and Sunday-school, and preached in all the early settlements of Jefferson county for the next twenty years.

He was one of the early County Treasurers.

Needing his horses for farming, Marks made his journeys to Lincoln on foot, to settle with the State Treasurer. On one occasion he fell in with a fellow-traveler who he ascertained was going to Lincoln. Mr. Marks, being busily engaged with affairs at home, proposed to the stranger that he make the settlement for him, and, strange to relate, the eight hundred dol-

lars was in due time turned over to the State Treasurer, thus proving the honesty of early settlers.

His brother, D. L. Marks, was one of the first County Clerks of Jefferson county.

Other members of the Marks family were Jared and William and Miss Emily, each figuring prominently in the pioneer history of Jefferson county.

A settlement grew up around Marks's Mill, which bore that name for many years, becoming quite a trading point for settlers on Rose creek and far out on the Republican river.

Ives Marks's family consisted of seven children, five boys and two girls, all now being dead excepting the youngest son, Ives J. Marks, whose whereabouts are not known. Rev. Mr. Marks moved back to Indiana, and died there a few years later, survived for a short time by his wife, Emily.

YOUNG MARKS AND THE INDIANS.

William Marks, a sixteen-year-old son of Rev. Mr. Marks, was a member of the local militia, organized for protection against the Indians in the year 1867. One day while doing scout duty it was learned that the Indians had stolen some horses and were making their way westward with them. The alarm was quickly spread, and the militia were soon in swift pursuit on their trail, but after they had proceeded about four miles out on the short-grass prairie a dispute arose among the men as to which way the Indians had gone. The majority believed that they had turned in their course, but young William believed they had kept a direct course. So stubborn was he

in this contention that he rode on alone, and in less than a mile overtook Indians in a ravine, resting with their horses.

Upon perceiving him the Indians commenced firing, and at the same time William's horse stepped into a gopher-hole, throwing him to the ground. This was a fortunate accident, as he was enabled to reach a point of vantage in a near-by depression, from which he proceeded to shoot two of the nearest Indians. The others now took fright and ran away, leaving the horses and equipments. William then dragged the two dead Indians into a little ravine, and, securing his own horse, which was unhurt from the fall, rode back to his command, stating that he had seen the horses running as if escaping from the Indians, which proved to be true, as they returned home the next day, but of the killing incident, William said nothing until several years later.

THE BUFFALO HUNTER, WILLIAM BUCKLEY.

William Buckley was a typical frontiersman who despised much of the environments of civilization, and especially Indians. He declared Indians never looked good at all to him unless they were dead Indians.

Buckley was a born and bred hunter and trapper. In physique over six feet, broad-shouldered, lithe, and muscular of build, with an eye clear and piercing, possessing wonderful skill in marksmanship and endurance on the trail. Buckley settled near the junction of Buckley and Rose creeks during the early sixties, and for several years carried on his hunting and trapping from this base of operations. From his successful

hunting of buffaloes he was given the name of "Buffalo Hunter," although it would perhaps have been more appropriate to have called him "Indian Hunter," as he never lost an opportunity to turn a bad Indian into a good one. Several incidents are related to show his prospensity to do so.

On one occasion while he was absent from home, being up Rose creek setting his traps, two Indians appeared on the little flat below his house, and when they noted they were observed by the women, they proceeded to ride back and forth between the intervening timber, waving their blankets so as to alarm the unprotected women and children. Finally one essayed to ride toward the house, but he suddenly threw up his arms and rolled off his horse. The other Indian rode to his assistance, and with the same movements quickly joined his companion. The women now observed the curling smoke of a rifle from a near-by place of concealment. A little later Buckley returned to his cabin and casually inquired if they had seen any Indians, and upon being told what they had seen, said that perhaps the Indians were fighting a duel, but that it would be advisable to bury them, so that their other companions would not suspect that they were killed by a white man. This he proceeded to do, removing all traces of their former existence.

On another occasion an Indian appeared at the cabin and in some way gave offense to Buckley, which resulted in the Indian's instant death. Knowing that his companions were near by, Buckley buried him under his woodpile, and when the other Indians came inquiring for him the next day he succeeded in out-

witting them and concealing the facts concerning the "good Indian" he had planted.

Once when he was far from home on a hunting expedition he was surrounded by a small band of Indians who were suspicious of his former actions and deeds, especially to Indians, and they had determined to "get" Buckley at the first opportune time. Buckley knew this, and at their first shot fell as though mortally wounded. The Indian running up to secure his scalp was surprised by being grappled, thrown to the ground and throttled; the next Indian received a rifle-ball through the heart; the third a ball in his back as he ran for his life. Buckley now wormed his way through the bed of a ravine, and succeeded in evading the others, who were perhaps doing likewise to get away from Buckley. Several weeks later another hunter reported finding three dead Indians lying around a campfire in this same vicinity. Buckley casually inquired their description, and upon being told, said: "I am glad of it, for I guess that is the rest of the same bunch. A fellow can't tell very well in dark."

However it be, whether these stories are authentic or not, it was not uncommon for such early frontiersmen as Buckley to take pot-shots at Indians very often in this manner. But generally speaking the early whites got along fairly well with the Indians. They refrained from killing the Indians unless forced to do so, from the fact that the Indians outnumbered them several hundred to one, and in consequence it would be suicide to be caught in the act of killing one.

Abe Cox and D. Soule the "deer hunter" were companions of Buckley in hunting expeditions. Cox re-

sided at De Witt, on Swan creek, Soule living on Rose creek.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.

William Babcock was born in New York, in the year 1830, and in 1853 chose his life partner, a Miss Mercy M. Furbush.

Babcock must have heard of Horace Greeley's advice, for he immediately started West to grow up with the country. Michigan was his first stopping-place; then two years later they tarried for a while in DeKalb county, Illinois. Although Illinois was called West at that time, it was not West to Babcock; so, with his family, the journey was started westward again, with Pike's Peak as the destination, but like many others, they were illy prepared for such a long journey, and were stranded in northeastern Kansas. Here Babcock put in a crop during the spring of 1860, and everything but a harvest and prosperity came his way. First, a hailstorm destroyed all vegetation; then a tornado tore down the log cabin, and to finish it a bolt of lightning struck the tangled heap and burned it up. This was the famine year all over the plains country, so after all, Babcock would have lost his crops by drought anyway. But he was not discouraged, nor could he well be, for his neighbors were in the same boat as himself.

Babcock thought that a change of scenery might prove beneficial, so he moved to Brownville the fall of that year. Here he learned of wonderfully rich lands out on the Little Blue and Big Sandy; consequently the spring of 1861 found the Babcock family

encamped in old Moncreve's cabin south of Big Sandy Station. Babcock built a more pretentious log house that year, on land just west of the present site of Powell. When the Homestead Act came into effect Babcock filed on a tract of land, afterwards known as the Showwalter or Price farm, southeast of Fairbury, and resided there until 1870, when he purchased a farm on Cub creek, which he continued to own and reside upon until his death, in 1904.

The Babcocks endured all the trials and experiences of pioneers—the Indians, prairie-fires, tornadoes, blizzards, drouths, famines, the grasshoppers, and every other plague or privation that pioneers were forced to endure.

Uncle Billy Babcock, as he was familiarly called, was always quite a character in all events in his vicinity. Babcock was of the determined, sturdy, frugal and honest type of pioneers, and Jefferson county owes much to the Babcocks for its development in all ways.

Mrs. Babcock survived her husband about four years, leaving the sons and daughters, who had married, and by this time reared children, entering manhood, womanhood and wedlock. Thus the third generation is destined to view and enjoy the realizations of Babcock's pioneer dreams of what the country might be in the far-distant future.

Mrs. L. C. Davis, Mrs. A. E. Renner and Miss Marcia Babcock are the surviving daughters, while Walter and William Babcock are the surviving sons, two sons having died at an early age; and a daughter, Mrs. W. J. Graves, died in 1896.

THE MATTINGLYS.

James B. Mattingly was one of the first settlers of Gage county, settling on Mud creek in 1858 or 1859, and was one of that county's Commissioners during 1860–61. Mattingly was always more or less engaged in freighting across the plains, from the river to the Rockies, and while eastward bound, on one of his trips in 1862, when well out on the Platte, driving his four-horse team, unsuspecting of danger, a rifle-ball tore through the canvas top near his head. Turning, he perceived five Indians on horseback converging into the roadway behind, seeking to surround him. He dropped the lines, drew his navy pistols, and opened fire. The horses without control, and wild with the sight and smell of Indians, dashed across the prairies at break-neck speed, with the Indians in full pursuit, firing as they came. Mattingly's gun-fire was very effective, and the Indians soon gave up the chase, for three were unhorsed and one badly wounded; and after Mattingly had gained control of his runaway outfit he observed the Indians loading three of their number on ponies, apparently dead, or "good Indians."

Mattingly received an arrow through his throat and four other minor wounds, but by prompt personal treatment he was enabled to reach Fort Kearney and secure medical treatment.

Mattingly and his son located on the land west of the city park of Fairbury in 1865 or '66, entering the east half of 15–2–2 in 1868. He had previously filed homestead rights on the N.E.¼ of 32–3–2, up the river, using this as a basis or home for his freighting business, and with the passing of the big volume in freighting he

sought other business nearer home. Foreseeing the need of saw-mills in the now rapidly settling country, Mattingly bought a complete sawing outfit and hauled it by oxen to Fairbury. He installed it on the bank of the Blue river, near the present site of the Fairbury Planing Mills. Here for several years Mattingly converted the logs of the Blue river, Rose creek and Cub creek into boards, planks, etc., from which the town of Fairbury and most of the near-by settlers' houses and barns were built.

In 1869, J. B. McDowell, a capitalist from Fairbury, Illinois, divulged to Mattingly his dream of founding a town to become the metropolis of this new country; so, in partnership, the town of Fairbury was platted and promoted. Every inducement was given to prospective citizens. Slowly Fairbury took form, and with the coming of the St. Joseph & Denver City Railroad in 1871 and the creation of Jefferson county in 1872, Fairbury was made, and the task of the pioneer promoter, such as the Mattinglys, were typical of, was completed.

Civilization ever forces such men as Mattingly into the wilds, where they are not cramped for room and can freely breathe air charged with dangers, doubts and pioneer experience; so with a short experience in attempting to help boom the town of Endicott in 1881–82, they journeyed to the lands of the Pacific slope, near the end of the "Old Oregon Trail," taking up anew the trials and experiences of the pioneer builders in the Great West.

J. B. Mattingly died several years ago, his son, Joel, surviving. The Mattinglys were narrators of many

pioneer tales, and many enjoyable hours were spent by people in listening to the tales of Indians, freighters, stage, mail and pony express, although the most credulous sometimes were perhaps doubtful.

UNCLE BILLY SMITH AND ED HAWKES.

While environments mould much of the character of men, it also seems that the New West was settled

SMITH'S CABIN, BUILT IN 1862.
Ed. Hawkes. Mrs, Wm. Smith and Grandma McCanles, wife of D. C. McCanles.

largely by men of peculiar eccentricities; men that had strong endowment of courage, and of mental, physical and enduring powers; such men are the real pioneers of any country.

William Smith and Edward Hawkes were typical representatives of the English-bred settlers of Jefferson county. In the year 1862, Smith and his wife, accompanied by Hawkes, then but a mere lad, were

journeying westward over the Oregon Trail, seeking for a home somewhere in the fertile valleys of the Blue. They finally settled on a large tract of valley land, lying in the bend of the Blue, opposite the mouth of Rose creek. Here a two-room log cabin, with a stone fireplace, was erected, which served as their place of habitation until several years later, when they built a hewed and squared log house with a frame top.

Smith and Hawkes experienced much the same that other early settlers did, with the Indian, the outlaw, the desperado, and other hardships and privations of pioneer life. Many times were the doors and windows barred when the lurking Indian was seen in the surrounding underbrush. Bullets and arrows sometimes embedded themselves in log and door or pierced the windows. Even Wild Bill hurled a leaden message into the door-jamb one afternoon while passing by.

Uncle Billy Smith, as he was familiarly called, lived to a ripe old age, passing away in the year 1900; followed by his wife, "Aunt Lizzie," a few years later.

Edward Hawkes, or as he was commonly called, the "Old Boar," was perhaps one of the most peculiar characters of the early settlers,—rough and brusque, fun-loving and boisterous, perhaps bluffing more than really serious. Still there was an inner or other side, as was evidenced by his generous aid to those in need, contributions to the church and needy, and his active participation in all private or public enterprises that promised uplift in the affairs of his fellow-men.

The greater part of Hawkes's and Smith's wealth was used in the promotion of the village of Endicott, its flouring mill, and in other enterprises.

Uncle Billy Shot by an Indian.

One frosty morning in October, 1867, Uncle Billy hitched up his yoke of oxen and drove across the Little Blue river about three miles south and west, to Coal creek, a small tributary to Rose creek from the south. Here he spent the morning cutting large oak trees, which he intended to haul home to be hewn into timbers for their new log house. While industriously chopping at a tree he heard the noise and felt the wind of a passing arrow close by his face, and as his gun was in the wagon quite a distance away and seemingly near the spot from whence the arrow came, where several skulking figures were visible, his only recourse was flight down the creek and to make a race of life for home. As he plunged into the first thicket, an arrow from the hillside pierced the back of his neck, stopping with the arrow-head protruding and the feather dangling from the reed on the other. Through timber and thicket onward Smith fled, swimming the Blue, and finally falling down in his cabin door, utterly exhausted. Hawkes and Smith's wife pulled the arrow on through, and dressed the wound. Smith never fully recovered from the shock and the effect of his terrible run for life.

Next day the scene of the shooting was visited, but there were little signs of the team and wagon. It was supposed that the depredators were Arapahoes or Cheyennes, but in 1870 the Government accepted evidence that they belonged to the Pawnees, and subsequently allowed Smith a fair recompense as damages.

Hawkes, during the latter part of his life, planted a vineyard and made thereupon many barrels of wine,

which fact is remembered by many people. Perhaps the over-consumption of wine and liquors brought on rheumatism, which tortured Hawkes for several years; tiring of such existence, he left the following message to his friends and drank laudanum:

"*Epitath.*"

"For nearly six years we've been crippled a lot,
Paid hard cash for help, but torture we got.
When help would not come
We drank laudanum,
And struck out for Hell, from Endicott.
Yours truly, Ed Hawkes."

SILAS J. ALEXANDER.

Silas J. Alexander was born in 1844, at Avoca, Wisconsin; came to Nebraska in 1859, settling near the Big Sandy Station with his father, mother, brothers and sisters.

The senior Alexander was a typical pioneer, to whom the environments of civilization were galling. His main delight was in hunting, trapping, etc., and he greatly resented the encroachment of civilization upon his hunting preserves.

Silas J., Dewitt, Mary, Annie, Mart, Melz, Elvira and Zina were the Alexander children on arrival in Nebraska. Mary married William Nightingale, Elvira married Hugh M. Ross, pioneer settlers at this station. D. Alexander married Elizabeth Clemmens, Silas marrying at about the same time. The father, Isaac, died about 1870, followed by his wife a few years later.

Silas Alexander soon grew into prominence in the affairs of the county, serving as sheriff, engaging in law and real estate and as captain of the militia. In 1878

he was elected Secretary of State, serving until 1882, afterward serving as Adjutant-General and holding many prominent positions in the G. A. R. and insurance companies of the State. Mr. Alexander died in the year 1911, survived by his wife and four children,—Mrs. C. F. Spain, Mrs. A. J. Brooks and daughter, Gertrude of Lincoln, and a son, R. C., of Topeka, Kansas.

DANIEL FREEMAN, THE FIRST HOMESTEADER.

Daniel Freeman, of Gage county, has the distinction of being the first homesteader in the United States, filing entry No. 1 upon a homestead located in Section 26, Town. 4, Range 5, about four miles west of the city of Beatrice, in the valley of Cub creek. Mr. Freeman was a soldier during the Rebellion, and was home on a furlough which would expire on the second day of January, 1863, and the homestead act was to take effect on the same date. Therefore Freeman journeyed to the land office at Brownville and prevailed upon the officials to remain awake with him on the night of January 1st, until after midnight, so that he might file on the homestead and return to his command without breaking his furlough. This request was complied with, and the records show that his entry was No. 1, proof of residence was No. 1, patent was No. 1, and all recorded on page 1, of Book 1, at the Government Land Office, now located in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Mr. Freeman continued to live upon his homestead, rearing a large family, taking a deep interest in all public affairs, finally ripening into old age, still preserved in his manly proportions, erect, and lithe of step and movement.

Mr. Freeman passed away in 1910, mourned by his many friends, especially the early pioneers of Gage and Jefferson counties, with whom he had mingled and experienced the trials and hardships of pioneer life.

THE BAKER BOYS.

The Baker boys were among the first pioneers of the county, coming from the State of Missouri, in the years 1863–4–5.

They homesteaded land lying close together and worked in common for many years, in the pioneer days. Their main business at the homesteads was farming and the raising of live-stock. Like nearly all the early settlers, they freighted across the "Plains" to earn their livelihood, during the summer months. The Baker boys freighted down the Santa Fé Trail during 1864–5–6, besides some between their place and the Missouri river.

While the boys did not take an active part in the politics of the county, nevertheless they had the best interest and welfare of the people ever in mind, and had they been of different political faith, perhaps most of their names would have been enrolled as public men.

As a family the Bakers are one of the best known and popular of the county. Only two of the brothers survive, Andy and William, who are living in retirement in the city of Fairbury. A brief biography of all is given:

Andy Baker.

Andy Baker was born in Missouri, in 1844. Came up the "Old Oregon Trail" the spring of 1863, settling

on a homestead in Sec. 4–2–2; married Miss Mary Beattie in 1870. No children.

Dan Baker.

Dan Baker was born in Tennessee, in the year 1832. Came with his parents to Missouri in the year 1844. Followed farming here till 1863, then came up the "Trail" to Jefferson county, and filed on a homestead later on, close to that of Andy's. Dan took quite an interest in the business affairs and life of Fairbury, and spent most of his life therein. He married Miss Mary Ritchie, who passed away in 1905, leaving no children. Mr. Baker died in 1907.

William Baker.

William Baker was born in Tennessee, in the year 1835. Came to Missouri in 1844, and to Nebraska in 1864. William bought his homestead from Joel Mattingly, and has continued to reside thereon ever since, Fairbury growing up in his front yard. He married Miss Nannie Gibson in the late 60's, who died in 1872, leaving two children who afterwards became Mrs. Maud Kavanaugh, and Mrs. Hattie Campbell.

Joseph Baker.

Joseph Baker was born in Tennessee, in 1837. Came to Missouri in 1844, and to Jefferson county, Nebraska, in 1864, homesteading on a tract of land across the river from William, where he continued to reside for many years. He married Miss Lulu Morris, and the following are the children: Carl, Donald, James, Jefferson, Arch, Edith, and Kate.

John Baker.

John Baker was born in Tennessee, in 1839. Came to Missouri in 1844, and to Nebraska in 1864. John was never married, and died in 1904.

Henry Baker.

Henry Baker was born in Missouri, in 1847. Came to Nebraska in the year 1865. Henry never married, and died in the year 1909.

GEO. WEISEL.

George Weisel was born at Gommern, Germany, in the year 1827, and emigrated to American in 1858. Migrating westward through the States, he finally joined a company of gold-seekers *en route* for Pike's Peak; but by the time he had reached the vicinity of Big Sandy, his conservative German mind impelled him to desert further journeying and to take advantage of the opportunity offered there to make money in a general ranching business.

Weisel erected a building just above Patterson's ranch, and here for many years did a good business with the travelers of the Trail. Weisel was a typical character of the early German pioneer, and upon his slowly-thought-out conservative judgment, much of Big Sandy's success in history rests. Weisel might be termed the sturdy, progressive and sound business man of the Big Sandy, and in consequence he was identified with nearly every business or political undertaking, serving in different capacities as a county, precinct or school officer.

Mr. Weisel, foreseeing the adaptability of the waters

of the Little Blue for power and the need of a sawmill and of burrs to grind grain into meal and flour, built a dam across the Little Blue and erected a saw and grist-mill there during the winter of 1867–68. Meridian was platted out around his mills the following year, and became the first county seat of Jones county.

Mr. Weisel now resides at Alexandria, Nebraska, in possession of a sufficient competency to give his declining years ease and comfort, with his mind bright and clear at the age of eighty-five, regarded by his fellow-men as one of the grandest old men of his day and age,—a true and heroic figure of Nebraska pioneerism.

THE NIGHTINGALES.

William, John and Charley Nightingale were stepsons of Geo. Weisel, senior, coming to Nebraska in the year 1858. They settled on Cub creek, about 2½ miles west of Beatrice, renting the land of Joe Klein. The family remained here until the spring of 1860, when they moved onto a tract of land which afterwards became known as Dan Freeman's homestead. But they did not remain there long, as Mr. Weisel, the stepfather, had secured a ranch on the Big Sandy, to which the family moved in the fall of that year. Charles Nightingale was the only son to remain in Jefferson county. William and John married sisters (Alexanders), and soon afterwards moved to Colorado. Charles Nightingale married Miss Augusta Wolamath, and with his family resides at the present time on a farm between Gladstone and old Meridian.

JAMES BLAIR.

Mr. Blair was born in Ohio, in 1821. Married Miss Mary A. Drake in 1843. Mr. Blair and family, accompanied by James Slaughter, came to Nebraska by ox-team over the Oregon Trail in 1859, settling on the Big Sandy June 5 of that year. Here they constructed ranch houses and proceeded to carry on a general ranching business all through the days of the Trail's use, and after its abandonment they merged this business into general farming and live-stock. Mr. Blair has the distinction of being one of the pioneer settlers of Jefferson county; one who took a creditable part in all of the early incidents, trials and vicissitudes of the strenuous pioneer days.

To such men as Blair, Babcock, Weisel, Helveys, Alexanders, the county owes much, and it is unfortunate that all of the acts and deeds of these men cannot be chronicled, so that the future generations might know better of the men who were the county's pioneers.

Mr. Blair died June 27th, 1905. Mrs. Blair died June 27th, 1909. The following are the children: George, William, Harvey, Bryce, and John, sons; and Sarah, Lizzie, Nancy, Ettie, and Zettie, daughters.

W. M. MC CANLES.

W. M. McCanles was born in North Carolina, in 1849. Came to Nebraska in 1859 with his parents, locating on the old Oregon Trail at Rock Creek Station.

He was with his father during the Wild Bill-McCanles tragedy, being the sole survivor of the McCanles party in that event. Monroe was but 12 years old at this

time, and after his father's death became the head of the family, providing for his mother and younger brothers and sisters. He was married in 1870 to Miss McCreight, daughter of Joseph McCreight.

Monroe continued business of farming and stock-raising on the old McCanles homestead at the mouth of Rock creek until 1881, when, with the coming of the B. & M. Railroad, the town of Endicott was platted over a part of the homestead. He then became engaged in the mercantile business, opening one of the first stores of the town, which he continued to operate for several years. He moved to Kansas during the later 80's, eventually to Kansas City, his present place of business and residence.

He is now comfortably well-to-do, and has five children, Joseph C., Cora M., J. Julian, H. Guy Wendell W., who are assuming prominent places in business and society.

THE JENKINSES.

D. C. Jenkins was one of the many thousand disappointed "Pike's Peak or Bust" gold miners, returning along the Trail in 1859.

Having lost their horses, wagon and other equipments, he and his wife were pushing a barrow-cart loaded with a few possessions, and thus arrived at Big Sandy Station. Jenkins became a station-keeper, and erected a ranch house on the east side of Big Sandy, opposite the station. Here he conducted a store until 1865. Disposing of it, he bought the West Ranch, on Rock creek, running it, selling goods, and operating the toll-bridge, until 1867, when he purchased the

mill-site which was afterwards known as the Jenkins Mills.

During that first winter the dam was completed and a sawmill installed; the following summer burrs to grind grain were put in. Quite a settlement grew up around the Jenkins Mills. There was a store, blacksmith shop, and postoffice, and when the town of Freeport was abandoned, in '69, Jenkins bought the printing-press of the "Western Sun" and edited "The Little Blue" until 1871, when his brother, W. D. Jenkins, moved it to Steele City. The original press was hauled overland from Nebraska City during the winter of 1868–69.

D. C. Jenkins served his county in various capacities, from State Legislature down to Justice of the Peace. Mr. Jenkins moved to the State of Washington in the early 80's, dying there early in 1900. He left his wife, four sons and three daughters surviving: O. M., Geo. A., Leslie A., Sheridan L., Mrs. Bell Griffiths of Tacoma, Mrs. Emma Lott, and Miss Gertrude. Two sons died young—Will D. and Frank M.

FREDERICK W. AND ANTON HOPPE.

Frederick and Anton were born in Golbeck, Germany, the former in 1839, the latter in 1837. They came to America in the year 1850, settling on a farm in northern Missouri. When war was declared in 1861, Frederick enlisted in the Fifth Iowa Cavalry, Company D, serving under the command of Generals Grant, Sherman, and Thomas, till the close of the war. Returning to his home in Missouri, he resumed his farming, but soon sold out, and started overland for Nebraska,

following the old "Oregon Trail." At Big Sandy they learned that there was good land in Rose Creek Valley. Anton had come out in the spring of 1866; Frederick and his wife came in the fall of that year. They interviewed Rev. Mr. Marks about the Rose creek lands, and secured his services to locate land for them. A few days after they had settled on land near the mouth of Dry Branch old Loyal Stevens, who lived on the north side of Rose creek opposite them, came over and asked if they intended to stay, or just to camp a few days. Frederick informed him that he had bought the land from the Government for $1.25 per acre, and that his intentions were to stay. Stevens angrily told him that the Government hadn't any land round there, that all the Rose Creek Valley for a mile or so belonged to him, and that he would drive any "squatter" out, and tapped the butt of his old navy revolver in a significant manner. Frederick was likewise armed, and in return told him, that he had for four years been where he had lived on lead, and that one "old gun" didn't scare him any, and if he wanted to start something, just reach for his gun again and there would be a burying on Rose creek. Stevens took the bluff, and was one of Hoppe's best neighbors afterward.

In relating his pioneer experience Hoppe told of crossing the toll-bridge on Rock creek, run at that time by D. C. Jenkins, who wanted to charge them $1 for each wagon crossing. Hoppe remonstrated, saying that under the toll-bridge charter, *bona fide* settlers could not be charged; so he was allowed to proceed without charge.

They bought their first groceries of Geo. Weisel, at

Big Sandy. Flour was $11 per sack, potatoes $2 per bushel, coal oil $2 per gallon, coffee (green) $1 per pound, sorghum (home-made and badly scorched) $1 per gallon, bacon (badly infested with maggots) 40c. per pound, seed-corn $2 per bushel, beef 10 to 15 cents per pound, and calico 35 cents per yard, with everything else in proportion.

The winter of 1866–7 was long to be remembered as one of "deep snows." The few settlers were isolated on this account, for the greater part of the winter. Hoppes, like the rest, ran out of provisions, and with Old Man Stevens set out one day to walk to Jenkins's store on Rock creek, to secure a few necessities. The snow in many places was over their heads; fortunately, most of it was crusted over sufficiently to bear their weight. After toiling all day long to traverse six miles and return, they succeeded in securing 25 pounds of flour, for which they paid $3, a small ham for $7, and a few packages of coffee, tea, and sugar.

The Hoppes bought their first farming tools at Brownville. Anton made the trip early in the spring of 1867, taking $100 in money with him. For $90 of this he secured a breaking-plow, a spade, a garden rake, a garden hoe, a grubbing-hoe, a bedstead and six kitchen chairs, and about $10 worth of groceries. On his return trip Anton camped at "Dead Man's Hollow," on the head of Indian creek, and in some way lost his remaining $10 bill. Discovering his loss on arrival at home, he returned to the camping spot, and was lucky enough to find it; but the grasshoppers had riddled it with holes, compelling him to send it to Washington, D. C., for redemption. The Hoppes brothers bought

their seed wheat of Marks for $2 per bushel, and rented a small tract of land already broken from Stevens. The grasshoppers ate it down three times in succession before it headed, but in spite of all they harvested the grain by cradles and Old Man Stevens brought his cattle over to tread the grain from the straw. The result was 90 bushels of fairly good wheat. The Hoppes built their first house from timbers sawn from logs at Marks Mill. Later they took logs to Watts and Jenkins Mills.

Frederick Hoppe married Miss Louise Woltemeth, of Missouri, in the spring of 1866. Miss Woltemeth was German-born, a daughter of Charles Woltemeth, who came to America in 1862 when she was a girl of fifteen. To this old pioneer couple the following children were born: Louise (died), Charles, Mrs. Emma Betzer, Mrs. May Pickering, and Edwin. Charles married Miss Nancy Harris and Edwin Miss Emma Peterson, and are residing on the old homesteads. Mr. and Mrs. Hoppe live in Fairbury, endeavoring to enjoy their well-earned recompense of ease and plenty, befitting to old age. Jefferson county owes untold debts to such pioneers, who were heroes and heroines in every sense of the word. Anton never married, living a bachelor's life. He died in May, 1908.

BIOGRAPHY OF JACOB DEIN.

Mr. Dein was born in Gommern, Germany, in the year 1844; emigrated to America in 1866, coming directly to the Big Sandy Station, where George Weisel was located, entering into the work and duties of a frontier life.

Homesteaded a tract of land in Sections 20 and 21, and helped to build many of the incoming settlers' houses. He helped his Uncle George Weisel build the grist and sawmill at Meridian in 1867, and most of the buildings of that pioneer town.

Mr. Dein belonged to the military companies of 1867–9, taking part in all their operations against the maurauding Sioux and Cheyennes.

During the 1867 campaign he witnessed the killing of Tennish, near the Joseph Walker ranch, and helped to find and bury Bennett and Abernathy, the Polish brothers Jack and Joe, and many others.

Lou Tryer, Ben Royce, Ed. Spangler, Chas. Coon and Jack Harris were in Dein's detachment, in 1867, when operating against the Indians, it being the policy of the company to fight the Indians in Indian style, which proved successful in the end. They found Bennett and Abernathy several days after the tragedy, when their half-burned bodies were commencing to decompose. From the evidences in the ruins and thereabout it was seen that they had defended themselves against the Indians for several days, but finally wounded, the Indians had crept up and piled wood and brush over the top and down in front of their dugout cave, firing it, waiting for the smoke and fire to accomplish what they could not do with their guns. The men, having but two alternatives—stay and perish, or run out and meet death, perhaps by torture in the hands of the Indians—chose the former. Thus their neighbors found them awaiting Christian burial.

Mr. Dein married Miss Wilhelmina Lambert in 1870. Their first home was on the banks of the Little Blue

river, his homestead. Later on he purchased the old mail station of Ed. Farrell, and the adjoining James Conway ranch on the Big Sandy, where he and his family have since continued to reside. Mr. Dein now owns and operates, with the aid of his grown children, many acres of the richest lands in the Big Sandy valley.

The children are as follows: George, Charles, Minnie, Rose, Fred, Caroline, Catherine, Bertha, Theodore, and Lydia.

FRED DEITHELM.

Mr. Deithelm was born in Switzerland, in 1840. He learned the cheese-making trade under his father. He emigrated to America in 1864. Worked in different dairies and cheese manufactories in Iowa and Wisconsin the next few years, finally arriving at Brownville, Neb., with a party of men intent on finding homes in the New West. This party started from St. Louis, Mo., and made the trip by boat. He and his brother filed on land in Jefferson county in the spring of 1867. Fred lived on his in Sec. 3–1–1 until he moved to Fairbury in 1903. Mathias moved to Oregon in the early 80's. Fred, being a single man, worked out at different neighboring towns in order to earn money to hold his homestead. He married Miss Anna Dopp, of Canada, in 1872. The following are the children: Nellie, Anna, Mrs. Jennie Warman, and Theodore. Mr. Deithelm has vivid recollections of the early life along the Rose creek valley during the late 60's and early 70's. He gives approval to Mr. Avery's outline of the settlers prior to 1870. In addition, he relates several incidents of the troubles they had with the maurauding bands of western plains Indians. The

Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes were frequent visitors to Rose creek, Mill creek valley, and to the Republican river to the south and west. These Indians were hostile always, and never missed the opportunity to steal anything they could get away with. They were always on the lookout to get one or more of the settlers at a disadvantage, and were not the least backward in taking his life. This caused early settlers to be ever on the alert. The Otoes were never very bothersome, being also enemies of the hostile western Indians. The first settler to be killed by the Indians was in 1863. He was plowing in the bottoms near Marks mill and was surprised by a band of Indians who were lying in wait for him in the underbrush. He was killed and scalped between his plow-handles, his horses taken, harness cut up, as a warning to cease attempting to turn the "hunting grounds" into fields of waving grain. The man was buried near a big tree below the mill in a big grove, where were held many picnics and other gatherings in the early days. This grove has long since disappeared under the woodman's axe, and no one now can recall the unfortunate settler's name.

The Indians were particularly bad in 1867, but their depredations were, through the ever-watchful diligence of the settlers, confined to the stealing of horses and other movable property of the Indians' fancy. A band gave Fred the scare of his life one day. He was working around his dugout, and noting the restlessness of his pony which was tethered near by, he grew suspicious of the presence of Indians. Without waiting for further signs, he mounted his pony and started for Marks Mill, about three miles south and west. The

Indians immediately broke cover and gave pursuit, but Fred's pony was of local repute for long-distance running, and he succeeded in keeping a safe distance ahead until well within the protection of the fort at the mills. The only thing Fred lost was his hat, and he says they were welcome to that instead of his scalp.

Another settler up on Rosé creek above the mills was killed by the Indians in the summer of 1868. Fred says that he helped to bury him near by his cabin, where he was found several days later scalped and in a half-decomposed condition, but he cannot recall his name. He also remembers the killing of the Adkin boys by the Indians out on the Republican, and all the other notable happenings out on Rose creek, the towns of Marks Mill, Lemonville, and Rose Creek City. The Mormon trail that ran diagonally across the southwest corner of the county northwestward is clear in his memory as but yesterday, and he gave its course by section lines, enabling the author to mark it definitely on the map.

Fred also had some experience and close acquaintance with many of the pioneer characters of the stage and freighting days. He relates an incident happening to a party of freighters, of which Ross, Dunbar and others of Jefferson county were members. They were well out on the trail near the foot-hills of the Rockies, right in the worst hell-holes for Indians on the whole trail. When the train encamped that night, they took especial precautions in corraling. Men were posted out to guard against attack. When the dawn of morning commenced to appear, the sentries, who were then lying on some rocks near by a spring that was higher

than the camp, noted a figure worming itself along through the tall grass towards them. They pulled their blankets up over their faces, and awaited. Soon the figure arose to a half-kneeling position, and counted with waves of his hand the number of figures lying under the blankets. Then he glided away into the darkness. Ross, who was an old-timer, said, "Boys, it's time we make our get-away. Them Injuns air a-comin' back in a little bit and shoot the blankets full of arrows." So they crept into camp and spread the news. Presently they discerned many skulking forms closing in on the propped-up blankets which they had left to deceive the Indians. When the Indians opened up on the dummies, the freighters gave them a surprise with a deadly volley from their guns. The Indians fled pell-mell from the scene, leaving their dead, and the freighters gave them such a close pursuit that they even deserted their camp, leaving the old squaws and bucks to their fate.

MICHAEL HIGGINS.

Mr. Higgins was born in County Roscommon, Ireland, in 1832, and came to America in the early 60's. His first employment was in the construction of railroads in the new West. Homesteaded in Antelope Precinct, Jefferson county, Neb., in 1868. He soon acquired capital to become a contractor, which business he followed until his death, in 1904. His boys were interested with him in all of the many contracts on nearly every railroad of the Middle West. Mr. Higgins married Miss Annie O'Neal after coming to America, and the following are the children: James, John, Peter,

Thomas, William, George, and Michael. Mrs. Higgins died in 1888. The Higgins boys are living in and around Fairbury, engaged in various lines of business.

THOMAS WALSH.

Mr. Walsh was born in County Roscommon, Ireland, in 1840. Came to America in 1868, settling on a homestead in Antelope Precinct, Jefferson county, in 1869. Mr. Walsh married Miss Elizabeth Fally, in Ireland, in 1863. The following are the children: Mrs. Kate Dailey, Mrs. Anna Dart, Mrs. Bee Goff, Mrs. Mary Shay, Mrs. Sarah Hickey, James, and Mrs. Bertha Hughes, Henry, Thomas, and Pat Walsh. Mrs. Walsh died in 1883. Mr. Walsh is living in the city of Fairbury. Mr. Walsh is representative of the sturdy, progressive Irish, who were found along the advance guard that builded the railroads, and helped to construct a "New West" in the barren wilderness of the "Great Plains." Like his friend Higgins, he handled many railroad contracts for the construction of new lines to thread the plains. Mr. Walsh, in company with Michael Higgins, Jas. Lardner, John Aiken, Wm. Kay, Ben Turner, Henry Blackhall, Creg. Landkammer, Antone Hoppe, John Voltmer, and Dave Gillashman, a school teacher, outfitted a company to exploit the Black Hills for their fortunes in the year 1876–7. After two years of strenuous life in the Hills, the majority of them became disgusted and came home. The system of mining, at that time being much more crude than at present, precluded the successful working of certain grades or ores which the party seemed lucky in finding. To illustrate: Mr. Walsh's claim, which he

called "The Fairbury," was pronounced by an assayist to be worthless at that time, but later on it sold for $100,000. Ben Turner and Kay stayed for a few years longer, and it is said that Kay eventually struck "pay dirt."

Gillashman was the first to become homesick, and decided to return home by the way of Pierre, Dakota, via a "bull train" to this place and by steamboat down the river to a railroad point, but he never reached Jefferson county. Thus his disappearance became an unsolved mystery. Of the remaining party, all reached home, but time has removed all excepting Mr. Walsh, Turner, and Landkammer.

WILLIAM H. LETTON.

Mr. Letton came to Jefferson county directly from Scotland, in the year 1869. He homesteaded the present Geo. Cox farm, seven miles north of Fairbury, proving up at the end of the required time. Afterwards he moved to the town of Fairbury, where he engaged in the merchant-tailoring business until his death in the year 1895. Mr. Letton took quite a prominent part in the business affairs of his chosen city, also in the public questions of national and local interests.

The wife, Mrs. Agnes Letton, survived the husband but two years, dying with pneumonia in the year 1897.

The son, C. B. Letton, who accompanied the parents to Nebraska, is at present serving as Judge of the Supreme Court.

HON. CHAS. B. LETTON.

Mr. Letton was born in Scotland; came to Nebraska with his parents in the year 1869. The family's first

stop was at Nebraska City, where they outfitted a "prairie schooner" with an ox-team, to complete their journey to their homestead in Jefferson county. Arriving here in the month of August, they proceeded to erect a sod house, and prepare for the winter.

Charles, being but a young man, followed the example of many other young men—sought employment of the old settlers to earn money to aid his parents. During the season of 1870 he worked for Jasper Helvey, receiving in payment the sum of $12 per month, one-third of which was paid in cash and two-thirds in young stock. The following winter, he arranged to work for his board and attend school at the log school-house near Helvey's, which was taught by W. H. Chamberlain, who afterwards became County Superintendent. While working for Mr. Helvey he helped to cut many cottonwood logs, and helped to float them down the Little Blue river to J. B. Mattingly's sawmill at Fairbury. This was a very strenuous occupation in the chilly days of October, working waist-deep in the stream, driving the ever-lodging logs to their point of destination. Part of these logs were hauled to Geo. Weisel's sawmill at old Meridian, as the river proved to be unavailable for successful logging.

Mr. Letton by perseverance finally secured a teacher's certificate from County Superintendent Chapman, and taught his first term of school at the Pheasant school-house on Cub creek. He continued to teach schools in different parts of the county for several years, finishing his last term in the city of Fairbury. Here he took up the study of law, in the office of Slocumb & Hambel, and at the death of Mr. Slocumb he

was admitted into partnership with Mr. Hambel, continuing until the year 1882. Mr. Letton was elected County Attorney in the year 1885. Later was elected as District Judge of the First District, serving eight years, and at the completion of his term was appointed as a member of the Supreme Court Commission for two years. Elected as a Judge of the Supreme Court in 1906, he was reëlected in 1911 to serve until 1918. Mr. Letton has always enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-citizens, being very popular with voters, regardless of party.

His record as a judge has been above reproach by any faction, and his incumbency has marked the inauguration of fair play to the common people. Jefferson county is justly proud of her self-made son, who has courage to stamp his convictions into the laws of the commonwealth.

JOSEPH MC CREIGHT.

Mr. McCreight was born in Armstrong county, Penn., Mar. 13th, 1819. Moved to Jefferson county, Nebraska, in the year 1831; there he married Miss Frianna Caldwell in the year 1845. Mr. McCreight was engaged in farming and lumbering business until the death of his wife in 1857. The following children were of this union: Ann S., John A., Mary E., Martha, and Frianna, of whom the first three are at present surviving. Mr. McCreight concluded to try his fortunes in the Golden West. In the spring of 1858, he journeyed to Fort Leavenworth, where he secured employment as a driver of an ox-team freight wagon over the Oregon Trail, to Fort Kearney and return,

later going to Fort Laramie. Here he concluded to cast his fortunes with ten other men who were going to California. After purchasing four mules, a wagon and outfit, their journey was commenced across the Rocky Mountains. After four months of hardships, they finally arrived at Sacramento. But like many others, they found that the gold was mostly a myth; so they worked at various jobs along with their prospecting, which did not "pan out" with any great profit. About the time of the breaking out of the Civil War, early in the spring of 1861, he returned to his native State, in May of that year. He soon afterwards married Miss Jemima J. Hicks, who was his companion in life until her death in 1885, being the mother of the following children: Nancy H., Sarah Virginia, Joanna, G. J. Bruce, Cordelia, Charles J., Nina, and Garfield. Mr. McCreight with his family returned to the west in 1869, arriving at Nebraska City, where he tarried until he could locate a suitable homestead. He found one to his liking on the Little Blue, half a mile southwest of the present town of Endicott, to which they moved in the fall of that year. Here the family grew up, and from which they entered other neighboring families or established homes of their own, becoming prominent in the affairs of the county. Mr. McCreight followed the vocation of farming up to the time of his death on his farm, November 14th, 1890.

GEORGE ABEL PEASE.

George Abel Pease was born in the little village of Oak Orchard, New York, June 18th, 1830. When four years of age he came with his parents to Upper

Alton, Illinois. As boy and man he followed farming and the teaching of school. In May, 1859, he married Watie Anne Locke. He was ordained as a minister of the Baptist Church in 1859. His voice failing, he

Geo. A. Peaes.

left the ministry. His brother, Calvin A. Pease, was living in Fairbury. On March 4th, 1873, he moved to this city, where he resided until his death. He joined his brother in the drug business, which he continued until his decease. He held a number of public

offices, such as member of the School Board and County Commissioner. During his term of office as County Commissioner he brought about the appointment of Marvin Warren as Probate Judge to fill the unexpired term of J. A. McMeans. This caused considerable comment among Republicans. Judge Warren had been a leading man in the Greenback party. But Mr. Pease took into consideration Mr. Warren's legal training, and his selection to this office was afterwards justified.

Mr. Pease as County Commissioner managed the expenditure of public funds so efficiently that county warrants rose to par and the county got out of debt.

He preached in Fairbury and adjoining towns. Being a college graduate, his sermons were scholarly in form but simple in language. Those who heard him felt his power and earnestness. He had a marvelous memory. He particularly enjoyed reading the classics in the original language. While lying on his death-bed he spent much time in reading the New Testament in the original Greek text.

There is a coincidence in the date of his arrival in Fairbury on March 4th, 1873, at about dusk. It was the day that Grant was inaugurated as President. He died March 4th, 1889, at dusk, the day that Benjamin Harrison was inaugurated as President. His life in this city covered just four presidential terms almost to the exact hours.

George A. Pease had three living children. Mrs. Minnie M. Armstrong lived at 818 Eighth street. A. V. Pease is in business in Fairbury, and Mrs. Alice C. Gross lives in Los Angeles, Calif. He also adopted a

daughter of Henry Olney, who married S. T. Meyers, and is now living in Van Nuys, a suburb of Los Angeles.

CALVIN A. PEASE.

Calvin Albert Pease was born November 30th, 1827, in Oak Orchard, New York. He came with his parents to Upper Alton, Illinois, in 1834. He became a farmer and school teacher. He married Mary Frances Tincher at Old Berlin, Illinois. In 1870 he came to Beatrice, Nebraska, where his brother-in-law, George Hinkle, ran a drug store. He went into the drug business with Mr. Hinkle. In 1872 he and Mr. Hinkle started a drug store in Fairbury. Here Mr. Pease lived until the summer of 1876. He was elected Probate Judge of this county. He was an unusually large man, and very strong. Old inhabitants will recall his marvelous powers in jumping, a popular contest among men in those days. It was quite a common sight in those pioneer days to see a group of men gathered in front of one of the small wooden store buildings, engaged in a jumping contest. None of the men ever cared to try their ability against Judge Pease.

In 1876 he sold out his interest in the drug business to his brother, George A. Pease, who had moved here from Illinois, and he returned to that State, where he lived until his death in 1893.

I. N. THOMPSON.

Mr. Thompson was born in Vermilion county, Illinois, in 1838. Followed farming when a young man. He married Miss Julia A. Haworth in 1859. Joined Company A, of the Seventy-ninth Illinois Infantry, in 1862, serving till the close of the war. In company

with James and Caleb Frazier and families, he came to Nebraska City in November of 1867. That winter they worked on the C. B: & Q. Railroad, then building across the river in Iowa. They came out to Jefferson county in February of the following year, and located across the river from Jenkins Mills, starting a town called Freeport. Thompson went on up the Blue and to Rose creek, finally filing on a tract east of the present town of Thompson.

Mr. Thompson lived on his homestead for nearly thirty-two years. During this time he served two terms as County Clerk, in 1869–70 and 1888–9.

He was Quartermaster-General on C. F. Steele's G. A. R. Staff in 1902 and Senior Department Commander of the G. A. R. in 1909.

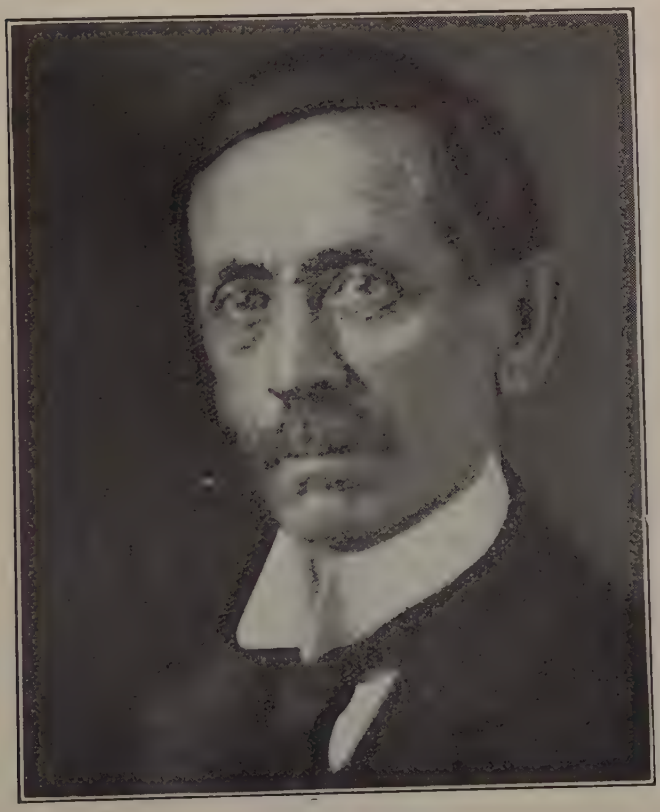
The children are: Mrs. Alice C. Grossnicklaus, Homer H., Lillie I. Spence, Mrs. Abbie E. Berge (dead), Edgar P., Charles G. (dead), and Mrs. Annie L. Juhnke. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are now living in the city of Fairbury.

Mr. Thompson, being one of the pioneer county clerks, had an accurate knowledge of the names and location of the early settlers and towns. He has gone carefully over the manuscript covering this part, and given his full approval.

GEO. W. HANSEN.

Mr. Hansen was born at Kongsberg, Norway, in 1848. Came with his parents to New York City in 1850; removed to Beloit, Wis., later to Brodhead, Wis., which became his permanent home. George earned money to enter Oberlin College when sixteen years

of age, working his way by teaching during his vacations. When twenty years of age, with two other men he planned a trip to Nebraska in a covered wagon.



GEORGE HANSEN.

The agreement stipulated that he sleep underneath the wagon, which proved agreeable, excepting when the denizens of the night world became pestiferous or

an occasional wind or rain storm drove him out. Reaching Kansas City, he finished his journey by steamboat, landing at Brownville June 10th, 1868. He came to Fairbury in November, 1870, and took a homestead four miles east of Belleville, which he traded to Mr. Albert Kelly for a shotgun, two years later. On May 16, 1875, at the old homestead, he was married to Miss Mary Kelly, daughter of Albert Kelley. Their children are Mr. DeWitt Hansen, now President of Gullrauth Nurseries, and Mrs. Gertrude Dontrura, Hackensack, New Jersey. He taught the Fairbury school during the winter term of 1871–2. At this time the whole country attended and only filled one room. He took charge of the banking house of Thomas Harbine in 1875, and when it was incorporated as the Harbine Bank of Fairbury he became a director, and was elected president in 1889, which position he still holds. Mr. Hansen has always taken a great interest in pioneer history of the State, especially that of the first lines of travel by pioneer trappers, traders, gold-hunters and emigrants. Mr. Hansen has spent much time in studying Oregon Trail data, working in conjunction with the author to compile an authentic history of it. The article "George Winslow, a Traveler of the Trail," appearing in this volume, was prepared by Mr. Hansen for the Nebraska State Historical Society, of which he is a member, being one of the Directors.

HARRY B. HANSEN.

Mr. Hansen was born in New York City, in 1851. He learned the printer's trade, and came to Brownville, Nebraska, in July, 1868. Was foreman on the

"Brownville Advertiser," later on the "Beatrice Express." He met George Cross in 1870, and helped him to establish the "Fairbury Gazette," buying a half-interest in 1871, which he sold in 1875. He and his brother George formed a real-estate partnership, which was continued up to his death, in April, 1888. He married Miss Dora Dozier, at Brownville, in 1884. Mildred was the only child.

FREDERICK M. ELWOOD.

Mr. Elwood was born in Ohio, in the 1830's. His early life was of farming. He married Miss Caroline Sarden, and started west before the outbreak of the Civil War. They settled in the northern part of Jefferson county, in 1860. Recompence Stansberry was another neighboring settler, who came soon afterwards. He died in 1875. Mr. Elwood died in 1899.

D. L. LITTRELL.

Mr. Littrell was born in Clearmont county, Ohio, in 1845. Moved to Indiana in 1854, residing there till the outbreak of the war. Enlisted in the Union army, serving through the war in the Second Indiana Cavalry, being discharged in July of 1865. Was married to Miss Nancy J. Gardner in 1867. Emigrated to Nebraska in 1868, locating in Otoe county, thence coming to Jefferson county in the spring of 1869, where he and family have continued to reside, engaged in farming and kindred vocations. The following children were born to this union: Hattie, Carrie, Denmer, Maud, Mattie, Liness, Purl, Addie, Vanover, and Will. Mr. and Mrs. Littrell are now living a retired life in the city of Fairbury.

CAPT. GEO. C. VANCE.

Capt. Vance was born in Baring, Maine, in 1816. Was of Scotch-Irish descent and of a seafaring family. Went to sea in 1833, sailing to nearly every port of the world, and became a captain in 1849. At the outbreak of the Civil War he became a captain of infantry troops under General French. After the war he moved to England for a brief period, and engaged in mercantile business. He then returned to Maine and engaged in the same business until he came to Nebraska in 1869, locating at Fairbury. He married Miss Susan Hanscom in the early days in Maine, and she lived to the ripe old age of 82 before she passed away.

The following are the children: Mrs. Jane Dearborn, Mrs. Mary Converse, George, Mrs. Lydia Tinkham, Mrs. Emma Wells, and Phronie.

The Captain passed away in the 90's, mourned by his many friends who learned to know the worth of the man.

L. S. BAKER.

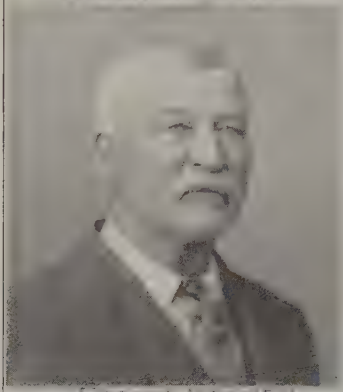
Mr. Baker was born in New York, in 1839. Moved to Pennsylvania in 1856, and served in the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Infantry through the Civil War. Came to Jefferson county, Nebraska, in 1870, homesteading. Married Miss Amanda A. Wells in 1872. The following are the children: Alvin, Adella, Andrew, Florence, William, James, Maud, Rosetta, David, and Wanda. Mr. Baker and wife are now living at Stockton, Kansas.

WM. CRANE.

Mr. Crane was born in Illinois, in 1848. Served in the Seventh Illinois Cavalry through the Civil War.

WILLIAM CRANE

GEORGE WEITZEL



FRANK PELVEY

JOHN INDER

WILLIAM BABCOCK

MARCIA BABCOCK

Started west in 1867, going by boat from St. Louis up the Missouri river on a hunting and trapping expedition with his father. Roamed all over Montana and British Columbia in the next few years, trading, trapping, and prospecting. Came back down the Old Trail to Jefferson county in 1869, homesteading on a tract of land near Steele City. Married Miss Hester Pickering in 1871. The following are the children: Olive, Howard, Horace, and Agnes. Mr. Crane is still living on the old homestead.

JOHN H. FRIDAY.

Mr. Friday was born in Ohio, in 1842. He served in the Civil War in the Thirty-fourth Infantry. Married Miss Rebecca Foreman in 1867. Came to Jefferson county and homesteaded on Rock creek in 1867. Retired to Steele City in the 90's, where he died in 1910, leaving the widow to survive him. The children are: Lillie, Elmer, Myron, Bertha, Ida, Ruth, Pearl, and Harry.

GEORGE ROGERS.

Mr. Rogers was born in New York, in 1843. Served in the One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania Infantry in the Civil War. Came to Nebraska in 1867 and to Jefferson county in 1869, homesteading near Marks's Mill, which he bought in 1873, and operated until the late 80's. He married Miss Jennie Kimberly in 1871, and the following were their children: Hattie, Alice, and Earl.

EDWIN ROGERS.

Mr. Rogers was born in Pennsylvania, in 1841. Served in the Civil War with the Twenty-third New York Infantry. Came to Nebraska in 1869, home-

steading near his brother George, on Rose creek. He married Miss Theresa Christ, in 1876, who died leaving one child, Martha. Married Miss Mary Andrews in 1878, to whom the following children were born: James, Millie, George, Edgar, and Mary.

ANDY DILLER.

Mr. Diller was born in Cumberland county, Pa., in 1846. Served in the First Battalion of Pennsylvania in the Civil War. Married Miss Ellen Pitts in 1872, and came to Nebraska the following year, locating on land north of Fairbury. The following are the children: M. L., Susan, Mary, Sarah, Amanda, William, Thomas, Jane, Nancy, Ellen, Iola, and John.

DAN SHEPSTALL.

Mr. Shepstall was born in Pennsylvania. Married Miss Mary Klinger, and came to Nebraska in 1870, homesteading on Cub creek. The children are: Mrs. Julia Stainbrook, Adelaide, William, Clayton, George, Nathaniel, and Rose.

M. C. HULBURT.

Mr. Hulburt was born in Vermont, in 1832. Went to Canada in the early forties. Returning to the States, he migrated westward to Wisconsin in 1864. He married Miss Martha Turck, while living in New York, who followed him in his long journey to the land of his final home in Jefferson county, which was on Cub creek, in 1869. The children are Charles (who owns the Fairbury Nurseries), Lewellyn, and Mrs. Mildred Burbridge. Mr. and Mrs. Hulburt live in the city of Fairbury, enjoying the ease and comforts that worldly things may give to aged, white-haired people.

THOMAS H. MC CORD.

Mr. McCord was born in Kentucky, near Frankfort, Jan. 19th, 1813. Moved to Indiana about 1845; engaged in farming till 1870, when he moved to Jefferson county, Nebraska. Bought a farm near Endicott, upon which he continued to reside until his death, May 28th, 1890. The living children are: Wm. H. and Isaac H. of Indiana, Thos. W. of Washington, Sherm. M. and Charles of Jefferson county, Mrs. M. D. Morgan of Oklahoma, and Mrs. A. F. Hiner and Miss Ella McCord of Jefferson county. The deceased are: Joseph D., Robert, Marion, E. T., David H., Ira A., S. T., and Susan S.

JOSEPH MC CORD.

Son of Thomas McCord. He was born in Davis county, Indiana, June 23, 1848. Came before his parents to Jefferson county, Nebraska, in February, 1869. Homesteaded on Rose creek, where he continued to reside, engaged in the live-stock and farming business, practically up to the time of his death in 1905. Mr. McCord served as County Commissioner from 1897 to 1905. Roy N., T. R. and J. A. are the sons surviving. The widow is living in the city of Fairbury. The sons on their farms in Rose creek valley are following in the footsteps of their father.

JOHN EHRETT.

Mr. Ehrett was born in Brunswick, Mo., in 1848. Followed farming, and moved to Nebraska in 1870, homesteading in Richland Precinct, near the Helveys. Married Miss May Hatford in 1873. Mr. and Mrs. Ehrett now reside in Fairbury. Their two children, Thomas and Mrs. Thos. Walsh, also reside in this city.

JAMES LARDNER.

Mr. Lardner was born in County Claire, Ireland, in 1840. Came to America in 1865. Worked on the grading of the Union Pacific through Nebraska in 1866–7. Came to Jefferson county in 1870, homesteading in Antelope Precinct, about one mile south of Thos. Walsh. He married Miss Mary Ann Cashman. The following are the children: Mrs. Sadie Carl, James, Mrs. Agnes Wiggins, Mrs. Susie Church, William, Thomas, Michael, and Miss Ada. The latter living on the old homestead with their mother. The father passed away in January, 1909.

ADDE R. ADEN.

Mr. Aden was born in Germany, in 1835. Came to America, settling on a homestead near Gladstone, in 1868. Mr. Aden married Miss Minnie Wanquist, in 1869. The following are the children: George, Mrs. Amy Scheonrock, Mrs. Anna Carston, Mrs. Minnie Reesman, Mrs. Chas. Hasse, and Maggie. Mr. and Mrs. Aden retired several years ago to the city of Fairbury. Mr. Aden died in 1912.

FRANK M. BROWNING.

Mr. Browning was born in old Virginia in 1846. Came to Missouri in 1852, and to Nebraska City in 1863, from whence he drove ox-teams across the Plains to Denver, Salt Lake, and Ft. Laramie, during the summers of 1863–4–5–6–7, for Sam Tate. Mr. Browning tells of a funny incident about a "bull-whacker" applying to the famous old freighter, Alex. Majors, who would employ only non-swearing, temperate men. Majors asked him if he could drive cattle, and he replied

that he could drive them to hell and back. Majors told him that he didn't believe that he needed him, as he wasn't freighting to that place that year.

Mr. Browning came to Jefferson county in 1869, and homesteaded in Richland Precinct, where he resided until retiring to Fairbury. Mr. Browning married Miss Ella Welch, at Hebron, in 1880. No children.

JAMES MOLES.

Mr. Moles was born in Carroll county, Ohio, in 1842. Served in the Fifty-third Ohio Infantry through the Civil War. Married Miss Abigail Hilighass, in 1864. Moved to Muscatine, Iowa, in 1866, to Nebraska in 1869, homesteading west of Fairbury. The children are: Mary, Sarah, William, James, Adrianna, Don, Charles, Thomas, Roscoe, and C. K.

JUD CARPENTER.

Mr. Carpenter was born in Lucerne county, Pa., in 1852. Learned the nursery business under his father. Married Miss Addie Graham. His first employment was selling trees and nursery stock for an Iowa concern. Traveling over Jefferson county, he realized the great natural advantages and resources for the establishment of a nursery farm. He interested E. D. Gage, who had large land interests north of Fairbury, near Bower postoffice. The Carpenter & Gage Nursery was organized that spring, and several small plots of ground were planted with trees and nursery stock. The Government paid them $1.25 per thousand for all trees that they produced at the nursery. This bonus proved to be very helpful. The business of the nursery increased annually, until they employed nearly

300 regular men. Their sales and shipments reached nearly every State in the Union. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter are: Maud, Mabel, and Ruth. Mr. Carpenter was a member of the Legislature during the 80's. He now resides in Provo, Utah.

FRED CARPENTER.

Fred, a younger brother of Jud, was born in Lucerne county, Pa., in 1863. Learned the nursery business in his father's nursery, and came with his parents to Iowa in 1871, where he continued employment of this nature during their stay in Iowa. He came with his father to Jefferson county, Nebraska, in 1878. He started a nursery near Beatrice on his own account, in 1893, but the following years of drouth caused its abandonment, and he returned to his old employment at the Carpenter & Gage nursery. He opened up his present confectionery stand on the west side, in 1895. Fred never married.

F. D. CARPENTER.

Mr. Carpenter was born in 1828, in the county of Susquehanna, Pa. The Carpenters as a family were pioneer nurserymen of their State. He married Miss Marion Sickler, of Funanak, Pa., in 1850. Served through the Civil War in Pennsylvania regiments. After the war, organized and operated a coal company, which he sold before moving to Iowa in 1871. He conducted a nursery in Iowa until he came to Nebraska in 1878. He made his home in Fairbury till his death, in 1908. Mrs. Carpenter died the same year. Their children were: Jud, Mrs. Wm. H. Allen, Fred, and Charles.

JOHN CRIGER.

Mr. Criger was born in Warren county, New Jersey, in 1834. While a young man he worked on the farm. Came to Illinois in 1855, settling on a farm near Peoria. He married Miss Mary E. Birden in 1861. They came to Jefferson county by train to Waterville, Kansas, thence overland by team to their homestead, the southeast quarter of Section 31–4–2, three miles west of Bower, where they still reside. Mr. Criger had a few hundred dollars in money when he came, but crop failures and the needs of his large family soon used this up, causing him to seek employment at odd jobs, often quite a distance from home, to make ends meet. Mr. Criger's closest neighbors were Ben House on the west side of Sec. 32, Dan Modene on the west side of Sec. 31, and Dan W. Kelsey across the road in Sec. 6, Richland Precinct. Their children are: Mrs. Lettie Rawlins, Mrs. Anna Burns, Mrs. Susan Personette, Mrs. Sally Nagels, John junior, Mrs. Etta Skupneiwitz, and Joseph.

JOHN SHEPHERD.

John Shepherd was born in the Hoosier State, Fountain county, the 14th day of August, 1832. He was reared in the State of his nativity, and in 1854 married a Miss Rachael Keyes, who was born in Pickaway county, Ohio, being a daughter of James and Elizabeth Keyes, of Virginia. Mr. Shepherd and his family continued to reside in Indiana until 1869, when they joined the great westward movement, traveling overland by wagon to Nebraska, locating near Beatrice, while he engaged in local freight-hauling. Mr. Shep-

herd filed on a homestead on Coon creek, in Endicott Precinct, the following spring, where he and his wife continued to reside until they passed away, about 1900. Four sons, the only children, are still living in Jefferson county with their families,—Thad at Fairbury, Albert, and Alex and Dangerfield reside on their farms near the old homestead. The Shepherd boys are well known throughout the county, and have filled various prominent business and political positions with honor and credit.

LEWIS CULVER.

Mr. Culver was born in Iowa, in the year 1850. He came to Jefferson county in 1869, and was the first photographer to reside in Fairbury. He had a small shack for his business on the north side in 1870–2. Built the present photo gallery building on the north side, in 1887. He married Miss Carrie Libby in 1875, and died in 1888. They had but one child: Miss Louie Nider, of Fairbury.

ADELBERT CLARK.

Mr. Clark was born in Iowa, in 1846. He followed farming all his life. Came to Jefferson county at the same time that his brother, Horace D., came. He married Miss Anna Larson, of Kansas, in 1875. Their children are: Ola B., Mrs. Bertie M. Robinson, Henry W., Walter M., Mrs. Hazel Lovelace, and Gladys. Mr. Clark died in 1904.

C. C. BOYLE.

Charles C. Boyle was born in Ohio, in 1847. He emigrated to Iowa in 1857, and became a freight-train driver in 1861. In the early sixties he engaged in

HENRY BOWER
M. C HULBURT
THOS. WALSH
W. H. AVERY

mining, hunting and trapping, and in 1869 he located in Fairbury, where he practiced law. He was elected County Judge, serving two terms. In the fall of 1895 he was elected Probate Judge, and has held that office until the present date, 1911. He married Miss Luna C. Mason, daughter of Sidney Mason. The children are: Edna, Bluma, Charles, Eugene, and Charlotte.

COL. THOS. HARBINE.

Thomas Harbine was born in Maryland, in 1820. He studied law, graduated from college, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. In 1859 he moved to St. Joseph, and served in the Missouri militia in 1861. He was mustered out as Lieutenant-Colonel, and was elected State Senator in 1866, serving until 1870.

Col. Harbine established a bank in Fairbury in 1874, which still bears his name. From 1870 to 1872 he served as Vice-President of the St. Joseph & Denver City Railroad. He organized the Nebraska Land and Town Company in 1872, to promote towns along this road. Col. Harbine lived on the coast at the time of his death, which took place in the 90's. He married Miss Catherine Smith in 1846. Catherine and Mary V. were the children.

DANIEL AXTELL.

Mr. Axtell was born in Mercer county, Pa., in 1846. Moved to Ohio in 1857. Served in the Thirty-sixth Ohio Infantry during the Civil War. Married Miss Hester Howard in 1869. Came to Fillmore county, Neb., in 1870. Soon after moved to Jefferson county. James A., William, L. E., Frank, Joseph, and Idella are the children.

I. S. GARDNER.

Mr. Gardner was born in Indiana, in 1854. Married Miss Viola Bacon, of Indiana, in 1867. Came to Nebraska, and homesteaded on Cub creek in 1868. Mrs. Gardner died in 1898. The two children of this marriage were Eva and Amos. Mr. Gardner married Miss Mary Bowers in 1899. Mr. Gardner now resides in Fairbury.

EVERARD MARTIN.

Mr. Martin was born in Vermont, in 1838. Served in the Thirty-eighth New York Infantry through the Rebellion. Moved to Iowa in 1858. Married Miss Enice Hanchett, of New York, in 1866. Moved to Jefferson county in 1868. Homesteaded on Cub creek, where he continued to reside until coming to live in Fairbury. The children are: Mrs. Cora Collier, Miss Minnie, of Lincoln, Miss Mattie, Earl, Ray, and Mrs. Della Seaton.

ABNER BAKER.

Abner Baker was born in New York, in 1816. In 1834 he emigrated to Michigan, where he engaged in the boot-and-shoe business, emigrating to Nebraska in 1868, taking a homestead in Gage county. The year following he homesteaded near the town-site of Steele City, where he engaged later in the hotel and hardware business. Mr. Baker at one time served the county of Jefferson as Sheriff, and also engaged in banking. He died during the early 90's.

MORGAN CRANE.

Morgan Crane was born in Canada, in 1832, and emigrated to Illinois with his parents in 1839, and to

Iowa in 1854. After the Rebellion, in which he served, he came to Nebraska, locating here in 1866, and homesteaded about one mile south of Steele City. In 1879 he moved to Colorado on account of ill-health, returning in 1881, since which time he served the county in various official capacities. He died in the 90's, leaving four children: Martin, Lincoln, Marshall, and Clara.

ROBERT CRINKLOW.

Robert Crinklow was born in Canada, in 1836. He emigrated to Illinois in 1855, and served through the Civil War as a soldier; and homesteaded at Steele City in 1867, where he helped promote the town of Steele City in 1872–73. Crinklow was postmaster for several years, and also served in other official capacities. He died early in 1900, leaving two sons, Frank and Robert.

JOSEPH HINER.

Mr. Hiner was born in Indiana county, Pa., in 1823. Followed farming on his father's farm while a young man. He married Miss Bertha Findlay, of Pennsylvania, in 1847. They moved to Illinois in 1865, living there until 1872, when they came overland to Nebraska, settling on a homestead on Dry Branch, in Antelope Precinct. Here he resided until his death, in May, 1898. His wife followed him in October, 1902. The children were: Angeline, St. Clair, Caroline, Ezra, Albert, and Knetty. The latter died in 1905.

ALBERT HINER.

Albert was born in Pennsylvania, in 1857. Came to Nebraska in 1872. Married Miss Martha McCord in 1882. The children are: Eva, Ella, Orville, and

Laverna. Mr. and Mrs. Hiner are living on their farm near Endicott.

EZRA HINER.

Ezra was born in Pennsylvania in 1855. Came with his parents to Nebraska in 1872. He married Miss Rebecca McCord in 1883. They have no children, and are living on their farm east of Fairbury.

ST. CLAIR HINER.

St. Clair or "Zinkler" was born in Pennsylvania, in 1851. He came to Nebraska in 1872, and continued to reside with and near by his parents on Dry Branch till 1911, when he sold out and moved to Texas. He never married.

MRS. ANGELINE LLOYD.

Angeline Hiner was born in Pennsylvania, in 1848. Came to Nebraska with her parents in 1872. Married Richard Lloyd in 1873. They had two children, Elizabeth and John. John died in 1909. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd are living near Fairbury.

DAVID BENNETT.

Mr. Bennett was born in Vermillion county, Ind., in 1837. Followed farming till he became of age, then the wanderlust possessed him to come west. In company with his Uncle Gid, he landed at Nebraska City in 1856. They ran a ferry across the Missouri river at this place for many years. David followed freighting across the plains occasionally, and made frequent hunting and trapping trips. He finally located in Jefferson county, on the Blue river, above Fairbury, in 1867. A few years later he lived on Rose creek,

eventually moving to Fairbury, being its Marshal for many years during its turbulent days. Mr. Bennett was a man of wonderful physique and power; his feats in subjecting men will long be remembered by the old-timers. He married Miss Elizabeth Dennis, at Nebraska City, in 1857. She was the daughter of Andy Dennis, who settled on Rose creek in 1867. They had the following children: William H., Emma, John A., and Georgina. William died in 1884. Georgina died in 1888. Emma married Peter Peterson. Their children are: Calvin, Ivan, and Alma. John A. married Miss Ruth Jacobs in 1889. The children are: May, David, William, Rose, George, and Ralph. The mother died in 1901. The family reside in the village of Endicott. Grandma Bennett lived with them for many years, and is now living with her daughter, Mrs. Peterson.

HERMAN HARMS.

Mr. Harms was born in Ost Freisland, Germany, in 1850. Served in the German army. Came to America in 1874, locating in Woodford county, Iowa. Came to Jefferson county in 1878. Two years later he bought his present home, near Gladstone, for $5.00 per acre. Married Miss Anna Grothaus, of Illinois, in 1879. The children are: Fred, John, Mrs. Dora Murdock, Minnie, Albert, Mrs. Emma Roggie, William, Mary, and Augusta.

JOHN MORRISON.

Mr. Morrison was born in Oneida county, New York, in 1841. Farmed till of age, then followed the Erie Canal over seven years. Came to Beatrice, Nebraska, in 1870. Settled on his present homestead

south of Endicott in 1881. Married Miss Evangeline Jakes in 1875. The children are: Alma, Emma, Maud, and Cora. Mrs. Morrison was a pioneer of Gage county, coming there in 1861.

OLIVER KELLY.

Mr. Kelly was born in the State of New York, in 1830. He followed the business of a fisherman in early life, and later ran a small grocery. Moved to Ohio, where he married Miss Catherine Ryan, in 1850. They came to Nebraska City in 1867, and homesteaded on Rock creek in 1869. The children are: John, Charles, and Edgar. Mr. Kelly died March 17th, 1910. Mrs. Kelly died Nov. 4th, 1910. John married Miss Hannah Wolf, daughter of an old settler at the mouth of Rock creek, in the 70's. The children are: Laura, Ida. M., Mary, Minnie, Alta, Bessie, William and Susie.

Charles married Miss Clara Criner. They have but one child living, a son, Oliver. Edward married Miss Mamie Mitchell. Their children are: Gladys, Neva, Vera, and Roy.

MRS. SARAH LIBBY.

Mrs. Libby was born in Connecticut, in 1830. She married Dennis B. Libby in 1850, who was born in Maine in 1822. Mrs. Libby's maiden name was Sarah Taylor. Mr. Libby followed the carpenter trade in Massachusetts, New York and Wisconsin. Moved to St. Joseph, Mo., in 1876, later to Fairbury, Neb., where he resided till his death in the early 90s. The children were: Mrs. Ella Marlow and Mrs. Sarah Dodd, of Fairbury. Mr. Dodd built the first two-

story residence in the city of Fairbury. Mrs. Dodd still resides there, on the corner of Fifth and F streets. Her daughter, Mrs. Dodd, was formerly Mrs. Lewis Culver, the pioneer photographer of Fairbury, who died in 1888.

JOHN WOOLF.

Mr. Woolf was born in Indiana, in 1828. His wife, Maria King, was born in the same State in 1838. They came to Jefferson county, Nebraska, in 1867, settling on a homestead near the mouth of Rock creek, where they resided until in the 70's. This old pioneer couple are still living, at Molina, Colorado. Mrs. John Kelly was their daughter.

GERHARD BUSING.

Mr. Busing was born in Oldenberg by Bremen, Germany, in 1834. His early life was on the farm. Was a soldier of the German army for over eleven years. Emigrated to America in 1867. Homesteaded on Sec. 8, in Meridian Precinct, Jefferson county, in 1868. Married Miss Christina Witt, of Nebraska City, in 1870. The children are: Gerhard, Henry, Otto, George, Mrs. Emma Barouth, Mrs. Minnie Moody, and Mrs. Celie Grafton. Mr. and Mrs. Busing are living in the city of Fairbury.

FRED BUSING.

Mr. Busing was born in Oldenberg by Bremen, Germany, in 1845. Fred came to America, settling at Dubuque, Ia., in 1866. He came to Jefferson county with his brother Gerhard in 1868. He homesteaded the old Hugh Ross ranch, on Big Sandy, where he continued to live till his death by being struck with

falling brick from Steele's Opera House, in Fairbury. He married Miss Matilda Nelson in 1871. The children are: Ida, Charles, Frank, Lizzie, Emma, Edward, Louie, Othella, and Fred.

CHAS. E. BROWNING.

Mr. Browning was born in Howard county, Mo., in 1854. Moved to Nebraska City in 1864. Accompanied by his father and brother, Frank, came to Jefferson county in 1869. His father, Josiah D. Browning, homesteaded in Section 26–2–3. The elder Mr. Browning was one of Jefferson county's early County Commissioners. He died in 1900. His wife died in 1880. Mrs. J. D. Browning's maiden name was Martha Honaker. Their children other than Frank and Charles were: Mrs. C. C. Callaway, Mrs. Tom Warden, and Henry. Chas. E. married Julia Crom in 1892. Hazel, Gladys and Floyd are the children. The family are now living in Fairbury. The Browning boys while living in Nebraska City attended the same school and were playmates with the Morton and Kesterson boys.

JOHN MC T. GIBSON.

Mr. Gibson was born in Scotland, in 1827. Was a school teacher. Emigrated to America in 1848. Settled at Marengo, Iowa; secured employment as a clerk. Afterwards ran a flouring mill at Helena, Ia. Sold out and came to Jefferson county in the spring of 1868, homesteading on Cub creek, where he resided till his death in 1891. He married Miss Olive C. Gibbons at Marengo, Ia., in 1855. The children are: Mrs. Minnie Miles, John junior, Mrs. Agnes Hoppe, Mrs.

WILLIAM BAKER
FRANK BROWNING
HORACE D CLARK
ANDY BAKER
PETER Mc CURDY
JOHN CHIRNSIDE

Ida Bishop, Charles, James, Mrs. Olive McKie, and Ross. John married Miss Ada L. Thornell; Charles married Miss Agnes McKie; James married Miss Amanda Sutton.

CALEB E. FRAZIER.

Mr. Frazier was born in Warren county, Indiana, in 1843. He is the son of James Frazier and Miss Mary Rhodes, who were married in 1840. Mr. Frazier Sr. was the father of the town of Freeport, that flourished in the year 1868, to be washed away in the big flood of September 6th, 1869. Their children were: Caleb, Morgan, David, and Ella. Caleb married Miss J. Thompson, in Illinois, in 1866. They came to Nebraska with I. N. Thompson and others. Frazier with his father settled across the river from Jenkins's Mills, and Thompson settled out on Rose creek. When the town was washed away in 1869, Caleb moved with his family to Fairbury, where they resided till they went to Iowa in 1875. He moved to Kansas in 1879, and to Colorado in 1882, where he has extensive mining interests. They have but one child, Mrs. Cora M. Davis.

LESTER W. ELDRIDGE.

Mr. Eldridge was born in Williamstown, Berkshire county, Mass., in 1840. Followed farming until he came to Fairbury, Neb., in 1872. The railroad had just been completed to this point. In partnership with Mr. Morey, Mr. Eldridge conducted a general merchandise store on the south side until the fire destroyed that side of the square. Since that time Mr. Eldridge has been engaged in realty and banking business. He

married Miss Ella Baldwin in 1874. Mrs. Nellie McGee is the only daughter.

H. O. SHOWALTER.

Mr. Showalter was born in old Virginia, in 1824. He followed farming in that State, moving to Indiana in 1830. Came to Nebraska in 1870, buying the Babcock homestead, south and east of Fairbury. Here he resided practically till his death in 1892.

Mr. Showalter married Miss Lydia Brown in 1844, who died shortly afterwards, leaving two children, Dr. A. W. Showalter and Luther.

He married Miss Sarah Frye in 1854, who was the mother of the following children: Philander, Leander, Fannie, Frank, Laura, Ella, and Sarah.

The father died in July, 1892. Dr. Showalter died in 1881, Luther in 1911. Fannie, Frank, Laura, Ella and Sarah have also passed away. Lee, Phil and Sarah are the surviving children. Lee married Miss Margaret Baker in 1888, Phil married Miss Rotta Mitchell in 1885, and Sarah married Mr. Wm. Welch.

REV. MARK NOBLE.

Rev. Mark Noble was born in England, and through the solicitations of W. Stevenson, who had preceded him, came to Jefferson county, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. William Cawdry, Sr., with their daughters and sons-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Noble, Mr. and Mrs. John Exton, Miss Jane, Miss Amelia, Miss Alice, Miss Anna, and sons William and Alfred, arriving in Fairbury March 10th, 1870. They were also accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. James Smith and their little

girl, also Minnie, the little daughter of Mark Noble and wife.

They took up residence in Roper's log cabin, about three miles up the Blue river. In May of this year Mr. Noble organized the first Baptist Church of Jefferson county, in a small building on the north side of the square, continuing to be its pastor for twenty-one consecutive years. All members of this party took homesteads on Rose creek, where the sons William and Alfred, with their families, still reside. Exton and Noble soon moved back to Fairbury, where Exton served for several years as cashier of the Harbine Bank. Mr. Smith died a few years later, on his homestead. Rev. Mr. Noble now resides at Camas, Washington, in the seventy-fifth year of his life, hale and hearty, rich in the blessings of his Master.

GEORGE CROSS.

Mr. Cross was born in Wisconsin, in 1841. He graduated from the State University of Wisconsin, and served as a soldier in the Rebellion. He married Miss Clara Tullis of Wisconsin in 1868. He came to Fairbury in 1870, and started the Fairbury Gazette, which he edited for nearly thirty-five years. He has served as postmaster, and at the present time is living a retired life in Fairbury.

SIDNEY MASON.

Sidney Mason was born in Ohio, in 1819. Moved to Iowa in 1856, and emigrated to Fairbury, Nebraska, in the month of June, 1869, where he built the hotel known as the Mason House, at the northwest corner of the square, which is now occupied by the present

postoffice building. Mr. Mason operated this hotel until the time of his death, in 1873. His wife, Julia A. Mason, is still living, as are the children: Florence, a son, Mrs. A. L. Shader of Lincoln, Mrs. F. Cook of Washington State, Mrs. Sarah Condart, and Mrs. Dora Perry of Lincoln.

C. C. CALLOWAY.

Congrave Clinton Calloway was born in Howard county, Mo., in 1835. Joined the Confederate army at the beginning of the war, serving till the close, in 1865. After the war, cared for his widowed mother till his coming to the State of Nebraska, Jefferson county, where he filed on a homestead, upon which he still resides. Thomas Warden accompanied Mr. Calloway to Jefferson county, May 1st, 1869. Calloway's first house was a box affair that Mattingly sawed for him from logs. Mr. Calloway returned to Missouri in December of this year, to get some oxen and cows. He was accompanied on his return trip by John Ehrett. They arrived at Fairbury in March of 1870.

Calloway and Ehrett "bached" on their homesteads till Calloway grew tired of Ehrett's cooking. So he gave Rev. Mr. Noble all the money he had to make himself and Miss Eliza Browning husband and wife. This solved the living question. The following are the children: Mrs. Etta Gray, Joseph, Mrs. Mattie Shoebotham, Clinton, William, Charles, Susie, and Agnes.

WILLIAM BUNDY.

William Bundy was born in New York. Emigrated to Nebraska in company with Henry Traum, in the years of 1868 and 1869, settling on what was known

as the old Horstman place, northeast of Fairbury. He continued to live here until the later years of his life, when he moved into the city of Fairbury, where he died in the year 1911, at the ripe old age of 84 years. The following children survive: Charles, Dwight, Mrs. R. Munger, Mrs. W. W. Calkins, Mrs. Chas. Lindgren, all residents of Jefferson county.

MIKE KLEINHAUS.

Mike Kleinhaus located in Nebraska in the early 60's, and filed a homestead right on the north half of the northeast quarter of Section Twenty-six, Town. Three, Range Four. He kept what was called the "Halfway House," on the Fairbury and Beatrice road. The first building was of sod, which was succeeded later by a log house. Kleinhaus kept a hostelry for the accommodation of travelers along the road during the 60's and 70's. He died during the late 90's, leaving a wife, Johanna, and five children: William, Reinhold, Katie, Arthur, and Wallace.

WES. PICKENS.

Mr. Pickens was born in Newcastle, Ind., in 1847. Reared on the farm, receiving a common-school education. Moved with his parents to Wapello, Iowa, in 1867. Coming to Jefferson county, in 1869, he homesteaded his present place of abode south of Powell. Like all the early settlers, he engaged in work on the new-building railroads, etc., to obtain funds to carry himself through the pioneering days. Married Miss Maria L. Baur in 1874. Elias, Lewis, Plate, Nora, Belle, Clara, Ernest, Rex and Ina are the children. Mr. Pickens served his constituency in the House of

Representatives in the year of 1909 and in the Senate 1911.

WILLIAM CAWDREY.

Mr. Cawdrey was born in St. Peters, England, in 1851. Emigrated to America, coming direct to Jefferson county in company with Rev. Marks Noble and others, in 1870. Homesteaded on his present place of abode in Antelope Precinct, and has been engaged in farming thereon since. Mr. Cawdrey was married in 1878 to Miss Ida Matthews. The children were as follows: William, Grace, Austin, Ida, Lee, Emma, and Max.

ALFRED L. CAWDREY.

Mr. Cawdrey was born in St. Peters, England, in 1853. Came to Jefferson county, in company with his brother and others, in 1870, homesteading his present place of living, upon which he has carried on farming business. Alfred was married to Miss Loretta Broady in 1885. To this union the following children were born: Fred, Joseph, and Mark.

W. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Chamberlain was born in Chautauqua county, New York, 1826. Became a civil engineer for several of the eastern railroads, being in this employment till his coming to Nebraska in 1869. He married Miss Clara Pickens, in 1865. The following were the children of this union: Czar, who died in 1880; Victor E., Paul, Mark, and Altia. Mr. Chamberlain died in 1903, his wife preceding him in 1894. Victor E. lives on the old homestead place, with his wife, who was Miss Onie Dormann before 1887. The following are

their children: Lucile, Mrs. Fern Stewart, Twila, and Ovid.

JOHN MITCHAM.

Mr. Mitcham was born in Milton, Ohio, in 1813; married Miss Mary McGan. Rev. John I. Wesley and Jasper are the surviving children. Mr. Mitcham came to Nebraska in 1867, and selected a homestead on Rose creek, where he lived until his death, in 1900, his wife passing away a few years later. His son Wesley resides near the old homestead on Rose creek; was married to Miss Eliza Cox in 1876, who died in the early part of 1900, leaving three children,—Flora, John, and Nellie. Jasper resides on the opposite side of Rose creek, and Rev. Irvan Mitcham is a resident of Kendrick, Idaho.

HENRY SHOEBOTHAM.

Mr. Shoebotham was born in London, Canada, in 1839. Married Miss Elizabeth Wilson in 1861. Came to Jefferson county in 1869, homesteading a tract of land north of Fairbury, where he carried on a general farming and live-stock business. Mr. Shoebotham retired from active work in the early 1900's, taking up residence in Fairbury, where he died in February of 1911, survived by his wife and three sons, Wilson, Edgar, and Ernest, who are all actively engaged in the live-stock business in and about Fairbury.

THEODORE H. JOSLIN.

Mr. Joslin was born in Lake county, Illinois, in 1847. Moved to Pulaski, New York, in 1851, residing there with his mother during the absence of his father to the gold-fields of California. Upon his return they moved

back to the old home, residing there until 1864, and then moving to Lynn county, Iowa. Theodore set out for himself in 1868, came to Nebraska and filed on a quarter-section in Rock Precinct, of Jefferson county, upon which he still resides. Mr. Joslin married Miss Eva Edgington in 1874. The children are as follows: Guy, Mrs. George Paterson, and Calvin,—all of Rigby, Idaho; Lester, of Rogerson, Idaho; Mrs. Wm. Dick, of Fairbury; Roy and Florence, who reside at home.

HIRAM P. HELVEY.

Mr. Helvey was one of the Helvey boys, son of Joel Helvey, who came to Jefferson county, Nebraska, with that pioneer family, in 1859. He was born in Nebraska City, in 1855. Married Miss Alice Kelly, of Illinois, in 1874. The children are: Samuel, Ira, and Mrs. Chamberlain.

WILLIAM ROBINSON.

William and Edward are twin brothers, and their partnership continued along through their business affairs, owning and sharing both of their real estates and personal property, in common. Coming together to Jefferson county in the spring of 1868, they homesteaded the "Old Virginia Station" and a quarter of land lying to the west, on Whisky Run. Virginia Station had been abandoned for perhaps a year before they came, and the station and buildings had been burned. Hess was the last station master. He planted the cottonwood tree that was one of the most notable landmarks for miles around, being called the "Lone Tree."

The Robinsons found many evidences of the station's

REV. IVES MARKS

REV MARK NOBLE

JOSEPH Mc CREIGHT

W. W. WATSON

MONROE Mc CANLES-7 YEARS

GRANDMA
HENRY NELSON

occupancy and use by the stage company and the soldiers and travelers of the Trail. The premises were strewn and littered with wrecks and rubbish of those who had gone on before. Old guns, cartridges, wagons, mule- and ox-shoes intermingled with the arrow- and spear-heads of the primitives, beside the bleaching bones of the beast of burden and the game of the plain. The days of the Trail were past, and the Robinsons were the forerunners and a different evolution. William married Miss Almena Weekey, of Indiana, in 1875. They have no children. He retired from the activities of farm life in the early part of 1900 to the city of Fairbury, where he continues to direct the business of the farm.

ED ROBINSON.

Mr. Robinson is the other twin Robinson boy that came to Jefferson county in 1868, homesteading in Richland Precinct the "Old Virginia Station," which they now own. He was born in Canada, in 1847, and married Miss Elsie Conger, a relative of the missionary Conger, in 1870. The Robinson boys have always been identified with the production of big herds of beef and pork, which business has proved very remunerative to them, bringing the possession of many acres of valuable agricultural lands. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Robinson are: Mrs. Mary McCoy, John, Mrs. Anna Bosley, and George. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson are living retired lives in the city of Fairbury.

JOHN ROBINSON.

"Jack," as he is better known, was born in Canada, in the year 1856, coming to Jefferson county in 1877.

He bought a tract of land near his brothers, which has increased many fold. He married Miss Odessa Henderson in 1892. Two girls, Almeda and Maud, reside with the parents in the city of Fairbury.

JAMES ROBINSON.

James was born in the year 1852. He came to Jefferson county in 1872, staying a few years in Fairbury and on the farm near his brothers, going out to Red Willow county, homesteading there, coming back to Jefferson county several years ago, settling near Bower. He married Miss Lucy Scott in 1871. Henry, Mrs. Alice Wear, Flora, Frank and Scott are the children. Mrs. Mary Jenkins and Mrs. Sarah Ball complete the family of Robinsons. The former lives in Fairbury. She was born in Canada, in 1854. The latter lives in McCook, Nebraska, and was born in 1860.

DAN GILL.

Mr. Gill was born in "old Ireland," County Roscommon, in the year 1830, near the village of Laynsborough. Emigrated to America in 1866, coming direct to Jefferson county. He traveled the Overland Trail up to Rock creek, where he with his wife and son Peter settled on a homestead one-half mile north of the station, on the east side of the creek. Mr. Gill was married in Ireland, in the year 1853, to Miss Bridget Fox, who died in 1872. Peter was the only child. Mr. Gill died at the homestead in 1897.

PETER GILL.

Peter was born in Ireland, in 1855, and came with his parents to America in 1866. He stayed with his

parents on the homestead, helping to navigate matters through the strenuous days, and is now surrounded with the fruits of reward for frugal perseverance. Peter was married in 1876 to Miss Mary McGee, who passed away in 1911, leaving the following children: Mrs. Mary A. O'Connell, James H., John P., Dan S., Barney, and Alice.

PETER MC CURDY.

Mr. McCurdy was born near Muscatine, Iowa, in the year 1844. His parents died when he was but a small boy, so he was thrown on his own resources for a livelihood. By persistent efforts he gathered enough wealth to warrant his marriage to Miss Melinda Thornton in 1867. Came to Jefferson county in 1869, driving overland via Brownville, and homesteaded one mile south of the present town of Powell, where he resided for many years, retiring to Fairbury, where he and the wife reside. Hilton, Clyde and Clark are the surviving sons of this union.

W. S. HUBBLE.

Mr. Hubble was born in 1842, in Wythe county, Virginia. Served in the Virginia Cavalry through the war. Came west in 1869 with his brother James, and located in Fairbury in the fall of that year. He erected the first livery barn in the town, which he ran until 1874, when he moved to Hastings, where he died in 1879. Mr. Hubble married a Miss Lewis, who survived her husband several years. No children.

JAMES A. WELLS.

Mr. Wells was born in Jefferson county, Indiana, March 2, 1825. Emigrated to Iowa in 1854. Enlisted

in the Twentieth Iowa in 1862, serving to the end of the war. Came to Nebraska by the overland route in 1867, homesteading near the mouth of Coon creek, in Endicott Precinct. Here he resided for many years. Mr. Wells died in 1906; his wife preceded him in 1899. Sylvester, Frank and Allen and Mrs. L. S. Baker are the children.

J. B. WELSH.

Mr. Welsh was born in Ohio, in 1842. Served in the Third Ohio Cavalry all through the Civil War. Married Miss Blanche Moxley in 1867. Drove overland to Nebraska in 1870, locating on a homestead in Antelope Precinct, on Dry Branch, where he resided till about 1900, and then retired to the city of Fairbury. Mr. and Mrs. Welsh have the following children: Emma, Walter, William, Alice, Myrtle, and James.

HENRY NELSON.

Mr. Nelson was born in Eiderstadt, Schleswig-Holstein, Germany, in 1835. Emigrated to America in 1847, settling in Racine county, Wisconsin. Married Miss Sophia Schenkenberger in 1864, moved to Nebraska in 1867, homesteading on Cub creek, in Jefferson county. Mr. Nelson was one of the pioneer County Commissioners. He always took a deep interest in the welfare of the people and county in general, and enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-men by his unwavering integrity and sound judgment upon all matters. Mr. Nelson and family experienced all the hardships of pioneer life, living to enjoy all the fruits of a lifetime's toil and sacrifice and to be honored and cherished in memory. Mr. Nelson died in February, 1910, sur-

vived by the wife, who now resides at Plymouth. Mrs. Minnie Thrumbull, of Hildreth, Nebraska, and Mrs. Josephine Doolittle, of Brooklyn, New York, are the surviving children.

H. D. MERRILL.

H. D. Merrill was born in New York, in 1833. Moved to Michigan in 1848, and graduated from the State University there. In 1861 he enlisted, and served through the war, and then returned to Michigan. He later graduated from the law department at the State University in 1866, and was principal of schools in Illinois in 1867 and 1868. In 1869 he located at Jenkins Mill, engaging in general merchandise at this point and Fairbury until 1881, when he retired to his farm on Rose creek, operating same until 1890, when he moved to California. Mr. Merrill was married in 1872, to Miss Hattie M. Smith. They have three children—Albert H., Arthur S., and Frank D.

BENJ. L. PURDY.

Benj. L. Purdy was born in New York, in 1816. Moved to Ohio in 1825, to Wisconsin in 1843, and to Fairbury in 1870. Here he entered the insurance and abstract business, which he carried on for a number of years. Mr. Purdy was married in 1839, to Miss Susan Meadows. They had five children: Julia, Cordelia, Ellen, Susan C., and L. M., a son. Mr. Purdy died in the early 90's.

HON. C. B. SLOCUMB.

C. B. Slocumb was born in Illinois, in 1843. Enlisted in the army in 1864, moved to Iowa in 1866 and to Fairbury in 1873. He graduated from the Baldwin

University of Iowa, and practiced law. Was principal of schools at Marshalltown. After locating in Fairbury he practiced law with W. O. Hambel. In 1878 he was elected to the Legislature, and framed the famous Slocumb liquor law of Nebraska. He was one of the most prominent men in the Legislature. Mr. Slocumb was married in 1874, to Miss Anna Gourley, Florence E. being the only child born to this union. Mr. Slocumb died during the latter part of the eighties.

M. WARREN.

M. Warren was born in Ohio, in 1823. He graduated from college in 1848; was married to Miss Abbie Sibley in 1874. He studied law, taught school, practiced law, and was author of several books upon law. Later he was elected a member of Legislature. He moved to Fairbury in 1871. Mr. Warren framed the criminal code for the State of Nebraska in 1873, wrote his last book, "American Labor," in 1877, and served as County Judge in 1879. At the time of his death he was in the real-estate and money-loaning business. Frederick M. and Chas. M. are the two surviving children.

E. L. ELLERMEIER.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellermeier were both born in Germany, emigrating to America with their parents during their childhood, and settled in the State of Illinois, and here at an early age they were married. Eight children were born to this union, five boys and three girls. Mr. Ellermeier served through the Civil War, and in 1869 came to Nebraska, homesteading the southwest quarter of Section 10, Town. 4, Range 3, alongside

other German colonists who had preceded him several years.

Mrs. Ellermeier died in 1876. Mr. Ellermeier is still living in Swanton, Nebraska. J. H. Ellermeier, a son, is in the mercantile business in Steele City, Nebraska, Frank at Western, Neb., and Will at Plymouth. The daughters married into neighboring pioneer families.

The Ellermeiers are typical of the deeply religious, quiet and peace-loving Germans who by their piety and frugal conservatism have builded around them the respect and confidence of their fellow-men.

JOHN DAILEY.

John Dailey was born in County Roscommon, Ireland, in the year 1846. He emigrated to America when twenty-one years of age, landing at Baltimore, November 9th, 1867. Working at railroad construction through the Middle West, he secured employment with the Rock Island Railway, then building across Iowa to Council Bluffs, during the year of 1869. The following year Dailey joined a company of homeseekers, and filed on a homestead in Antelope Precinct, in the spring of 1870. Later on he traded for a tract of land in Richland Precinct, which he has since continued to hold. Resides in the city of Fairbury.

Mr. Dailey experienced many of the trials and hardships of the early settlers, who were forced to resort to outside employment in order to keep their land-holdings. He represents the typical good-natured and jolly Irish-American. He was married to Miss Katie Walsh in 1883. Of this union the following children survive:

Lizzie, Mary, Margaret, Rose, Alice, Julia, Sara, and Genevieve.

J. H. TIPPIN.

J. H. Tippin was born in Ohio, about the year 1840. He was married to Miss Mary Vanwy about the year 1860, and in 1869 they decided to "go West and grow up with the country." Loading their effects into a wagon, accompanied by their small children they drove through the States of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska, in the spring of 1869. They homesteaded a tract of land in Eureka Precinct, east of Daykin. Mr. and Mrs. Tippin have both passed over the great divide, leaving the following children surviving: Cameron, Alice, Judson, Frank M., Archibald, Ora, Jesse, Walter, Nettie, and Grace.

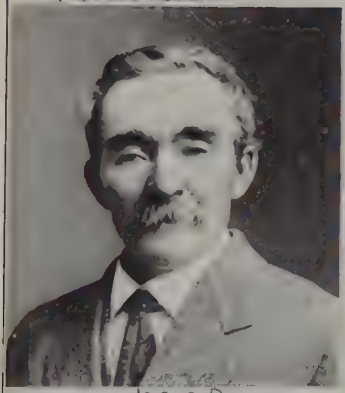
DONALD CAMPBELL.

Donald Campbell was of Scotch ancestry, and one of the early settlers of Jefferson county, coming in 1867, homesteading in Endicott Precinct, on Coon creek. Mr. Campbell had a large family, fourteen children in all, eleven of whom are still living, namely: Malcolm, Daniel, Benjamin, John, Joe, Mrs. Bell Stoup, Mrs. Maggie Wonder, Mrs. Christe Head, Mrs. Mary Parker, Mrs. Katie Rhodes, and Mrs. Anna Shepherd. Duncan, Archie and Matilda died after attaining man and womanhood.

The Campbell family are representative of the typical Scotch-American pioneers—sturdy, frugal and conservative, endowed with strong physiques inherited from their ancestors in Scotland.

PETER GILL

WESLEY MITCHAM



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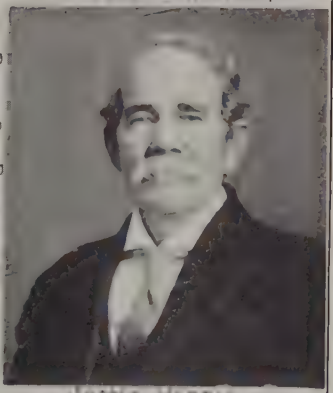
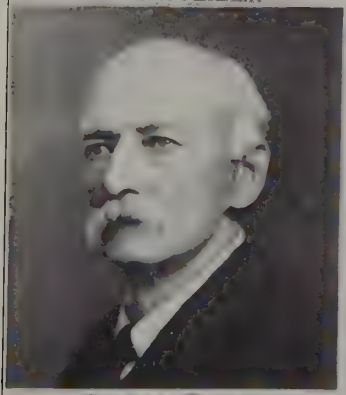


JAMES HARRIS



LUTHER DAVIS

CHAS BROWNING

BARTHOLOMEW NIDER.

Mr. Nider was born in Switzerland, in the year 1818. Resided there and learned his trade. When of age he emigrated to America, settling in the State of New Jersey, where he found but little employment at his trade, carpentering. Learning of the rapid development of the West, and its need for skilled workmen, he journeyed with his family to St. Louis, Mo., where he remained until 1862. Beatrice, Gage county, was the next place of residence, where he built a home, only to relocate shortly afterward on a homestead on Cub creek, in Jefferson county. Mr. Nider died October 21, 1901, being preceded by his wife shortly after their arrival in Nebraska. Of the family of nine children, but three are now living: Mrs. Bertha Coffin, of Plymouth; John Nider, of Jansen; and Leander Nider, of Fairbury.

JOHN NIDER.

John Nider, son of Bartholomew Nider, was born in New Jersey, in 1854. At the age of manhood he proceeded to travel over the Western highways to and from the mountains, engaged in the freighting business. He finally urged his father to locate in Nebraska. Mr. Nider married Miss Eldora Harvey, of Wisconsin, whom he met on a trip to Nebraska in 1858. They settled near the home of the elder Nider, on Cub creek, and have continued to reside on their various farms in that vicinity. Mr. Nider has served the county for several terms as County Commissioner, and has gained the respect and confidence of his fellow-men for his integrity and sound judgment. The following are the

children: Charles, William, Frank, Bessie, Leslie, Claude, John, and McKinley.

JOHN CHIRNSIDE.

Mr. Chirnside was born at Berwick-on-Tweed, Scotland, in the year 1839. Emigrated to America in 1865. Married Miss Ellen Lowry, in February, 1867, at Chicago, Ill. Came to Nebraska, locating on a homestead on Sec. 21–4–3, Gibson Precinct, Jefferson county, upon which he still resides. The following are the children: Margaret, Robert, Martha, James, Thomas, Agnes, and Edward. Mrs. Chirnside passed away March 5th, 1911. James served three terms as Sheriff of Jefferson county, being the first boy born in the county to be elected to a county office.

The Chirnside family, like those of other early pioneers, experienced and endured all the hardships incident to these times, and has lived to reap rewards of enduring nature.

N. E. DAVIS.

Mr. Davis was born in Niagara county, New York, in 1838. Farm-bred and raised, he turned his attention to the stock business. Became a civil engineer, and for the next few years surveyed in New York and Wisconsin for land companies and railroads. Came to Nebraska in 1865, homesteading on Rose creek about four miles south of Fairbury, which he continued to make his home until his death, in 1907.

Mr. Davis was the first County Surveyor, serving in this capacity practically up to the time of his death. The following are the children: Jabez, Robert, Jason,

and Sarah. Mrs. Davis, who was Miss Harriet Holden, is living in the city of Fairbury.

LUTHER C. DAVIS.

Mr. Davis was born in Niagara county, New York, in 1846; was raised on a farm, and at the age of 23 started west to do for himself. Staying for a short time at Hannibal, Mo., he joined his brother in Jefferson county in 1870, and filed on a homestead near by, and became engaged in the sheep-raising business. He married Miss Amanda Foote in 1871. She died in May, 1875, leaving one child, Cora, who now resides at Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Davis married Miss Marietta Babcock in 1877, to whom the following children were born: Etta, Bertha, Charles, Normon, and Holmes. Mr. Davis resides on his farm in the valley of Rose creek, engaged in the raising of high-bred live-stock.

HENRY BOWER.

Mr. Bower was born in Ohio in 1845. Served through the Civil War in the Fourteenth Ohio Battery. Came to Nebraska and settled on a homestead near Bower P. O. in 1869. Married Miss Mary Norman of Michigan, in 1870. The following are the children: Perry Bower of Beatrice, and Mrs. Jeff Moss of Fairbury. Mr. Bower and wife are living in the city of Fairbury, enjoying the fruits of their frugality and perseverance during the pioneer days.

WM. BODDYE.

Mr. Boddye was born in Durham county, England, in 1844. Emigrated to Quebec on a sailing ship that was shipwrecked, but eventually reached his destina-

tion in 1852. Followed work along the Lakes for several years. Came to Nebraska in 1868, living at Beatrice until 1874, when he moved to his present farm in Jefferson county. Mr. Boddye married Miss Mary Vickers, of Brownville, in 1873. The following children are living: Charles, Maud, Cora, George, and Minerva.

JAMES HARRIS.

Mr. Harris was born in Sullivan county, Ind., in 1845. Was reared on the farm, and at the outbreak of the war enlisted in the Eighty-fifth Indiana, Company F, serving through that great struggle. After the war he returned to farming, and emigrated to Nebraska by the overland route in 1869, settling on his homestead on Dry Branch, in Antelope Precinct. Married Miss Martha Thompson in 1867. The following are the children: America E., Jos. B., Mary E., Chas. A., Carrie H., and Jay. Mr. and Mrs. Harris are living retired lives in the city of Fairbury.

PERRY CROSS.

Perry, as he is familiarly called, is of Scotch-Irish descent; was born in Pike county, Ohio, in the year 1832. Followed farming in Ohio until 1846, when he moved to Muscatine, Iowa, and resumed his farming till 1869, when he moved to Nebraska, settling first on the Platte. Moved to Jefferson county, homesteading southeast of Meridian in the spring of 1870. Mr. Cross married Miss Susan Shellenbarger in 1867. John and Clint are the only sons of this union. Mrs. Cross died in 1897. Perry lives in the city of Fairbury.

FRED C. BOWER.

Mr. Bower was born in Ohio, near the town of Madison, in 1849. Emigrated to Jefferson county in 1869, homesteading two and one-half miles east of Bower P. O., residing here till 1910, when he retired to live in Fairbury. Mr. Bower married Miss Lois A. Sutton, daughter of a neighboring pioneer, in 1871. Edward, of Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Jennie Richards, Harlow, Paul, and a daughter, Florence, complete the family of children.

EMIL LANGE.

Emil Lange was born in Germany, in 1830. He emigrated to St. Louis in 1850, and finished a course of medicine at Ropes College in 1853, where he practiced until 1864, when he joined a company going to Pike's Peak. He eventually drifted back to Nebraska City, moved to Lincoln in 1865, where he practiced medicine until 1867. Then he located at Meridian, entering into a general real-estate and commercial business, being one of the leading factors of this community. At the decline of this town he moved to Fairbury, going into commercial business, which he continued to operate until his death. Mr. Lange was married to Elizabeth Landkammer in 1871. Emil F., William W. and Emma were the children born to this union.

WILLIAM H. HARRIS.

Mr. Harris was born in Racine county, Wisconsin, in March, 1839. Learned the blacksmith trade under his father. The Harris family emigrated to the State of Kansas in 1859. They lived near Marysville until

June, 1867, when they located on a homestead, which is the present town site of Steele City. He married Miss Emma Phillips in 1872, who died in 1873. Then he married Miss Josephine Keithley, in 1875. Their children were: Gertrude H., William H., Anna J., Rose E., Harvey B.

JAMES IRELAND.

Mr. Ireland was born in Kenneway, Fifeshire, Scotland, in January, 1836. He came to America in 1842, landing at Pottsville, Pa. Shortly afterwards moved to Mt. Savage, Md., living there about two years, then going to Pittsburg, Pa., later to LaSalle, Ill. This trip was made by steamboat down the Ohio river, the trip taking about three weeks. The Civil War broke out while he was at LaSalle, and he joined the Eleventh Illinois Infantry. After the war he resided in Fairbury, Ill., staying there but a short time before he started for Fairbury, Nebraska, in 1869. He filed on a homestead about four miles north and east of the town. He married Miss Isabelle Dick, in Illinois, in 1861. To this union the following are the children: Lizzie, William, Kate, Jennie, Anna, David, James, and Alice. He was elected County Commissioner for one term, and was the Sheriff of Jefferson county from 1888 to 1890. Mr. Ireland was one of the charter members of the Baptist Church, and helped haul the lumber to build the first church in 1870. He was also a charter member of the Masonic Lodge and of the local G. A. R. He married Miss Anna M. Hartman in 1889. Lynn and John are the children of this marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Ireland are living in the city of Fairbury.

JOHN M. SUTTON.

Mr. Sutton was born in Indiana, in 1825. His parents soon afterwards moved to Illinois. He married Miss Hannah M. Latimer in 1841. Miss Latimer was born in Ohio, in 1828. Mr. Sutton followed farming practically all his life. The young couple set forth to find a home in the new West in 1864, traveling through Iowa, Missouri and Kansas, eventually landing on Cub creek, in Jefferson county, in 1866. Sutton was one of the pioneer settlers of Cub creek. With the exception of one or two others he was the first one to settle and stay. The winter of 1866 was one of the severest ever known, and Sutton had only got a rude cabin constructed when winter closed in. He lost practically all his live-stock and suffered terrible hardships and privations to secure and provide sustenance for his family until the open days of spring. Their nearest town and postoffice was Beatrice, twenty miles down Cub creek; the nearest railroad was at Frankfort or Marysville, Kansas, forty or fifty miles to the south. During the first summer of their residence

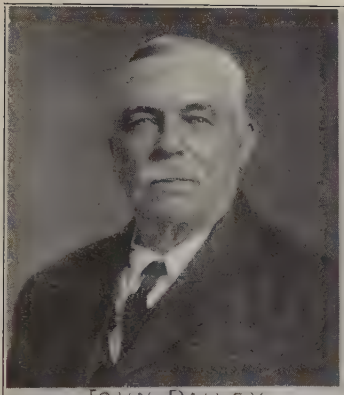
JOHN M. SUTTON AND WIFE.

on Cub creek the last Indian raid occurred. But fortunately for them, the Indians did not come any farther east than the Big Sandy. Still, this caused the settlers much concern, several of them moving back east for better protection. Suttons and the others stayed, sending a courier every day up to Big Sandy for news of the Indians. In this way they were prepared for instant flight should it be necessary. They lived on the homestead until 1894. Then they moved to Agra, Kansas, and later to Dewey, Okla., where Mr. Sutton died in 1904, and Mrs. Sutton died in 1909. Their children are: Mrs. Sarah Dodson, Mrs. Lois Bower, Mrs. Sophia Armstrong, Morrison Sutton, Mrs. Sabria Hughes, Mrs. Mary Cox, John M. Jr., Mrs. Elzina Kratz, Mrs. Amanda Gibson, and Elmer L.

JAMES B. KESTERSON.

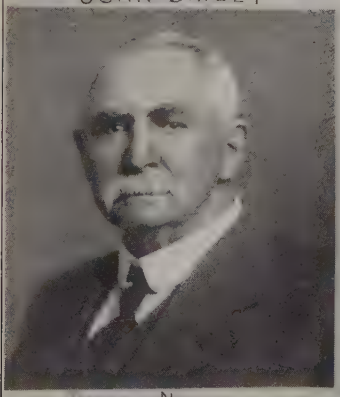
Mr. Kesterson was born in old Virginia, in 1817. His early life was farming and live-stock raising. He moved to Missouri in the early 40's, and to Nebraska, locating at Nebraska City, in 1865. He engaged in the implement business here and in Saline county, to which he moved in 1871. His sons, John, James, William and David, came to Jefferson county at different periods in the early 70's. John established an implement house in Fairbury in 1874. He afterwards became extensively engaged in the standard-bred horse business in partnership with Geo. Tolleth, besides operating stock ranches.

James stayed but a few years, and then went to Superior, where he now resides. William and David have large cattle and hog ranches south of Fairbury.



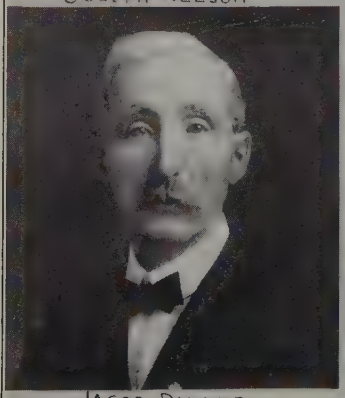
JOHN DAILEY

EDWARD ROBINSON

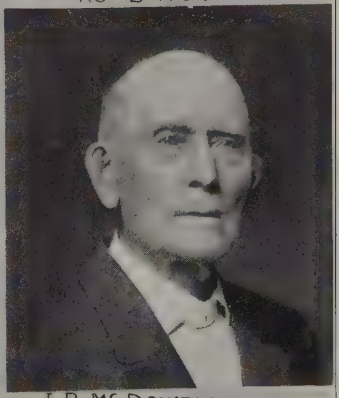


JOSEPH NELSON

AB BROCK



JACOB DILLER



J. B. Mc DOWELL

They were also in the clothing business for many years in Fairbury, where they and their sister Mattie reside.

James B., the father, married Miss Catherine Hoakum in 1840. The following are the children: Mrs. Kittie Culbertson, Mrs. Mollie Wallace, John C., James H., Mrs. L. J. Cross, Mrs. C. B. Deihl, William A., David J., and Mattie. John married Susie C. Purdy, one of the first school teachers of Fairbury, in 1876. Their children were Lon C. and Marie. John died in 1909; Mrs. Kesterson died the same year. William, David and Mattie never married. James B., the father, died in 1884.

WILLIAM F. WARE.

Mr. Ware was born in Richmond, Ky., in 1841. Learned printing while a boy. Enlisted in Co. D of the Twenty-first Kentucky Infantry; was mustered out as Second Lieutenant in 1865. He married Miss Anna Craig in 1869. Soon afterwards moved to Ottawa, Kas., where he farmed. He moved to Jefferson county, settling on Sec. 23, in 1872. He was appointed postmaster of Plymouth in 1897, and is the present incumbent. He was editor of "The Plymouth News" for thirteen years, retiring on account of physical disabilities. The children are: Fred, Hugh, Herbert, Mrs. Nellie McAllister, and Mrs. Mary E. Lyman. Mr. and Mrs. Ware are living in the city of Plymouth.

N. D. T. WILLEY.

Mr. Willey was born in Crawfordsville, Ind., in 1842. Moved with his parents to Marion county, Iowa, in 1848. Farmed and worked in a harness shop till the Civil War broke out, when he joined Co. I,

Thirty-third Iowa Infantry, serving three years. Married Miss Mary Keithley in 1866. They moved to Lucas county and he ran a drug store till he came to Nebraska in 1871, where he homesteaded the S.W. of N.E.¼ of 2–1–3, Endicott Precinct, Jefferson county. He moved to Steele City in 1878, conducting a furniture store for many years. He and his wife are living there now, on the edge of the village. The children are: Walter E., Ella D., Tululah, Fred E., and Iva J.

WILSON M. ARMSTRONG.

Mr. Armstrong was born in Bond county, Illinois, in 1836. His early life was of farming on the home place. He joined Co. D, Twenty-second Illinois Infantry, in 1861, serving three years in the Civil War. He married Miss Henrietta Scott in 1865. The next few years were of farming in the summer-time and teaching school in the winter. He came to Jefferson county in the spring of 1872, and located on Sec. 36–2–2, where he has continued to reside. The children are: Mrs. Ella Shaw, Emery, Thomas, Charles, Mrs. Ethel Beardsley, Mrs. Henrietta Harris, Mrs. Luvena Yontz, and Scott.

ISAAC Z. PACKER.

Mr. Packer was born in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1838. He accompanied his parents to Tiffin county, Ohio, in 1851, and served in Company K of the Thirty-seventh Illinois Volunteer Infantry through the Civil War. Came to Nebraska, and filed on a homestead in Sec. 28, Richland Precinct, on Whisky Run, in the spring of 1868. He hauled the lumber to build his house from Marysville, Kansas, with a pair of oxen. The house

was a small, one-roomed affair, which was replaced in a few years by a larger one, built of limestone from the near-by hills. He married Miss Jennie Parker in 1870. Seven children blessed the union—Bert W., Ord. J., Carrie A., Mrs. Gertrude Reed, and Mrs. Theresa Fitton. The other two died in infancy. Mr. Packer died in 1888, and his wife died in 1891.

MRS. AUGUSTA PRENTICE.

Mrs. Prentice is a daughter of T. S. Pierce, an old settler near Bower, who came to Nebraska with ox-teams in the spring of 1869 and filed on a homestead in Richland Precinct. Mr. Pierce was born in New York, in 1828, and was married to Miss Caroline Potter in 1847. The following are the children: J. J. Pierce, Mrs. Augusta Prentice, Henry, Theodore, David, Emma, Fred, Caroline, Lulu, and Elwin. Mrs. Prentice is living in Sec. 33, Richland Precinct.

RUDOLPH ZWEIFEL.

Mr. Zweifel was born in Switzerland, in 1844. He learned the dairy and cheese business in the Alps. Emigrated to America in 1862. Worked in dairies of Wisconsin and Missouri until 1872. Worked in St. Louis for three years and came to Nebraska in 1875. Located at Steele City, living on several different places north and west of town, till he finally located on the river about midway between Steele City and Endicott. Here he resided until retirement in 1902, moving into Steele City. He married Miss Emilie Freudenberg, at Milwaukee, in 1869. The following are the children: Albert, Fred, Annie, Margaret, Thomas, Henry, Anna, Margarette, and Edward. Anna and Margaret died

in infancy. Mr. and Mrs. Zweifel now reside in Steele City.

ALBERT ZWEIFEL.

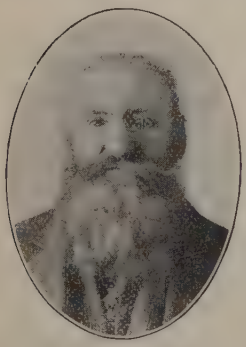
Albert, a brother of Rudolph, was born in Switzerland in 1842. He came to America in 1861, and worked in the dairies of Wisconsin and Illinois until in 1863. He then joined the Forty-fifth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, serving during the rest of the war. Came to Nebraska in 1865 and filed on a homestead in Sec. 7, Newton Precinct. Here he resided until 1892, when he moved to Oklahoma. He married Miss Margaret Boyd, daughter of an old settler, in 1868. The following are the children: Edith, Emma, Melia, Grover, and Gabriel.

JOHN R. SWITZER.

Mr. Switzer was born in old Virginia, in the year 1835. He graduated from the Dennison University, at Grantville, Ohio, and taught school in Ohio for a few years. Speculated in real estate until his coming to Nebraska in 1872. He opened up a lumber yard in the block south of the square. This was the second lumber yard in Fairbury. He continued to operate this lumber yard until the big fire in April, 1903. Mr. Switzer married Miss Catherine Ferry in 1865. Mrs. Iva Goodrich, Mrs. Nora Cass and Mrs. Catherine Lau are the children. Mrs. Switzer died in 1875, and he married Miss Louisa Watson in 1877. Helen V. is the only child. Mr. and Mrs. Switzer make their winter home at Los Angeles. Mr. Switzer has always been identified with the leading business interests of the city, having been a director of the Harbine Bank practically since its organization.

WILLIAM T. BRAWNER.

Mr. Brawner was born in Kentucky, in 1835. His father was a shoemaker, and young William learned and worked at this trade during his early manhood.



WM. T. BRAWNER.

With his father he settled at Lathrop, Mo., in the early 50's, afterwards locating at Grasshopper Falls, on the Delaware river, north of the city of Topeka. While located in Missouri and Kansas he made several trips freighting over the Santa Fé and Pike's Peak trails to the mountains. Accompanied by George Hulburt, another freighter, he went westward over the Oregon Trail with ox-teams, hauling freight to Denver, in the summer of 1862. Reaching the Hagenstein ranch, at the creek-crossing northeast of Fairbury, they decided to rest their oxen one Saturday and Sunday before proceeding. To secure good grass, they herded the cattle down the creek on the river-bottom. Both were impressed with the lay and promise of the land, and decided to homestead the best quarter of this on their return trip. The spring of 1863 witnessed Brawner living on the southeast quarter of Section 23, and George Hulburt on the adjoining quarter east, the southwest of Section 24. The Brawner place is now owned by Mr. Griffin, ex-Clerk of District Court. Hulburt sold to Showalter in 1870, who years later sold to James Price, and the farm is now owned by I. Bonham. Time has proven the wisdom of their selection, for there does

not exist a more ideal bottom-land farm within the confines of Jefferson county.

Mr. Brawner married Miss Nancy Ellen Bowser at Lathrop, Missouri, in 1859. The following are their children: David, born 1860; James, 1861; Jefferson, 1862; Edward, 1864; Mrs. Ida Houtzan, Mrs. Minnie Miller, Mrs. Nora Brawner, Franklin, Everett, and Homer. Mr. Brawner was one of the first County Commissioners and its first County Physician. For livelihood, he furnished the trailers with meats and produce, trading and caring for their worn-out oxen, and when the Trail closed in 1867 he made boots and shoes for the families of early settlers, during the winter-time, improving his farm during the summer months. Mr. Brawner sold his farm and moved to Oklahoma in the early 90's. James and Jefferson with their families still reside in Fairbury. James married Miss Romane Diller in 1886. The children are: Addie, Diller, Claude, Glenn, and Mary. James died in 1912.

Jefferson married Miss Alice McVay in 1882. The children are: Harley, Winona, Harold, Hazel, Willard, and Kittie.

GEORGE EDGAR KEYSER.

Mr. Keyser was born at Sunapee, N. H., in 1847. His father was a tanner and farmer. He moved to Wisconsin in 1865, coming to Nebraska in 1870, homesteading in Section 34–4–2. He married Miss Clara Bower. Their children are: Alvin, Val., and Harry. Mr. Keyser died December 12, 1905; Mrs. Keyser is living on the homestead with her son Val., who for several years has been one of the faculty of the State Experiment Farm at Lincoln.

CHARLES N. ROHRBAUGH.

Mr. Rohrbaugh was born in DeKalb county, Ind., in 1847. Joined the Union army in 1864, serving in Company B, Forty-second Indiana Volunteer Infantry, till the end of the war. He married Miss Amanda Clasby in 1867. The children are: James, Chas. W., Mrs. Pearl Mullen, T. L., Mrs. Murtie Hale, Mrs. Minnie Miller, John W., and Harry. Mr. Rohrbaugh died in May, 1912. Mrs. Rohrbaugh is living on the old homestead in Section 2–2–3, upon which they moved in March, 1874. Chas. W. is one of the present County Commissioners, residing in Section 15–2–3. He married Miss Hester Handly in 1895. Edith, Percy, Earl, Lola, Floyd, Richard and Lawrence are the children.

T. J. DEKALB.

Mr. DeKalb was born in Philadelphia, in 1845. Engaged in mercantile business at an early age. Served in the Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry during the Civil War. Married Miss Margaret Raugh in 1867. Came to Nebraska in 1869, homesteading on the Little Sandy. The following are the children: Annie, Henry, Bertha, Samuel, and Lizzie.

A. M. AKIN.

Mr. Akin was born in New York, in 1833. Came to Brownville, Nebr., in 1856, and drove an ox-team to California in 1859. While in California he married Miss Mary Mavor, who returned to Nebraska with him in 1871, and they settled in Jefferson county. Lucy, Alice, Grace, Bertha, Malcolm and Almon are the children.

ISAAC LIGHTBODY.

Mr. Lightbody was born in Illinois. Served in the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry during the Civil War. Married Miss Amanda Clark in 1868. Came to Saline county, Nebraska, in 1862. Homesteaded in Jefferson county in 1871. Emma, George, Harvey, Grace, Grover, Frank and Isaac are the children.

HENRY F. HOLE.

Mr. Hole was born in Salem, Washington county, Indiana, in 1842. Received a common-school education which fitted him to aid his father in the general mercantile business in Havana, Ill., till the outbreak of the war. He enlisted in Co. K of the Seventeenth Volunteer Infantry, serving through the war as a private. Resumed work in the store on his return. Came to Jefferson county in the summer of 1873. His first work was at the Fairbury flouring mill. Later he moved out to his homestead, north and east of town, where he resided until 1890, returning to become cashier of the Harbine Bank. Mr. Hole retired from this position, to secure much-needed rest, in 1911. He is one of the directors of the Harbine Bank. He married Miss Susan B. Cadwalader, of Illinois, in 1864. The following are the children: Elmer, Charles, Frank, Myra, John, and Katherine. Mrs. Hole died in 1890, and he married Miss Elizabeth MacGibbon a few years later. Francis is the only child of this union.

WILLIAM OBERHELMAN.

Mr. Oberhelman was born in Prussia, Germany, in 1842. Emigrated to America in 1864. Drifting through Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, he

Wm. Babcock and Wife

Ferd. Hoppe and Wife

Mrs. William Crane

Mrs. Joseph Hiner

Mrs. H. D. Clark

eventually settled down near the mouth of "Whisky Run" in 1875. He married Miss Sopha Keiser, of Indiana, in 1873. The following are their children: Wilhelmina, Henry, Franz, Edward, and Kate. The old folks still reside on the "old homestead."

THOMAS NOBLE.

Mr. Noble was born in Germany. Emigrated to America in 1854, settling in Illinois, where he worked at the carpenter trade until coming to Richardson county in 1868. Resided here until 1871, homesteading in Jefferson county on Coal creek. Here he erected a lime kiln, operating it for several years. Mr. Noble married in the late 50's. The following are the children: Annie, Henry, John, Thomas, William, Peter, and Mary.

J. R. NELSON.

Mr. Nelson was born in Henry county, Indiana, January 16th, 1839. Was reared on the farm, receiving a public-school education. At the outbreak of the war offered his services, but was rejected. Came to Fairbury, Nebraska, in 1870, where the family continued to reside. Mr. Nelson married Miss Sarah C. Huff, January 26, 1860. Luther M. and Lora are the only children.

JAMES QUINN.

Mr. Quinn was born in Ohio, in 1844. Married Miss Mary Deeter in 1869. Came to Nebraska in 1875, homesteading on Rose creek, and buying his present place of abode near by. Mrs. Quinn died in 1899. The following are the children: Agnes, Ella, Flora, and Floyd.

WILLIAM QUINN.

Mr. Quinn was born in Indiana, in 1853. Came to Nebraska overland, in company with his brother James and Dan Dick, in the year 1857. Homesteaded a tract of land southeast of Thompson, in 1875. Married Miss Fannie Fisk in 1877. Wallace, Kittie, Grace, Lee and Lillie are the children. All of the family are living in the city of Fairbury.

DANIEL DICK.

Mr. Dick was born in Pennsylvania, in the year 1850. Moved to Indiana in the 60's, and to Nebraska in 1875. Married Miss Lydia Quinn in 1872, who died in 1888. William and Nora are the children of this union. Mr. Dick married Miss Hotchkiss in the late 90's, who died in 1910.

LEWIS BOWER.

Mr. Bower was born in New York, in 1828. Married Miss Harriet Hills, of New York, in 1849. Came to Jefferson county, Nebraska, in April, 1869, homesteading on Cub creek. The following are the children: Clarinda, Louisa, Charles, Maria, Martha, John, Irvin, Burnett, Lee, Clark, Albert, and Irene.

JAMES O. BOGGS.

James O. Boggs was born in Washington county, Pa., in 1835. Moved with his parents to Ohio in 1837, and to Indiana in 1854. Enlisted in Company C, Eighteenth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, serving the greater part of the war. Soon after his discharge was married to Miss Mary H. Hostetter. Graduated from the Quaker City Business College in 1866, moving that

same year to Newton county, Mo., where he resided until 1874, when he moved to a homestead near Plum creek, in Dawson county, Nebraska. The grasshoppers of that year proved disastrous; so he purchased a farm one-half mile east of the present town of Endicott, where he continued to reside until he retired, moving to Fairbury in 1910. Mrs. Mary Boggs died in 1885, leaving two children, Albert O. and Sadie H., who have become quite prominent in local affairs. Mr. Boggs married Miss Lydia E. Converse in 1887, to whom one son was born, James T., in 1894.

WILSON CLARK.

Mr. Clark was born in Montour county, Pa. Moved to Waterloo, Iowa, in 1856, where he married Miss Pollie Bronson, of Connecticut. They came to Fairbury in 1875, and have continued to reside there. To them the following children were born: Conway E., Sylvia, Minnie, and Myrtle. Conway died in Oregon, the daughters becoming Mrs. George Mounce, Mrs. Homer Thompson, and Mrs. Chas. Simpkins. Mr. and Mrs. Clark are living at their residence in Fairbury.

W. W. WATSON.

W. W. Watson was born in Michigan, in 1844, and came with his parents to Bellevue, Nebraska, in 1854. Here he studied civil engineering under the instructions of his father, and also made numerous trips across the plains, becoming wagon-master at the age of twenty years.

Watson served as Secretary of Legislature in 1867, and in 1872 became a railroad contractor on the Union Pacific. In 1872 he settled in Fairbury, since which

time he has been identified in real estate, insurance, and civil engineering. Married Miss Switzer, of Fairbury, who alone survives. He died in 1910.

CAPTAIN CHESTER ANDREWS.

Capt. Andrews was born in the year 1836, and located in Illinois in 1844. He served in the Rebellion under General Grant and was mustered out as captain. Was married to Miss Lovejoy in 1865. He then settled near Beatrice, Nebraska, and moved to Steele City in 1869, where he was engaged in extensive stock-feeding. He has now retired from active life, and is living at Steele City, Neb. Nannie, Fannie and Lydia are the surviving children.

H. C. DAWSON.

H. C. Dawson was born in Indiana, in 1839. Engaged in farming and stock business. He served as Provost Marshal during the Civil War, and later as Sheriff of Warren county. Came to Nebraska in 1873, bringing herds of Short-Horn cattle and Poland-China hogs. Engaged in general stock business in and about Fairbury until 1876, moving to Lincoln, when Governor Garber appointed him Warden of Nebraska State Penitentiary, in which position he served until 1881. He returned to Endicott in 1885, where he resided until his death, in 1911.

H. C. Dawson, by his years of experience in the hog business, earned the distinction of being the leading swine authority of America, and his "Hog Book" being classed as the text-book on that subject and one of the best books connected with agriculture.

Mrs. Dawson died in 1910. The following sons and

daughter survive: Ira M., Bennet, Neb.; Walt L. and James T., Lincoln, Neb.; Mrs. Eva Hord, Central City, Neb.; Chas. J. and Phil G. reside in Jefferson county. H. Con., a son, died in 1906.

WILSON NELSON.

Wilson Nelson was born in Henry county, Indiana. In March, 1873, he emigrated to Nebraska, settling on a tract of land two and one-half miles east of Fairbury, where the family resided until 1884. Mr. Nelson then bought the old McCanles ranch, at the mouth of Rock creek, where they resided for twenty years. After the death of Mr. Nelson, in 1892, the family became scattered, Melissa now residing at Springfield; Gertrude, at Omaha; Grace, at South Omaha; Alva, a banker, in Provo, Utah; Mrs. Cora Price, at Diller, Nebraska; Len., in California; Frank, banker at Plymouth, Nebraska; Mrs. Wilson Nelson is at present residing in Fairbury.

WILLIAM A. BACON.

William A. Bacon was born in New York State, in 1819. He was married at an early age, and, accompanied by his wife and children, moved to Benton county, Iowa, a few years prior to the Civil War. Mr. Bacon joined the first regiment, going to the front and seeing active service throughout. His wife's brother being killed, he was given charge of the latter's children, which resulted in his emigration to Nebraska in the fall of 1869. They located on the Little Blue river, near Meridian, where they farmed and ranched until 1871, afterwards moving to Alexandria, and to Powell in 1890. Mr. and Mrs. Bacon joined the silent ma-

jority several years ago, and of the children only three survive: W. C. Bacon, of Powell; Mrs. C. A. Hill, of Shelton, Neb.; and Mrs. W. J. Gist, of Manhattan, Kansas.

THEODORE JOHNSON.

Theodore Johnson was born in Ohio, in the year 1841. Served in One Hundred and Thirteenth Illinois during the Civil War, under General Sherman, and was finally discharged on account of sickness, after the fall of Vicksburg. He married Miss Frances of Ohio, and in 1868 emigrated by train to Nebraska, traveling overland from the river to their homestead on Cub creek, near Bower. Mr. Johnson was one of the pioneer preachers of the Christian church in Nebraska. He was the first postmaster of Bower P. O. Mr. Johnson taught many of the early schools in the vicinity of Bower and old Plymouth, besides conducting a general farming business. Both Mr. and Mrs. Johnson died near the 19th century mark, leaving the following children: Dora, Eva, Frank, Winn, and Tressa. Of these the latter three are still surviving.

C. F. STEELE.

C. F. Steele was born in Illinois, in 1844. He served as a soldier during the Civil War, and emigrated to Nebraska in 1870, opening the first furniture store in Fairbury. He was elected Sheriff of Jefferson county in 1873, and later served as County Treasurer, Representative, and State Senator; was presiding officer of the Senate, and also acted once as Governor of the State. Was married to Miss Annie Strickland in 1879. Mr. Steele died in the year 1908, much missed

by both political and social friends. Survived by his wife and only son Roy.

EDWARD D. GAGE.

Mr. Gage was born in New York, in 1819. He married Miss Samantha M. Morse in 1857. Came to Jefferson county in 1870, and in a few years formed a partnership with Mr. Carpenter in a nursery business at and around Bower, P. O. that flourished for many years, giving to Jefferson county a reputation nationwide as the home of good trees. Bower P. O. was located in the family home for many years, which was the center of business for this community. The children are: Annie C., James, Lida, Nora, and Susie. Mr. Gage died in 1890.

J. B. MC DOWELL.

Mr. McDowell was born in Ohio, in 1825. During his early days moved with his parents to Indiana and Illinois, receiving a college education. Came to Beatrice, Nebraska, in 1869, where he served as Register of Deeds at the Land Office until 1875. Became interested in the town of Fairbury, which his uncle Judge B. McDowell had founded in 1874, taking an interest in the flouring mill which he has retained to the present day. He married Miss Katherine Campbell in 1850. Nelson, Francis, Mrs. Ed Hart and Mrs. Josephine Crump are the children of this union. He married Miss Harriet Packer in 1865 and Frederick, Wood and Jay are the children of this marriage. Married Miss Gertrude McKenzie in 1875. Clyde and Cora are the children, living with their parents in the city of Fairbury.

GEORGE Y. SMITH.

Mr. Smith was born in Germany, in 1849. Came to America in 1865. Married Miss Eudora Way, of Illinois, in the late 60's. Came to Jefferson county, Nebraska, in 1873, locating on a tract of land near Powell. Afterwards moved into Richland Precinct. The children are: Frank, Mrs. George Stewart, Mrs. Mollie Bacon, Charles, and Viola.

JACOB DILLER.

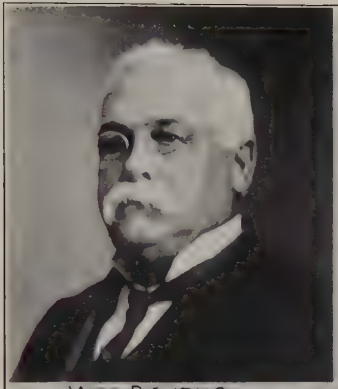
Mr. Diller was born in Cumberland county, Pa., in 1845. Moved to Illinois in 1869. Served in a Pennsylvania regiment through the Civil War. Married Miss Mary A. White, of Illinois, in 1870. Came to Nebraska in October, 1870. George F., Mattie, Annie, Levi S., Della, Ina, Charles and Carl are the children,—all living and residing in the city of Fairbury.

ED. MILBY.

Mr. Milby was born at Lewis, Delaware, in 1854. Came to Nebraska in 1876. Became engaged in the mercantile business with his brothers in the city of Fairbury. Afterwards engaged in the live-stock business. Mr. Milby married Miss Carrie Gross in 1884, who died in 1895, leaving one son, Charles. Married Miss Melia Woltemath in 1898. A daughter, Vinona, lives with her parents in the city of Fairbury.

A. J. SHELDON.

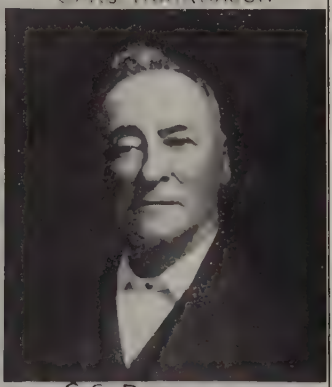
Mr. Sheldon was born in Ohio, in 1845. Received an academic education; followed teaching school in Ohio and Missouri, besides farming on the side. Came to Jefferson county in 1869, settling in Fairbury in



WES PICKENS

CHAS ROHRBAUGH

I. N THOMPSON



C C BOYLE

WILLIAM QUINN

N.D.T. WILLEY

1872, and engaged in the harness and saddlery business, which he has continued up to the present time. Married Miss Amanda Rhodes, of Ohio, in 1866. H. R., Ella, Mabel, Catherina and G. C., are the children. Mr. Sheldon died in May, 1912.

ALBERT BROCK.

Albert Brock was born in Cook county, Illinois, December 1st, 1851, and came with his parents to Iowa in 1855. In December, 1870, came to Fairbury. At that time there was no railroad. He married Rebecca Taylor in 1874, at Centralia, Kan., and they immediately moved to Fairbury, their worldly possessions on arrival being but 10 cents.

The wife, Rebecca Taylor, was born at Northampton, Mass., Nov. 27th, 1851. Moved to Kansas in 1858.

Mr. Brock worked at various employments for the first few years, and in 1877 built and ran a boarding-house at the corner of Third street and C street. Mr. Brock now resides at the corner of Fourth and C.

To Mr. and Mrs. Brock three children were born: Etta, Myrtle M., and Charles C. Of these, two still live in Fairbury,—Etta (Mrs. Etta Brown) and Charles C.; the other daughter, Myrtle, having died in 1878.

DANIEL B. CROPSEY.

Mr. Cropsey was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in October, 1848. Came to Fairbury, Illinois, in 1856, entering employment as a clerk, till his coming to Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1868. Here he became engaged in the real-estate business, and served as City Treasurer. Came to Fairbury, Nebraska, in 1882, as cashier of the First Nationl Bank, of which he is now the president.

Mr. Cropsey has, through the financial interests of both his father and his own, been identified with the best interests of Fairbury, and the county, since 1869, and has contributed much to its general betterment. He married Miss Myra M. Caldwell, of Lincoln, in 1873. Mrs. Cora McLucas, of Fairbury, is the only child.

JOHN PRICE.

Mr. Price was born in Brookville, Franklin county, Ind., in 1840. Served in Company B, Thirty-seventh Indiana Infantry, in the Civil War. Was captured at Stone River, after being wounded. From the field hospital he was committed to the famous Libby Prison. Was exchanged May 1st, 1863. Being unfit for active service, he engaged in clerical duties for the Government until the end of the war. Moved to Fairbury, Illinois, in 1868, entering the hardware and tinware business in partnership with his brothers. Opened up a branch store at Oskaloosa, Iowa, in 1870. He and his brother John concluded to try their fortunes in Fairbury, Nebraska, in 1872. Loading a car of hardware and tinware, they arrived at their destination on the first freight train coming into Fairbury, in March, 1872. The car had to lie at Hanover for nearly a month, till the railroad was completed. Theirs was the first hardware and tinware store in Fairbury. Their first location was just north of the old "Farmers' Store," on the east side. Mr. Price married Miss Angie Johns in 1879, at Marysville, Kansas. To this union one son, Fred J., was born. Mr. Price and son continue to operate the store at the southwest corner of the square.

JOHN HUGHES.

Mr. Hughes was born in London, England, in 1820. From here he emigrated to Canada in 1841. Mr. Hughes in early life was a steel engraver, later becoming a farmer, which he continued the balance of his life. He married Miss Martha Ogden, of Canada, in the early 40's. To them were born thirteen children: George, Henry, John, James, Edward, Charles and Thomas the sons; Mary, Elizabeth, Ellen, Katherine, and Fanny are living. Mr. Hughes joined the Seventeenth Wisconsin Infantry at the outbreak of the Civil War, he having moved to Fond du Lac county, Wisconsin, in 1860. He served until July, 1862. With his family he moved to Nebraska in May, 1869. His homestead was seven and one-half miles north of Fairbury and about one and one-half miles due south of Bower. Here he continued to reside until his death, in July, 1883. Mrs. Hughes lives with her son Edward.

JOHN HUGHES.

GEORGE HUGHES.

George, the eldest son of John, was born in Canada, in 1845. He married Miss Catherine Perrin, of Detroit, Mich. To them five children were born: John, Andrew, Mary, James, and George.

HENRY HUGHES.

Henry was born in Ontario, Canada, in 1848. He married Miss Laura Hinett, of Fairbury, Nebraska. Edward and Lillian were the children of this union.

Mrs. Hughes died in 1886, and he married Miss Lena Christie, of Fairbury, Neb. Mildred, George and —— are the children.

JOHN HUGHES.

John Hughes was born in Canada, in 1852. He married Miss Mary Wehn, of Beatrice, Nebraska. To them ten children were born. George, Cora, Charles, Edward, Bert, Ralph, Irene and Leroy are living. Jack, as he is commonly called, lives on his farm midway between Steele City and Endicott.

JAMES HUGHES.

James Hughes was born in Canada, in 1854. He married Miss Lillian Wehn at Wilber, Nebraska. To them five children were born: Daisy, Rolland, Deyo, Gail, and Garland. James Hughes and family are now living in Fairbury. He is one of the most prominent stock-feeders in Jefferson county.

CHARLES HUGHES.

Charles Hughes was born in Wellington county, Canada, in 1860. He married Miss Mable Poff, of Steele City, in 1886. Gladys and Helen are the children.

THOMAS HUGHES.

Thomas Hughes was born in Fond du Lac county, Wisconsin. He married Miss Ora Martin in 1887. Their children are Harold, Bismarck, and Martin.

EDWARD HUGHES.

Edward Hughes another son, the present Sheriff, was born in Wellington county, Canada, in 1859. He married Miss Sabara Sutton, of Cub creek. Mrs.

Hughes died soon afterward, leaving but one child, Clayton. Six years later he married Miss Lulu Goff, of Fairbury. To them three children were born: Savern, Helen, and Francis.

Elizabeth, a daughter, born in 1850, was married to William Metzer. Ralph, Allen and Elizabeth were their children.

Ellen was born in Canada, in 1856; married Stevens Bailey in 1872. Adell and William are their children.

Katherine was born in Fond du Lac county, Wisconsin, in 1862. She married Dennis J. Sullivan at Leadville, Colo., in 1885. Harold, Katherine, George and Walter are the children. Fannie, the other daughter, died when but a young girl.

JAMES W. PRICE.

Mr. Price was born in Franklin county, Indiana, in September, 1835. Learned the tinner's trade and began engaged in that business at various places before coming to Nebraska in 1872. With his brother John he opened up the first establishment of that kind in Fairbury, carrying a stock of hardware in connection. Mr. Price has ever been connected with the general upgrowth and business of the city of Fairbury. Mr. Price married Miss Elizabeth Hernleyst, Newcastle, Ind., in 1860. Lewis H. is the only child.

WILLIAM GILMORE.

Mr. Gilmore was born in Harrison, Ohio, in 1837. He served four years in the rebellion, in an Ohio regiment, being mustered out as Second Lieutenant. After the war he moved to Illinois, where he married Miss Mary Campbell, in 1868. They came to Jefferson

county, Nebraska, in 1877, settling on the land where the family still resides. Louie, James, Ella, Edward, Charles, Dora, Deda, Garfield, Bernie, Harry, Pearl and John are the children.

GEORGE YANTZ.

Mr. Yantz was born in Caledonia, Wisconsin, in 1842. Enlisted in the Wisconsin Heavy Artillery at the outbreak of the war, serving through the great struggle. He married Miss Hattie A. Lambert, in 1862, who was born near Indianapolis, Ind., in 1842. They came to Nebraska in the spring of 1869, homesteading one mile west and a half-mile north of the Bower post office. Five children were born to them, Stella May, Lillie, Joseph and Yuba, who all died in infancy. Calvin, the last born, is the only one living. He is now living in the city of Fairbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Yantz have both passed away.

ROBERT BROCK.

Mr. Brock was born in Canada, October 22, 1836. He came to the States with his parents when nine years of age. Followed farming on his father's place till the outbreak of the Civil War. He joined Co. K, of the Twenty-fourth Iowa, serving the greater part of the war. He married Miss Margaret Towers, of Iowa, in 1862. They came to Nebraska in 1870, settling first at Steele City. Later they came to Fairbury, and Mr. Brock put in the first real meat market of this city in 1872. To them the following children were born: Ella, Cynthia, Clara, Nellie, Salina, William, Clay, Dill, and Glenn. Cynthia died in March, 1909; Nellie died in September, 1906; Mrs. Brock died in 1884.

Mr. Brock with his daughter Ella lives in the city of Fairbury.

CELA HEDGES.

Mr. Hedges was born at Hillsdale, Mich., in January, 1845. Followed farming while a young man, and served in Company G, Forty-second Wisconsin Infantry. He came to Jefferson county in 1873, locating about ten miles northeast of Fairbury. He married Miss Mattie Diller in 1877. Francis C. and George V. are the children. The latter died in 1903. Mr. Hedges died in June, 1894. Mrs. Hedges is living in Fairbury with her son Francis.

W. H. DILLER.

Mr. Diller was born in Cumberland county, Pa., May 7, 1846. He received an academic education. He joined the army in the Civil War, but his father caused him to return before his full term of enlistment had expired.

Came to Jefferson county in 1878, locating on a farm just north of the present town of Diller, where he engaged in general live-stock raising for several years. Diller was named after him, as he was the most prominent and active business man of the community. Mr. Diller served two terms in the State Legislature. Was quite prominent in the affairs of the Grand Army and the Masonic lodges. He married Miss Anna Heikes, of Cumberland county, Pa., in 1867. Their children are: George H., Samuel, Mrs. Emma P. Waggoner, William S., former County Clerk, J. Silas, Rebecca, Charles, and Frederick. Mr. Diller died September 5th, 1906. Mrs. Diller resides in the village of Diller.

W. C. LINE.

Mr. Line was born in Cumberland county, Pa., in 1850. Followed farming while a young man; came to Nebraska, locating near Diller, in 1877. He married Miss Jennie Weigel in 1892. The children are: William H., Florence, Mary, Ellen, Eva, and Alice. Mr. Line served two terms in the State Legislature, and is now residing on his farm in Diller.

D. R. KELLY.

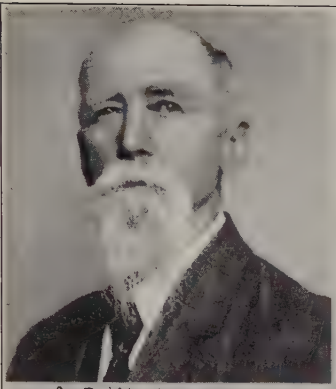
Mr. Kelly was born in Bedford county, Pa. When a young man was conductor on the Huntington railroad. Served in Company H, Two Hundred and Eighth Pennsylvania Infantry in the Civil War. He married Miss Saxton, of Pennsylvania, in 1867. Their children are Jennie, John, Ollie, and Charles. Located in Saline county, Nebraska, during the early 70's, finally at Diller, where he at present resides.

WILLIAM KENNEY.

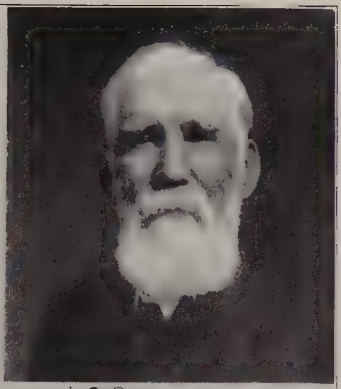
Mr. Kenney was born in Crawfordsville, Ind., in 1827. He came to Nebraska in 1871, homesteading in Sec. 14, Meridian Precinct. He married Miss Felina Fisher in 1869. John and Ben are the surviving children. She died in 1886. Mr. Kenney is living in Powell.

WILLIAM BEARDSLEY.

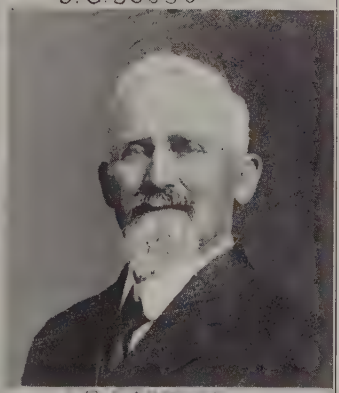
Mr. Beardsley was born in Lasalle county, Illinois, Sept. 26, 1840. Lived on a farm while a young man, and served during the last of the Civil War in the Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry. He came to Nebraska in May, 1866, homesteading on Rose creek just above Royal Stevens, where he continued to reside until about



A C. WHEELER



J. O. BOGGS



E. S. GARDNER

FRED DEITHELM

JAMES QUINN

1900, retiring to the city of Fairbury, where he and his wife at present reside. He married Miss Lee Ann Cox, of Wathena, Kansas, in July, 1867. Their children are Mrs. Cora Lipscomb, Horace, and Alfred, deceased, Ernest, Charles, and Mrs. Lehman. Mr. Beardsley served as County Commissioner a part of the 80's.

MARSHALL H. WEEKS.

Mr. Weeks was born in Canaan, New Hampshire, in October, 1841. He emigrated through the States of Iowa and Wisconsin, landing at Brownville, Nebraska, in 1866. He established the first lumber yard in Fairbury, in 1870, hauling the lumber from Waterville and Marysville overland by ox-teams. He married Miss Carrie Huntington, of New Hampshire, in 1873.

JOHN P. WOLCOTT.

Mr. Wolcott was born in Otsego county, New York, in 1821. The family moved to Pennsylvania, and in 1865 to Wisconsin. He married Miss Beulah Rogers, of New York, in 1844. Served through the war in a Pennsylvania regiment. Moved to Nebraska in 1870, settling near Marks's Mill. Fred, Eliza, and Pearly were the children. Mr. Wolcott died in 1895, and Mrs. Wolcott is living with her son Pearly.

GREGOR LANDKAMMER.

Mr. Landkammer was born in Bohemia, Austria, in 1854. He came to America in 1869, living at Clinton, Iowa, until 1871. Came to Meridian that fall, and worked three years in George Weisel's flour mill; then went with Walsh and Higgins to the Black Hills, returning to the farm, where the family now resides. He

married Miss Annie Kronk Hofmann in 1889. They have four children: Mary, Michael, Tersa, and Wenzel.

JONATHAN J. POTTS.

Mr. Potts was born in Illinois, in 1833. He came to Nebraska in April, 1860, settling on Cub creek, ten miles west of Beatrice. He married Miss Elizabeth Bapst in 1867. The children were Abigail, George, Samuel, John, and Edith. The wife died in January, 1890. Mr. Potts is still living, at Ellis, Nebraska.

A. C. WHEELER.

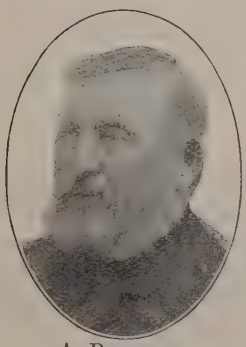
Mr. Wheeler was born in Stillwater, New York, in 1839. Went to Illinois when twelve years of age. Followed farming until the outbreak of the war. Served in Company A, Fifty-fifth Illinois, for three years. Came to Nebraska in April, 1866, and to Fairbury the spring of 1870. Was manager of Mattingly's sawmill, which he afterwards leased. Homesteaded on Silver creek in 1871, and engaged in stock business until 1903, retiring to Fairbury. He married Miss Nancy Milliard in 1865. John M., Mrs. May Bready, A. C. junior, Mrs. Lydia Green, Mrs. Blanche Livingston, Mrs. Amy Hoffman and Eva are the children.

JACOB WEHRLI.

Mr. Wehrli was born in Switzerland, in 1823. Emigrated to America in 1846, settling in Illinois, and migrated to Wisconsin two years later, working at the carpenter trade. Came to Nebraska in 1866, homesteading Sec. 23, Buckley Precinct. He married Miss Mary Williams in Wisconsin. Henry, Fred and Mrs. Mary Powers are the children. Mr. Wehrli died in 1893, the wife in 1897.

ABRAHAM BLAUSER.

Mr. Blauser was born in Fairfield county, Ohio, in 1829. Moved to Indiana in 1856. Came to Gage county, Nebraska, in 1871; settled near Diller, in Jefferson county, in 1873. He married Miss Maria Friend, of Ohio, in 1857. The children are: John O., Mrs. Martha Pittenger, Mrs. Juretta Oaks, Mrs. Vergenine Price, Tiffs F., Gilbert C., Clafis L. E., Mrs. Mira Hudson, Clark, and Mrs. Orlevia McLaughlin. Mr. Blauser died in March, 1903. Mrs. Blauser is living on the old homestead with her son, Clafis L. E.



A. BLAUSER.

JOHN POWELL.

Mr. Powell was born September 6th, 1818, at Graysville, Ohio. He married Miss Amelia Blair, of Ohio, September 4th, 1842. Mr. Powell while living in Ohio was engaged in the general merchandise business. He came west in 1860, to find a location in the new West, finally entering land in Sec. 22, Meridian Precinct. He did not return to Nebraska until the close of the war, in 1865, being accompanied by his family. The Powells made the trip overland, taking three months for the journey. The elder Powells continued to reside on the homestead until their demise. The father died March 18, 1885, the mother on November 2, 1885. The following were their children: Reuben, Mrs. Lucy Connelly, James D., Mrs. Lucinda

Helvey, Mrs. Sarah Jane Helvey, Thomas J., and Mrs. Emma Pickering.

REUBEN POWELL.

Reuben, son of John, was born in Graysville, Iowa, in 1843. He married Miss Sarah E. Green, of Kansas, in 1869. He served four years in the Civil War, and in the militia during the local Indian troubles. He was also a minister of the United Brethren Church. The children were: Lillie Schwitters, Mrs. Angia Johnson, Pearl, Mrs. Clara Swartz, Eva Crouch, Isaac, John Webb, Sheridan, Silver, and Inez. He died in November, 1897. His wife resides in the village of Powell.

JAMES D. POWELL.

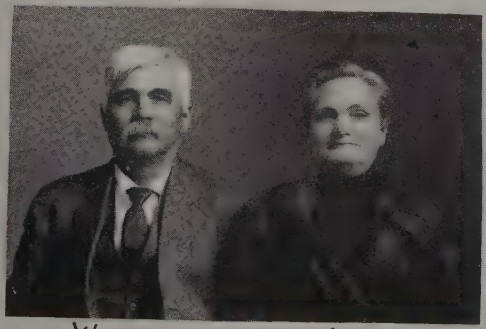
James was born in Ohio, in 1845. He and Reuben assisted their father in the store, and served in the same regiment during the Civil War. They accompanied their father to Nebraska in 1865, James homesteading in Sec. 14, Reuben in Sec. 24, Meridian Precinct. James married Miss Rosetta Phelps, of Fairbury, in 1870. Their children were: Mrs. Millie Ross, Wm. D., and Mrs. Lucy Grafton. James died in 1879. His wife resides at Lakeview, Oregon.

THOMAS J. POWELL.

Thomas was born in Ohio, in 1854. His first remembrance was of the Civil War period, and the family's long journey overland to Nebraska in 1865. He married Miss Mary E. Cross in 1878. The following are their children: Mrs. Carrie Furback, Mrs. Millie Mayard, Mrs. Emma Smith, Mrs. Vina Jarchow, Grant, George, Lucy, Mary, and Glenn. Mr. Powell

FRED BOWER AND WIFE

JOHN POWELL AND WIFE



WILLIAM BODDYE AND WIFE

owns much of the land adjoining the town-site of Powell, where he and his family reside.

LUCY POWELL.

Lucy was born in Ohio, in 1847. She married Mike Connelley at Farrell's ranch in 1868. They had ten children, of which six are now living. The husband died in 1886; the wife now resides in Oklahoma.

LUCINDA POWELL.

Lucinda was born in Ohio, in 1850. She married George Helvey in 1870, and died in 1898, leaving no children.

SARAH JANE POWELL.

Sarah Jane was born in Ohio, in 1852. She married Jasper Helvey in 1868. Two children are living. Mr. Helvey died in June, 1911. Mrs. Helvey is living in Powell.

EMMA POWELL.

Emma was born in Ohio, in 1856. She married Joseph Pickering in 1873, at Meridian. They are living in the village of Powell.

JOSEPH PICKERING.

Mr. Pickering was born in Bucks county, Pa., in 1848. Worked in a store and served in Battery A, Fifth U. S. Artillery, in the Civil War. He lived in Illinois after the war, coming to Nebraska in 1869, and homesteaded in Sec. 5, Meridian Precinct. He married Miss Emma Powell in 1873. Their children are: Carrie, Jennie J., Roscoe, Almon, Mrs. Bertha Hagemeister, Luther, and J. Sterling. Mr. Pickering has

been engaged in a general merchandise and drug business at Powell, where he and his family reside.

EDMUND C. HANSEN.

Was born in Brodhead, Wis., in 1862, and came to Fairbury, Neb., in 1876, where he has made his home continuously, except from 1880 till 1885, in which years he was engaged in the hardware business in Hardy, Neb. In 1886 he was married to Miss Mary W. Bean, of Fairbury, and their family consists of one son, George H. Hansen, and one daughter, Theo. M. Hansen. Mr. Hansen is largely interested in lands, townsites and other enterprises, in partnership with his brother, George W. Hansen.

LOYAL STEVENS.

The first known of Loyal Stevens was in the early '60s. Settlers witnessed him traveling up the old Oregon Trail, driving a cow that had a camp-kettle and a lot of other "junk" fastened over her back.

He settled down on the north side of Rose creek, a little east of directly south of Fairbury. He soon gathered about him several head of work and milch cattle, and broke out quite a bit of rich valley land before other settlers came; also raised quite a number of hogs annually, and had considerable trouble with the Indians, who would steal his cured meats. He also had trouble with other settlers over such matters, which gave him an unenviable reputation with many of them, who did not relish his unjust accusations of theft and harm. Stevens was an old sailor, serving under many flags and sailing most of the known seas.

Perhaps this might account for his trouble in getting along with his landsmen neighbors.

His son, Loyal A. Stevens, came out in 1865, and later became a part owner of the "Fairbury Gazette." He was born in New York, in 1839. Served in the Chicago Board of Trade Battery through the Civil War.

Loyal Stevens, Sr., died in the 80's, at the home of Joseph Hiner, with whom he made his home in his declining years.

CHARLES WOLTEMETH.

Mr. Woltemeth was born in Germany, in the early 1800's. Emigrated with his family to America in 1862, settling at first in the State of Missouri, where he followed the carpenter's trade for several years. Came to Jefferson county in 1866, accompanied by the Hoppes, of Rose creek. They settled at first on a homestead on Big Sandy, moving at a later date to a tract of land where the family still resides. Mr. Woltemeth married while in Germany, in 1845, Miss Johanna Bruns, who bore the following children: Mrs. Louisa Hoppe, Mrs. Dora Wenger, Mrs. Augusta Nightengale, and John, Charles and Louis Woltemeth. She died in Germany, and Mr. Woltemeth married Miss Augusta Buck soon after the family had settled down in Missouri. The children of this union are: Mrs. Minnie Milby, Mrs. Johanna Belcher, Mrs. Emma Ogley, William, Henry, Emil, and Lena. Mr. Woltemeth, being a carpenter by trade, helped to build most of the houses around Big Sandy and Meridian. They both passed away in the 80's.

H. H. TODT.

Mr. Todt was born in Barnstedt, Germany, in 1843. Learned the shoemaking trade at an early age. Emigrating to America, he engaged in this business on Haymarket Square, in Chicago, in 1866. Later moved to Kankakee, Illinois, where he conducted a shoe store. Came to Fairbury, Jefferson county, Nebraska, in 1876, opening up the first shoe store in the embryo city in the old "Capt. Brown" building, on the west side. Mr. Todt still conducts a shoe store on the south side. He was married to Miss Anna Pfeil in 1869. John and Mrs. Carrie Long are the children.

THE END OF VOL. I.

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